

"He was distressed, Miss; and he did say, 'I cannot take my answer in this way—I must and will see her.' And then he asked me to get you to walk out to-day, and to say nothing to that he might take you by surprise. He is so madly in love with you, Miss, that he is all but beside himself. I am really afraid of what may happen, if you don't soften his disappointment to him in some way. How any lady can treat such a handsome gentleman so cruelly, passes my poor judgment!"

Cecilia instantly resented the familiarity implied in those last words. "You are not called upon to exercise your judgment," she said. "You can go back to the house."

"Had n't I better see Sir John, first, Miss?"

"Certainly not! You and Sir John have seen quite enough of each other already."

There was another pause. My mother stood holding by my arm, pale and trembling. We could neither of us speak. My own mind was strangely agitated. Either Cecilia was a monster of deceit, or she had thus far spoken and acted as became a true and highly-bred woman. The distant sound of horses' hoofs on the park road told us both that the critical moment was at hand. In another moment the sound ceased. Sir John had probably dismounted, and tied up his horse at the entrance of the shrubbery. After an interval we heard Cecilia's voice again, farther away from us. We followed the voice. The interview which was to decide my future destiny in life had begun.

"No, Sir John; I must have my question answered first. Is there anything in my letter—was there anything in my conduct, when we met in London—which justifies this?"

"Love justifies everything, Cecilia!"

"You are not to call me Cecilia, if you please. Have you known plainer answer to give me?"

"Have you no mercy on a man, who cannot live without you? Is there really nothing in myself and my title to set against the perfectly obscure person, to whom you have so rashly engaged yourself? It would be an insult to suppose that his wealth has tempted you. What can be his merit in your eyes? His own friends can say no more in his favor than that he is a good-natured fool. I don't blame you; women often drift into engagements that they repent of afterwards. Do yourself justice! Be true to your own nobility of character—and be the angel who makes our two lives happy, before it is too late!"

"Have you done, Sir John?"

There was a moment of silence. It was impossible to mistake her tone—Sir John's flow of eloquence came to a full stop.

"Before I answer you," Cecilia proceeded, "I have something to say first. The girl who took my letter to you was not my maid, as you supposed. She is a stranger to me; and I suspect her of being a false creature with some purpose of her own to serve. I find a difficulty in attributing to a person in your rank of life the mean deceit which answers my letter in terms that lead me to trust you, and then takes me by surprise in this way. My messenger (as I believe) is quite innocent enough to have suggested this course to you. Am I right? I expect a reply, Sir John, that is worthy in its entire truthfulness of you and your title. Am I right?"

"You are right, Miss Cecilia. Pray don't despise me. The temptation to plead with you once more—"

"I will speak to you, Sir John, as candidly as you have spoken to me. You are entirely wrong in supposing it possible for me to repent of my marriage engagement. The man, whose false friends have depreciated him in your estimation, is the only man I love, and the only man I will marry. And I beg you to understand, if he lost the whole of his fortune to-morrow, I would marry him the next day, if he asked me. Must I say more? or will you treat me with the delicacy of a gentleman, and take your leave?"

I don't remember whether he said anything or not before he left her. I only know that they parted. Don't ask me to confess what I felt. Don't ask me to describe what my mother felt. Let the scene be changed, and the narrative be resumed at a later hour on the day.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### THE END OF THE SPECTACLES.

I asked myself a question, which I beg to repeat here—What did I owe to the Magic Spectacles?

In the first place, I was indebted to my glasses for seeing all the faults, and none of the merits, in the persons about me. In the second place, I arrived at the great discovery that, if we are to live usefully and happily with our fellow-creatures, we must take them at their best, and not at their worst. Having reached these conclusions, I trusted to my own unassisted insight, and set myself to ascertain what the Spectacles had not helped me to discover in the two persons who were dearest to me—my mother and Cecilia.

I began with Cecilia, leaving my mother time to recover after the shock that had fallen on her.

It was impossible to acknowledge what I had seen through the Spectacles, or what I had heard at the shrubbery fence. In speaking to Cecilia, I could only attribute my coldness of manner to jealousy of the mere name of "Sir John," and ask to be pardoned for even a momentary distrust of the most constant and charming of women. There was something, I suppose, in my contrite consciousness of having wronged her, that expressed itself in my looks and my tones. We were sitting together on the sofa. For the first time since our engagement, she put her arm around my neck and kissed me, without waiting to be kissed first.

"I am not very demonstrative," she said softly; "and I don't think, Alfred, you have ever known how fond I am of you. My dear, when Sir John and I met again at that dinner party, I was too faithful to you even to allow myself to think of him. Your poor mother irritated me by seeming to doubt whether I could trust myself within reach of Timbercombe, or I should never have consented to go to Long Fallass. You remember that she invited Sir John to ride over and see us. I wrote to him, informing him of my engagement to you and telling him, in the plainest words, that if he did call at this house nothing would induce me to see him. I had every reason to suppose that he would understand and respect my motives—"

She paused. The rich color rose in her lovely face. I refused to let her distress herself by saying a word of what had happened in the shrubbery. Look back, if you have forgotten it, and see how completely the Spectacles failed to show me the higher and nobler motives that had animated her. The

little superficial irritabilities and distrusts, they exhibited to perfection; but the true regard for each other, hidden below the surface in my mother and in my promised wife, was completely beyond them.

"Shall we go back to London to-morrow?" I asked.

"Are you tired of being here with me, Alfred?"

"I am tired of waiting till the spring, my angel. I will live with you wherever you like, if you will only consent to hasten the transformation which makes you my wife. Will you consent?"

"If your mother asks me. Don't hurry her, Alfred."

But I did hurry her. After what we had heard in the shrubbery I could look into my mother's heart (without assistance), and feel sure that the nobler part of her nature would justify my confidence in it. She was not only ready to "ask Cecilia," then and there—she was eager, poor soul, to confess how completely she had been misled by her natural interest in her brother's child. Being firmly resolved to keep the secret of my discovery of her niece, I refused to hear her, as I had refused to hear Cecilia. Did I not know, without being told, what child's play it would be to Zilla to dazzle and delude my innocent mother? I merely asked if "the needlewoman was still in the house." The answer was thoroughly explicit: "She is at the railway station by this time, and she will never enter any house of mine again."

We returned to London the next morning. I had a moment's private talk with the station master at Timbercombe. Sir John had left his friends at the town, on the previous day. He and Zilla had met on the platform, waiting for the London train. She had followed him into the smoking-carriage. Just as the station master was going to start the train, Sir John opened the door, with a strong expression of disgust, and took refuge in another carriage. She had tried the baronet as a last resource, and he had slipped through her fingers, too. What did it matter to Zilla? She had plenty of time before her, and she belonged to the order of persons who never fail to make the most of her advantages. The other day I saw the announcement of her marriage to a great ironmaster, a man worth millions of money, with establishments to correspond. Brava, Zilla! No need to look for your nobler motives with the naked eye.

A few days before I became a married man I was a guest at the dinner table of a bachelor friend, and I met Sir John. It would have been ridiculous to leave the room; I merely charged my host to keep my name concealed. I sat next to the baronet, and he doesn't know, to this day, who his "very agreeable neighbor" was.

Instead of spending our honeymoon abroad, Cecilia and I went back to Long Fallass. We found the place delightful, even in the winter time.

"Did I take the Spectacles back with me?"

No.

"Did I throw them away or smash them into small morsels?"

Neither. I remembered what Septimus Notman had told me. The one way of getting rid of them was to give them to some other man.

And to what other man did I give them? I had not forgotten what my rival had said of me in the shrubbery. I gave the Spectacles to Sir John.

#### "LET THERE BE LIGHT"

Edison Hath Said It, and Menlo Park is Brilliantly Illuminated With His Invention—The Test of the Electric Lamp Entirely Successful.

The little village of Menlo Park, N. J., was illuminated with Prof. Edison's electric light on Christmas Eve. Only four out door lamps were in operation, but electric burners to the number of twenty-eight were distributed in a dozen houses and the new light was pronounced a perfect success. It was demonstrated by illumination that the light of each so-called burner was fully equal to that produced by an ordinary gas jet in the street lamp or dwelling house. Only two electric generators were in use that day to supply twenty-eight burners, which were in operation, but with additional or more powerful generators the intensity of the light, Mr. Edison said, could be increased many fold. A third generator will be finished in a day or two, and then a dozen or more additional burners will be set going. There was a marked difference between the light of the carbon paper burners at Menlo Park and the intense dazzling light given by the electric lamps, which have for sometime past been used in New York and other cities. The painful acintillation of the latter, caused by innumerable sparks chasing each other over the metal, instead of a carbonized retainer, is entirely avoided. After the visitors had witnessed the effect of the illumination from the lamps, and from outside the houses, they were permitted to enter several private residences and judge of the utility of the light for household purposes. One gentleman had the electric light in use in one of the sleeping rooms of his house. He said that the only fault he found with the light was that it was too bright. Said he, "I must either allow it to remain on full heat, or turn it off entirely. There's no intermediate point, but I presume Edison will make small lamps for sleeping rooms." In the office attached to Edison's laboratory were three lights which had been constantly burning day and night. The carbon paper slips did not show the least deterioration, and, to all appearances, were good for almost an indefinite length of time.

One of Edison's associates was busily engaged in the laboratory perfecting an invention that he hopes will supersede the old system of telegraphing. It is somewhat similar to the old automatic, and produces a *fac simile* of the original message at the other end of the line. On a short circuit at the park it was worked with complete success and the inventor claims that it will operate over a wire one thousand miles.

MENLO PARK, Dec. 24.—The little charred paper horsehoes are yet illuminating Edison's laboratory at ten o'clock this evening. Besides this there are five houses in the place lighted in the same way, and three Christmas trees. Not one of the lamps thus far has been destroyed. It is a jubilant Christmas Eve here, and Edison is in wonderful spirits. For four days and nights, at the end of last week and beginning of this week, he did not once have his boots off. He was working and watching night and day. Now he says his work is done and he is going to have a rest. The lamps first lighted have now been burning 136 hours with only a few short intermissions.

## The Terrible Railway Disaster in Scotland.

### THE TRAIN PRECIPITATED INTO THE RIVER THROUGH THE TAY BRIDGE.

### 300 Passengers Drowned.

LONDON, Dec. —A portion of the bridge across the Frith of Tay was blown down while a train from Edinburgh to Dundee was crossing last night. The gale was so strong that a steamboat was unable to reach the scene of the disaster, but several mail bags have been washed ashore four miles from the bridge. There is no doubt that the train is in the water. The passengers, who are certainly all drowned, are estimated at 150 to 200.

LATER.—The gale having moderated somewhat, the Provost of Dundee and a number of leading citizens started in a steamer to the scene, but have not yet returned. The excitement at Tay Bridge Station is appalling. Many thousands of people are congregated, awaiting definite intelligence.

The missing train was seen crossing the bridge, then suddenly a flash of fire became visible. The railway officials in spite of the gale walked along the bridge from Dundee until they found there was a large gap caused by a fall of two or three of the largest spans. This bridge was recently erected at an enormous expense and was considered a triumph of bridge architecture hitherto unrivalled.

#### FURTHER PARTICULARS.

LONDON, Dec. —The Manager of the North British Railway, telegraphing from Leuchars at four o'clock this morning, says:—"Several large girders, along with the last train from Edinburgh, were precipitated into the river last night. There were nearly three hundred passengers, besides the Company's servants, all of whom are believed to have perished."

A despatch from Edinburgh at four this morning says the portion of the bridge which fell consisted of several large superincumbent girders at the central and navigable portion of the river, which averages from 40 to 45 feet in depth. The train would fall about 88 feet before reaching the water. Sometime elapsed before the nature of the disaster was ascertained. The damage to the wires on the bridge and the badness of the weather interfered with the transmission of news. Whether the girders were blown down before the train entered the bridge, or were carried away with it, will probably never be ascertained, as there are no survivors. The bridge was only opened for traffic in May, 1878. It was considered a triumph of engineering skill. It was about two miles long and had 85 spans, the widest being 245 feet. At the highest point it was 130 feet above high water.

The train left Edinburgh at 4.15 in the afternoon. It consisted of four third class cars, one first class, one second class, and a brakemen's van. At the last station before entering the bridge the tickets were taken. The train was then crowded.

Vast quantities of wreckage—doors of carriages, pieces of the bridge and apparel—are coming ashore. The entire thirteen girders of the long central spans are gone.

The night was bright moonlight, but the wind was blowing a hurricane.

The Provost of Dundee and the citizens who accompanied him in a steamer to the scene of the Tay Bridge disaster have returned. A search about the bridge in small boats revealed no trace of any survivors. The gap in the bridge is about half a mile long, comprising eleven of the longest spans, each 245 feet in length, and one 145 feet.

A despatch from Dundee asserts that the number of lives lost by the Tay Bridge disaster does not exceed ninety. This is probably an under estimate. Six bodies have been recovered.

#### OFF THE TRACK.

#### The Fatal Accident on the Chicago & Alton Railway—Further Particulars.

CHICAGO, Dec. —A serious accident has occurred at Berden, on the Chicago & Alton Railway, seventy miles north of St. Louis. General Manager McMullen says his information is that the train was running about thirty miles an hour, that after the engine and all the cars except a sleeper, which was the last one on the train, had passed over safely, a steel rail, rendered brittle by the cold, snapped and threw the sleeper from the track. This detached all the other cars, the engine alone remaining on the track. Porter George Peine, of Chicago, and Colonel Bond, of Auburn, Ill., were killed. The brakeman on the sleeping car, the conductor, and a number of passengers were hurt, but none seriously. Two coaches were burned, and the whole train was badly wrecked. The fact that all the cars except the last passed over safely shows that the rail was in perfect condition, and was only snapped by the combined influence of extreme cold and severe jarring.

BERDEN, Ill., Dec. 26.—Besides those killed twenty five persons were injured, most of them slightly, by the railroad accident here last night. There was but one passenger in the sleeper. The chair car was well filled, and here it was where the injury was done. As soon as the car ran off the stoves were upset, and that end of the car was almost instantly in a blaze. The passengers, many of whom were injured, rushed to the other end of the car to escape, but finding the door looked a panic seized them, and for a few moments the scene was terrible. Finally the door was broken down and all got out excepting Col. Bond, who was burned with the car. Two or three other accidents recently occurred near here.

Mr. Moody, when asked the other day by a reporter of the *Republican*, of St. Louis, concerning his belief as to hell, answered:—"Of course I base my belief entirely upon the Bible, and there isn't a ray of hope held out in it that hell will be otherwise than endless. There is no hope held out to repent beyond the grave that I can find. As to the latter part of your question, I would answer that any man banished from the face of God thirats. The moment that God hid His face from Christ He exclaimed, 'I thirst.' The remorse at having lost heaven is worse than the physical punishment. I do not think hell contains physical fire. The word is used to convey to our senses in its full import the terrible punishment."

Forget Me Not.  
Forget me not when timorous day  
Hush charmed palace opens to the sun;  
Forget me not when, through dream-kissed way,  
North spangled veil the pensive night glides on;  
When quick at pleasure's "hush thy full heart  
beats."  
When twilight shade to sweet love-thought  
entreats,—  
List from the deep woods nigh  
Voices, low pleading, sigh,  
Forget me not!

Forget me not when in the frozen earth  
My heart so broken, shall, unawakened, sleep;  
Forget me not when blossoming forth  
Upon my grave the lonely flower will weep;  
I ne'er shall see thee more—but 'o'er thy life  
My deathless soul will watch through calm and strife;  
Near my low moaned prayer,  
Borne on the midnight air,  
Forget me not! Forget me not

#### Nearing the Snow Line.

BY DR. O. W. HOLMES.

Slow tolling upwards from the misty vale,  
I leave the bright enamelled zones below,  
No more for me their beautiful bloom shall  
Their lingering sweetness lead the morning gale;  
Few are the slender flowerets, scentless, pale,  
That on their ice-clad stems all trembling blow  
Along the margin of unmelting snow;  
Yet with unadvised voice the verge I hail,  
White realm of peace above the flowering line;  
Welcome thy frozen domes, thy rocky spires!  
O'er these undimmed the moon-girt planets  
shine.

#### AMONG THE CHURCHES.

#### Interesting Fabulum for Lay as Well as Clerical Readers.

A Methodist Church has been dedicated at Stuttgart, Germany.

The Bishop of London has 475 churches and upward of twenty five chapels on his visitation list, and until this year he has had no coadjutor.

The Wesleyan Literary Association of Kingston is probably the oldest Church association of the kind in the country, having been organized in 1858, and maintained ever since in vigorous activity.

Rev. John Bedford, one of the ex-Presidents of the English Wesleyan Methodist Conference, died recently in Manchester, aged sixty-nine.

The tenth General Assembly of the Free Churches of Italy has been held in Florence. Father Gavazzi was elected President. There were present thirty-nine deputies from twenty-eight churches.

Rev. Wolcott Calkins, D. D., of Buffalo, N. Y., resigns his Presbyterian pastorate, and accepts a call to the Eliot Congregational Church of Newton, Mass., at a salary of \$5,000.

Proceedings are likely to be taken against the Rev. Fergus Ferguson, of Queen's Park United Presbyterian Church, Glasgow, by certain of the more orthodox members of the United Presbyterian Presbytery on account of his recent address on the "Dilemma of Modern Orthodoxy."

The *Catholic Times* remarks that amid all the brilliant and sweeping denunciations against Jesuitism it has never met with a bill of particulars as to their offences, and calls upon Protestants to tell in plain terms what evil things Jesuits do and have done.

In the Catholic Diocese of Paderborn, the Prussian law laws have wrought great damage to the Church. The Catholics number about 719,724, in 467 parishes. Nearly 100 of these parishes are vacant, besides sixty-three vacancies in chaplaincies and subordinate posts.

Rev. Dr. Wm. Taylor suggests the propriety of having missionary biographies in Sunday School libraries. The English navy, he said, had been manned by boys who had read the life of Nelson, and so the mission field might be manned by boys drawn to it by reading such lives as Livingstone's or Moffat's.

The Fiji Islands, which are now a district of the Australasian Wesleyan Methodist Church, now have 841 chapels and 291 other preaching places, 10 missionaries, 49 native missionaries and 23,274 members, exclusive of 39 European members. There are besides 5,431 on trial for membership.

Thomas Wilson, of Baltimore, left \$5,000 to the Society of Friends, and said he would have left them more if he thought they needed it. But he put his largest bequest where he thought it would do most good, namely, into an orphanage and asylum for the poor. To this he gave \$715,000.

Rev. and Mrs. Peter Davidson, missionaries of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland in South Africa, have been terribly afflicted by the mysterious disappearance of their little son, four years old. He was missed while the colored congregation was observing the Lord's Supper, and the most diligent search by about 200 people for four days failed to discover any sign of his whereabouts.

Dr. Rig, ex-President of the Wesleyan Conference, referred in a sermon preached at Bolton last week to the hopes entertained in some quarters of the Wesleyans becoming reconciled to the Church of England. He said it was now too late for such a union. The revival which had taken place in the organization of the Church of England within the last forty years meant to a large extent the revival of Popish principles and Romanizing influences.

Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, who is now at Mentone, writes home in anything but an encouraging way of the condition of his health. "I am very sorry," he says, "that I am altogether overwhelmed by a similar attack to that which has laid me prostrate during former years. I earnestly ask your prayers, for I am brought very low. I trust that the warm and genial weather will enable me to rally much sooner than if I had been at home. I cannot write more, for I am very ill."

The Baptist ministers of Philadelphia are trying to decide whether it is right or wrong to observe Christmas and Easter. One of them made proof of his lack of information regarding Easter by speaking of it as though it were a festival which, like Christmas, might fall on any day of the week. At latest accounts the brethren had not reached a definite decision. The most earnest advocate of the observance of Christmas was a minister who was formerly a Jewish rabbi.

The Pope appointed Mgr. Rousseau Administrator of the Diocese of Tournai, Belgium, on account of the violent attitude of the Bishop of that diocese toward the Belgian Constitution. When Mgr. Rousseau arrived at the episcopal residence, he found the doors locked, the Bishop, as is supposed, having taken the keys with him on retreating to the seminary. Two of the canons re-

paired thither to hand the Bishop the Papal brief nominating Mgr. De Rousseau. The Bishop half opened the door, but, on perceiving the canons, closed it, an umbrella being broken when thrust into the opening.

Some sensation has been created in London by the officiating clergyman, the rector of St. Peter's, Kensington, having at the Millais wedding, instead of reading the last portion of the marriage service, substituted a new and improved version, in which it was explained, or rather stated, for no one could explain what was meant, that a husband should be as indulgent to a wife as heaven is to the Church.

Canon Liddon is regarded as the most brilliant of living English preachers—lucid, forcible, impassioned, nor failing, when occasion serves, to appeal to the tenderest sentiments of the heart. To hear him and see him at his best—for he then wears the black garb which becomes his dark features—should go to St. Mary's, Oxford, and listen to him addressing an audience sympathetic and cultured. He is short-shouldered, and failing to learn his sermons by heart keeps bobbing up and down at his manuscript which is undignified, but all faults of manner are forgotten in his silver tones and exquisitely modulated sentences.

The Synod of the Episcopal Church of Scotland has passed a resolution which by implication reflects on the Bishop of Edinburgh, who recently took part in an Old Catholic communion service at Berne, Switzerland. The following is the resolution: "That this Synod declares without reference to anything past, that no Bishop of this Church is authorized to recognize any body of Christians not recognized by canon as in communion with ourselves, unless it be after deliberation and assent of the Bishops in Synod."

The English Church Association, desirous of avoiding the imprisonment of the contumacious rector of St. Alban's, Maconochie, the Bifanist, has decided in favor of instituting a new suit, the object of which will be the deprivation of Mr. Maconochie on the ground of his present contempt. Should this suit succeed, the living of St. Alban's will become vacant, and the patron will appoint a new incumbent, evicting Mr. Maconochie by the aid of the Sheriff, if necessary. It will be for the new incumbent to vindicate his position against any disturbance from Mr. Maconochie, and his remedy will be by proceedings at common law.

Professor James Legge, Chinese Professor at Oxford, says, in a late *Academy*, that the number of Buddhists in China is greatly overestimated. Rhys Davids, in his "Buddhism," estimates the number at 445,000,000 in China and Japan. Says Professor Legge: "If we lop off 400,000,000 from the aggregate we shall not be doing injustice to Buddhism. Confucianism is pre-eminently the religion of China. Buddhism has long been tolerated and is widely spread among the people; still it is an *id idem*—a strange system." Excepting those who have adopted the Buddhist tenets, the vast majority of the people, however frequently they may be found in Buddhist or Taoist temples, would claim to be followers of the great sage. Of all religious systems, Confucianism perhaps has the greatest following; then Christianity, then Hinduism, then Mahometanism, and we would place Buddhism in the fifth place."

#### THE AFGHAN WAR.

#### Sir F. Roberts has a Two Days' Engagement with the Enemy—They are Defeated on All Sides—Cabal and the Bala Hisar to be Repossessed if Deemed Safe—Gough's Force Joins Sir Frederick Roberts.

LONDON, Dec. —Sir F. Roberts' telegrams on the 23rd inst.—Desultory attacks were kept up all day yesterday. Information was received that a general attack will be made at daybreak to-day. A large number of the enemy was seen occupying the distant villages, and approaching nearer at dark. This morning a fire was lighted on the Azmi Heights. We were apprised that this would be the enemy's signal for an attack. Immediately the attack commenced on three sides, for which we were prepared. On the Behmaroo Heights some thousands collected, and evidently contemplated an assault. As soon as the enemy's intention was fully developed I determined on a counter attack with cavalry and artillery. These issued by the gorge between Behmaroo Heights, opened fire on the enemy's flank and speedily dislodged them. The cavalry pursued and sabred numbers of the enemy, who retired from all points and hastily retreated to the city. We have now occupied some advanced villages, particularly those on the Butkak-road. Gough's camp is visible, six miles to the east.

Roberts telegraphs on the 24th: Our success yesterday is complete. The enemy's loss was severe. Our losses are five, including Captain Dundas and Lieut. Nugent by a premature explosion when blowing up the towers of a neighboring village, and 38 wounded. The majority are doing well. Those of the enemy living at Cabul went to their houses after defeat of the Kohistanis and Logaris, and remained at Cabul a few hours, but all fled during the night. Two of the enemy's leaders, Musahki Ailm, a priest, and Mahomed Jan, fled early in the day. Another prominent leader is reported to have fled with Yakoub Khan's eldest son towards Wardak, with cavalry in pursuit. The Bala Hisar and the city will be taken possession of this afternoon. The former will be occupied if it appears certain that there is no danger from hidden mines. Yakoub Khan's wife, mother and a daughter of the late Akbar Khan, who it is reported contemplated flight and who did all in their power to incite the Afghans, will be brought to Shirpur to-day. I telegraphed Bright to push forward detachments from Jugduink to Leshaba and Lataband. I will send a force to occupy Butkak to-morrow. Communication with India will thus be rapidly restored. Gough's brigade arrived this morning. A night snow fell last night; all well.

Akbar Khan was the principal opponent of the British in 1841. His daughter, it is reported, distributed £20,000 to incite the Afghans to the present rising.

A Cabul despatch of the 14th, hitherto withheld by the Viceroy, discloses for the first time Roberts' danger at that date. Baker's troops sacked the Cabul suburb. This barbarity exasperated the Afghans, 30,000 of whom retook Baker's position and drove the English out in a disorderly retreat. The English steadily evacuated the positions outside Shirpur, but the enemy's fire was tremendous and their bravery is acknowledged.