

The York Herald  
IS PUBLISHED  
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,  
And dispatched 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 important Foreign  
and Provincial News and Markets, and the  
greatest care will be taken to render it ac-  
ceptable to the man of business, and a val-  
uable Family Newspaper.  
TERMS:—One Dollar per annum, in ad-  
vance; if not paid within Two Months, One  
Dollar and Fifty cents will be charged.  
All letters addressed to the Editor must be  
sent paid.  
No paper discontinued until all arrearages  
are paid; and parties refusing papers without  
paying up, will be held accountable for the  
subscription.  
RATES OF ADVERTISING.  
Six lines and under, first insertion... \$0.50  
Each subsequent insertion... 00.13  
Ten lines and under, first insertion... 00.75  
Each subsequent insertion... 00.20  
Above ten lines, first insertion, per line... 00.47  
Each subsequent insertion, per line... 00.02  
One Column per twelve months... 50.00  
Half a column do do... 30.00  
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A card of ten lines, for one year... 4.00  
A card of fifteen lines, do... 5.50  
A card of twenty lines, do... 6.25  
Advertisements without written directions  
inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.  
All advertisements published for a less period  
than one month, must be paid for in advance.  
All transitory advertisements, from strangers  
or irregular customers, must be paid for when  
and in for insertion.

Business Directory.

DR. HOSKIN'S...  
DR. JAS. LANGSTAFF,  
WILL generally be found at home before  
half past 8 a.m. and from 1 to 2 p.m.  
All parties owing Dr. J. Langstaff are expected  
to call and pay promptly, as he has pay-  
ments now that must be met.  
Mr. Geo. Barkett is authorised to collect, and  
give receipts for him.  
Richmond Hill, June 1, 1865.

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Richmond Hill, June 1, 1865.

JOHN M. REID, M. D.,  
COR. OF YONGE AND COLBURN STS.,  
THORNHILL.

Consultations in the office on the mornings  
of Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, 8 to  
10, a.m. All consultations in the office,  
Cash.  
Thornhill, June 9, 1865.

LAW CARDS.

J. N. BLAKE,  
BARRISTER AT LAW,  
CONVEYANCER &c  
OFFICE—over the Gas Company office  
Toronto Street, Toronto.  
Toronto, August 1, 1867.

RICHARD GRAHAME,  
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law,  
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, &c  
TORONTO.  
Office—No 4, British America Insurance  
Buildings, corner of Church & Court Streets  
Toronto, Nov. 28, 1866.

READ & BOYD,  
Barristers, Attorneys at Law,  
Solicitors in Chancery, &c.,  
77, King Street East, (over Thompson's East  
India House)  
Toronto.  
D.B. READ, Q.C. | J.A. BOYD B.A.  
May 7, 1866.

M. TERRY, Esq.,  
NOTARY PUBLIC,  
COMMISSIONER IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH,  
CONVEYANCER, AND  
DIVISION COURT AGENT,  
RICHMOND HILL POST OFFICE.  
AGREEMENTS, Bonds, Deeds, Mortgages,  
Wills, &c., &c., drawn with attention  
and promptness. Terms moderate.  
Richmond Hill, June 9, 1865.

GEO. B. NICOL,  
BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law,  
Solicitor in Chancery,  
CONVEYANCER, &c., &c., &c.  
Office—In the Court House, TORONTO  
August 1, 1866.

PAVE TROTTERS, WATER SPEETS,  
CISTRINS AND PUMPS!  
Manufactured and for Sale  
Flooring and other lumber dressed, Fellows  
sawn and stungles for sale by  
John Langstaff  
STEAM MILLS, THORNHILL.

THOMAS SEDMAN,  
Carriage and Waggon  
MAKER,  
UNDERTAKER  
&c. &c. &c.  
Residence—Nearly opposite the Post Office  
Richmond Hill

# The York Herald,

## RICHMOND HILL AND YONGE ST. GENERAL ADVERTISER.

NEW SERIES. "Let Sound Reason weigh more with us than Popular Opinion." TERMS \$1.00 in Advance

Vol. VIII. No. 33. RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, JANUARY 17, 1868. Whole No. 496.

### NOTICE TO FARMERS.

#### RICHMOND HILL MILLS.

GEO. H. APPELBY  
BEGS to inform the Farmers in the neigh-  
bourhood of Richmond Hill, that he has leased  
the above Mills, and has put them in thorough  
repair, and will be glad to receive a share of  
the patronage of the public.

GRISTING AND CHOPPING,  
Done on the shortest notice.  
The highest market price paid for  
Wheat.  
Richmond Hill, Nov. 14, 1867.

WILLIAM COX,  
Successor to James Holliday,  
BUTCHER,  
2nd door north of Barnard's store.  
RICHMOND HILL,  
KEEPS always on hand the best of Beef,  
Mutton, Lamb, Veal, Pork, Sausages,  
&c, and sells at the lowest prices.  
The highest market price given for Cattle,  
Sheep, Lambs, &c.  
Richmond Hill, October 15, 1867.

MALLOY'S AXES  
FOR SALE BY  
DANIEL HORNER, Jun.,  
Lot 20, 2nd concession Markham

LEMONT'S HOTEL!  
(LATE RAYMOND'S)  
RICHMOND HILL.  
THE SUBSCRIBER announces to the  
travelling community, that he has leased  
the above Hotel on Richmond Hill, and  
will devote his attention to the comfort and  
convenience of those who may favor him  
with their patronage. The best Stabling and  
Driving Shed on Yonge St. The best Brands  
of Wines, Liquors and Cigars kept constantly  
on hand. A careful Hostler always in attend-  
ance.  
An Omnibus leaves this Hotel for Toronto  
at 7 past seven a.m. daily.  
GEORGE LEMON  
Richmond Hill, Dec. 4, 1867. 490-ly

GEO. McPHILLIPS & SON  
Provincial Land Surveyors,  
SEAFORTH, C. W.  
June 7, 1865.

Maple Hotel!  
THE SUBSCRIBER begs to inform his friends  
and the public generally, that he has  
opened an HOTEL in the Village of Maple,  
4th Con. Vaughan, where he hopes, by at-  
tention to the comforts of the travelling com-  
munity, to merit a share of their patronage and  
support. Good Stabling, &c.  
RICHARD VALES.  
Maple, Jan 1866. 32-ly

DAVID EYER, Jun.,  
Stave & Shingle Manufacturer  
RESIDENCE—Lot 25, 2nd Con. Markham  
on the Elgin Mills Plank Road.  
A large Stock of Staves and Shingles, kept  
constantly on hand, and sold at the lowest Prices  
Call and examine Stock before purchas-  
ing elsewhere.  
Post Office Address—Richmond Hill.  
June 1865

PHYSIOLOGY.  
Ladies and Gentlemen, who require a  
true chart of the foot, can procure one in  
either French Kid or Calf, by calling and  
ordering it at T. DOLMAGE'S.  
Richmond Hill, April 4, 1867.

THE OLD HOTEL,  
THORNHILL,  
HENRY HERON, Proprietor.  
The best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars will  
be found at the bar. Comfortable accommoda-  
tion for travellers. A careful Hostler always  
in attendance.  
Thornhill, July 4, 1857. 1y

DOLMAGE'S HOTEL,  
LATE VAN NOSTRAND'S,  
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 Travellers  
can desire, those who wish to stay where  
they can find every comfort and respectability  
invited to give him a call.  
GIDEON DOLMAGE, Proprietor.  
Richmond Hill, Dec. 1865. 28-ly

LUMBERING  
ABRAHAM EYER  
BEGS respectfully to inform his customers  
and the public that he is prepared to do  
PLANING TO ORDER,  
In any quantity, and on short notice.  
Placed Lumber, Flooring, &c.  
Kept on hand, SAWING done promptly; also  
Lumber Tongued & Grooved  
At the lowest possible rates.  
Saw Mill on lot 25, 2nd Con. Markham, 2  
miles east of Richmond Hill by the Plank Road  
Richmond Hill, June 26, 1865. 4-ly

JOHN CARTER,  
LICENSED AUCTIONEER  
FOR the Counties of York, Peel and On-  
tario. Residence: Lot 8, 6th concession on  
Markham. Post Office—Unionville.  
Sales attended on the shortest notice and  
on reasonable terms.  
Orders left at the "Herald" office for Mr.  
Carter's services will be promptly attended to.  
June 27, 1867.

### Poetry.

#### THE DRIFTING BOAT.

It had floated away from the beach and bay,  
Out of sight of tower and town,  
An empty and a battered boat,  
And that boat would not go down.  
The morning rose on the waters wide,  
And the night fell cold and dark,  
Yet ever on with the wind and tide  
Drifted that battered bark.

The sail had passed from its broken mast,  
And its painted pride was dim;  
The salt sea weed clung round its bows,  
Which had been so sharp and trim.  
Where were the merry mates and free,  
Who had gone with it afloat,  
We never learned; but the world's wide sea  
Hath lives like that drifting boat—

Lives that in early storms have lost  
Anchor and sail and oar,  
And never, except on Lethe's shore,  
Can come to moorings more;  
Out of those loveless, trustless days  
The hope and the heart have gone—  
Good ships go down in stormy seas,  
But those empty boats drift on!

They had hearts to sail in the wind's eye once  
They had hands to reel and steer,  
With a strength that would not stoop to  
chance,  
And a faith that knew no fear;  
But the years were long and the storms were  
strong,  
And the rainbow flag was furled,  
And they that launched for the skies have  
grown  
But the drift-wood of the world.

### Literature.

#### MYNACH-HEB-UN-PEN.

A TRAGIC STORY.

What I am about to relate is of  
so singular a nature that had it not  
occurred within my own ken, I  
should hesitate to speak of it as  
plain fact. Forming, however, a  
part of my own personal experience  
I can, of course, vouch for it. In  
telling my story, I mean to confine  
myself to the relation of things as  
they occurred, leaving you to form  
your own solution of what, first and  
last has been a mystery to me. I  
am rough, and matter-of-fact; and  
quite deficient in that acuteness of  
intellect which will scent and trace  
a mystery, and hunt it down in  
spite of obstacles and difficulties.

I am, as you see, a very old man  
now. I was a very young man,  
but a short time ordained, at the  
period of which I shall first speak.  
A Welshman born and bred, I felt  
more elate than I had succeeded to  
a principality on the day when,  
having managed to exchange my  
comparatively well-paid English  
curacy for a Welsh one, with ten  
times the work, and a quarter the  
salary, I stood and looked about  
me in the little solitary house  
which was henceforth to hold my  
penance. My little grey house was  
small, and mean, and utterly void  
of the hundred-and-one so-called  
necessaries of civilized life. That  
is what you would have thought of  
it. It suited me, I exulted in its  
rudeness, its isolation, its contrast  
with my late residence in highly  
civilized England. Here I was my  
own master; there, society's slave,  
and most unhappy slave. It did me  
good, this grand, wild, melancholy  
landscape, which formed my world  
now. Its every detail suited me;  
the dark depths of the lake by  
which my house was built, and in-  
to which the overhanging moun-  
tains cast their shadows, the pictur-  
esque masses of stone, lying about,  
crushed into the sward of the val-  
ley; the sweeping lines of hill,  
of rock, of mountain—the majestic  
cloud-shapes that hung low upon  
their necks; the splendour of ever-  
varying light and shade, which to  
to an artist would have been rap-  
ture. Day after day I blessed God  
for my freedom.

My home in the lake valley was  
in every sense of the word, a lone-  
ly one—I liked it all the better for  
that. High up amongst the hills  
were two of the great sheep-farms,  
or Hafod-tai, as the Welsh call  
them (literary, summer-farms—from  
Hafod, a summer residence) for  
which our country is remarkable.  
The owner of these farms, my  
nearest neighbours, were both  
shrewd, clear headed, intelligent  
men. So, indeed, to my mind,  
were most of my flock, scattered  
here and there, at wide intervals,  
over an extent of parish that exer-  
cised my walking powers very  
fully. With my poor Welsh friends  
I got on much better than with my  
urbane and punctilious English  
sheep, whom I was constantly

offending by my plain speaking  
and rough ways. It was about  
three months subsequent to my  
arrival at the lake valley. I was  
returning home from attending at  
the death-bed of a parishoner—an  
old woman who had just departed  
at the ripe age of one hundred and  
three—a sage in years, a child in  
conscience, she had gone to meet  
her God with a smile upon her face  
leaving three generations to mourn  
her. While musing over this  
Christian death-bed, I struck across  
the hills in a direction which, I  
fancied, would shorten my walk at  
least half a mile. My supposed  
short cut gave me plenty of up and  
down hill walking and clambering,  
so that I doubted—a doubt after  
wards fully confirmed—its being a  
short cut at all. However, but for  
my short-cut, or long cut, as it  
proved, I should not have had this  
story to tell. As I clambered and  
scrambled onwards, I saw before  
me a hill, somewhat higher than the  
rest, which, from my side, bore  
some resemblance in outline to a  
headless drap of figure. I at once  
concluded that this was the hill  
with which a foolish legend  
connected the stone effigy of a  
monk which had, once upon a time  
it was said, been fished out of the  
lake, and which now lay moss-  
grown, and half imbedded in the  
soil, about a stone's throw from my  
house. There certainly was a  
curious resemblance of shape be-  
tween it and the Effigy before me.  
As I have said, I concluded that  
my short-cut would presently lead me  
to the hill I had heard of in connec-  
tion with the foolish legend of My-  
nach-heb-un-Pen, and of which the  
poor headless monk lying below  
in the valley was at once the  
foundation, the theme, and the  
proof. To my surprise, as I neared  
the hill in question, I saw as-  
cending from it a thin cloud of  
smoke, like smoke from a chimney.  
Had I been in Ireland, I should  
have fancied that my short-cut was  
leading me to the discovery of an  
illicit pot-teen manufactory. As it  
was curiosity quickened my steps;  
very soon I had clambered up the  
side of Mynach-heb-un-Pen, and  
was standing upon his reverence's  
neck, peering eagerly forwards.  
Not, however, until I had descend-  
ed three parts of the other side, did  
I discover, built into a hollow at its  
foot, either natural or scooped out  
for the purpose, a long rudely-con-  
structed dwelling, which, but for  
its white-washed walls, and the  
volley of smoke whirling from a  
sort of chimney, would still have  
defied my observation, owing to the  
fact of its sloping roof being cover-  
ed with turf as green and close as  
upon the hill of which it seemed to  
form part. Seated outside this rude  
dwelling, bending low over some  
work, was a woman of whom my  
first glimpse only informed me that  
she was young, dark, and an utter  
stranger to me. Presently I noted  
with growing curiosity and sur-  
prise, the classic grace and beauty  
of the bent head and figure. Un-  
consciously, I had checked my pace,  
and my steps fell so lightly on the  
short, thick sward, that I was close  
to this young woman before she  
became aware of my approach.  
As her great dark eyes, fell upon  
me, a crimson flush suffused her  
face and throat; with the gesture  
and impulse of a startled fawn, she  
dropped the old fishing net she was  
mending, and half rose to fly. Next  
moment, however, she might have  
been an empress, haughtily eyeing  
some intruder upon her privacy.  
An impress, indeed—a very Juno  
was this woman, dressed in rough,  
peasant garb, busied with this  
mean work—residing, apparently  
in his hovel amongst the hills.  
Juno-like she was, notwithstanding  
—superb in face, figure, bearing,  
Rough Welshman, as I was I had  
in me enough of artistic perfection,  
to know that there was in her all  
that one understands by the term  
classical; the low wide forehead,  
with its sweeps of waving, blue-  
black hair—the delicate brow, the  
firm nose, the short, curled, upper  
lip—the sharply chiselled mouth—  
the sweep of jaw and chin, that, but  
for youth and youth's rounded out-  
lines, would have been to massive  
for beauty. In all this, and more  
—the rounded, pillar throat—the  
grand poise of head thereon—the  
slope of shoulder and bust; slen-  
derness of waist, whiteness and de-  
licacy of hand—she would have  
matched, aye! surpassed, any pa-

trician of ancient Greece and Rome.  
I see some of you smile at this pic-  
ture of my met-mending Juno. Aye!  
I admired her, as I admired our  
mountains and lakes, our grand  
scenery. Stay—not quite so. For,  
whereas those attracted me, this  
grand creature repelled me.  
There was ferocity, as well as  
beauty, in her mien; a sullen, dark  
look—a smouldering gleam of eye  
—that impressed me most uncom-  
fortably. In my mind, I likened  
her to a beautiful panther. Not  
without an effort did I recover pre-  
sence of mind to greet her—as  
was customary with me, using the  
old Welsh salutation, which, from  
the first, had made me welcome  
amongst my flock. It had no such  
effect here. A stately inclination  
of the head was the sole reply to  
my greeting.

I was piqued, and stubbornly  
determined to make her reply. Do  
you not speak Welsh, then? I asked.  
No. That seems strange in a  
mountaineer, as you seem to be.  
I had no idea that any of my flock  
lived here. She eyed me contemp-  
tuously from head to foot, the most  
intense scorn in look and voice,  
as she said: Nor do they. We  
are nothing to you, nor you to us.  
The woman rose, and with a slight,  
proud obedience, walked into the  
cottage shut the door behind her.  
Had I been the vilest man, she could  
not have treated me with greater ignominy.  
Caring nothing for this mysterious  
Juno, and being naturally by no  
means thin-skinned, her singular  
manner had no other effect than  
to puzzle and excite my curiosity  
to a pitch I never remember to have  
felt before. Wondering, pondering  
thinking, supposing, my brain  
busied with this adventure, I arrived  
at home in a state bordering on  
delirium. It will be guessed  
that from everyone I know I sought  
for some clue of the mystery of the  
mysterious dweller or dwellers on  
Mynach-heb-un-Pen. That this  
singular woman was a lady, even  
the few words she had spoken, taken  
with her refinement of person and  
grand air, left no doubt upon my  
mind. But it was in vain I sought  
to solve the riddle of her present  
existence in such a place. Most of  
those to whom I spoke upon the  
subject, heard for the first time of  
such an abode being in existence.  
All that I succeeded in learning  
was, that about a year before the  
turt thatched house had first been  
discovered by some children hunt-  
ing for bilberries; that from one or  
two trivial circumstances, which  
circumstances, which might or  
might not be correct, it was sup-  
posed that the folks now living in  
the hollow of Mynach-heb-un-Pen  
were man and wife, and were Irish  
Beyon! This I could discover noth-  
ing; and now what had I discovered?  
Nothing. That ended my  
researches. A couple of months  
elapsed before I again saw or heard  
anything of this imperious Juno.  
It was a wild night, towards the  
end of September. The day had  
been very fine, but for a couple  
of hours before dusk I had bobbed  
a common change. The increased  
beauty of light and shade upon the  
mountains, the heavy cloud wreaths  
drooping low upon them, the pecu-  
liar wail of the horns which upon  
the Hafodtai were used in place  
of bells to summon the shepherds to  
their supper, were, to my now ac-  
customed ear, signs infallible of a  
storm, which before morning would  
have swollen the waters of the lake  
and transformed tiny mountain rills  
into streams and cascades. Indoors  
I was very comfortable. I had  
closed the shutters, sent my one  
servant to bed, but I had not  
set the tea-kettle on the blaze. With  
a stout roof over my head, a good  
fire on my hearth, a supply of new  
books, my tea-kettle singing, and  
my slippers feet on the fender, I  
settled down for some hours of quiet  
enjoyment. The wind, that whis-  
tled and moaned amongst the hills  
—but intensified my sense of the  
comforts of my "ain fireside." About  
an hour had passed thus, when a  
loud knocking startled me from  
my book. The book fell from my  
hand, and I sat staring, in doubt  
whether I had heard aright, so un-  
usual, indeed unprecedented, was  
the occurrence in this lonely spot.  
The knocking, repeated with  
ferocious violence, soon assured me  
of its reality. I was startled a little.  
The place was so secluded; my

only domestic, a deaf old Welsh-  
woman was snoring in her bed; I  
was away from all human aid. I  
might be murdered; but, pooh!  
who would murder a poor curate  
like me! Robbers? I glanced  
around me; the poverty of every-  
thing reassured me on that score.  
Yet, before going to the door, I took  
the precaution to arm myself with  
a pistol, which I kept loaded over  
the fire-place. Having seen that it  
was in order, I took up the candle  
and walked out. The knocking  
had continued, growing fiercer and  
louder. Amid a passion of blows,  
I undid the bolts, but kept the chain  
up while I queried: "Who is there?"  
"A woman!—only a woman!—  
open!" The angry, scornful tone,  
struck me as familiar—so far, at  
least, that I thought I recognised it.  
The idea by no means reassured  
me. While I was hesitating, the  
voice spoke again. "For Christ's  
sake, open!" it shrieked, in tones of  
agony too terrible to be assumed.  
"You are a minister of the All-  
Merciful!" it wailed, "and, while  
a life is ebbing away for want of  
help, you stand trembling for self,  
and parleying with a wretched,  
maddened woman! I was ashamed  
of my hesitation, and flung the  
door wide open. In from the storm  
rushed a tall figure—a woman,  
panting, raging; hair and dress  
torn and dishevelled, the long,  
black locks streaming nearly to her  
feet; foam from her lips—blood  
upon her breast, and over her  
drenched clothes. It was the im-  
perious Juno of Mynach-heb-un-Pen.  
Beaten, wounded, bleeding, her  
eyes blazing, her features convulsed  
with anguish and despair, the woman  
was still imperious and grand.  
"Why do you stand staring and  
hesitating," she cried, while a life  
worth ten of yours is being lost for  
want of help? It is murder, I tell  
you—foul, cowardly murder!" and  
she shrieked, and grew paler still.  
Then she turned on me, stamping  
her foot at me. "Make haste if you  
have the heart of a man within your  
breast." "Bring wine with you.  
Wine might have saved him, but I  
had none. Do you hear!—bring  
wine. I tell you!" Wine I had  
none; I never drank it. I told her  
so. "But I have got a little brandy,  
I said, "which I keep by me in  
case of sickness. Come in while I  
fetch it, and let me give you a hot  
cup of tea." She made a gesture  
of refusal, and passed out again into  
the night. "Make haste," she re-  
peated, "I will wait here for you."  
In another minute I stood beside  
her, and put the flask into her hand.  
She thrust it into her bosom, clutch-  
ed my hand in a firm, strong grasp,  
that held it like a vice, and hurried  
me furiously onwards. I had  
thought of a wrap for her, but know-  
ing that the impracticable woman  
would reject it with scorn,  
I forbore. She said no more; never  
relaxing her clutch of me, and  
dragging me on at a pace that left  
me breathless and speechless when  
we stood within the hill-side dwell-  
ing on Mynach-heb-un-Pen. Wait  
here a moment, my guide said, as  
with a sort of cry, half gasp, half  
sob, she flung open the door, and  
let me in. A light in one of the  
windows had flickered, and waved  
a signal to us as we approached.  
Snatching this from the window-  
ledge, she sprang towards the torn  
remains of a curtain that divided  
the room into two portions, and  
pressed behind it. There was a  
hush then, only broken by the sound  
of laboured breathing, with, at in-  
tervals, a low moan, as of one in  
some terrible agony.

"Though sorely bewildered—feel-  
ing, indeed, like the unconscious  
actor in a dream—I had curiosity  
enough to glance around me while  
waiting. The light, such as it was,  
now streaming through the rent  
curtains, sufficed to show that, in  
this poor abode, there was nothing  
beyond what the exterior betokened  
I had looked for books—for pictures,  
perhaps—for marks of refinement—  
for what there was not. The only  
thing I could see at all remarkable,  
was the heavy crimson curtain,  
stretched across the room; this was  
of handsome material, apparently,  
and the rents in it gave me the idea  
of recent violence—not of accident,  
or wear and tear. In places, it had  
evidently appeared of having been  
forcibly torn from the rod along  
which it ran. In fact, the disorder  
of the furniture, overturned and dis-  
arranged; the rents in the curtain,  
and the low, feeble moan I had a

couple of times heard from behind  
it, all gave witness to some fresh  
and terrible strife. I had barely  
time to note all this, when the wo-  
man's voice called to me—her voice  
though so low and tremulous—'He  
yet lives! He may, perhaps, re-  
cover!' she said. 'Will you come  
and see him?' A few steps brought  
me past the curtain, to the side of a  
low, rudely-constructed bedstead,  
the sheets and coverings of which  
were positively saturated with blood.  
Upon this a man lay, his body gash-  
ed with wounds—his face livid,  
motionless, and insensible; even  
the low moan, which now and again  
stirred his lips, seemed to me an  
unconscious utterance of nature.  
His features, even in death—for  
strikingly handsome, of their kind.  
As far as I could judge, in his blood  
stained condition, he was fair, rather  
effeminate in person, with fea-  
tures of almost womanly delicacy,  
and long, waving, golden hair. He  
looked young, too—younger than  
the woman upon whose breast his  
head rested. She had raised him  
in her arms, and laid his head upon  
her bosom; in the very clasp of her  
arms round him there was a pas-  
ionate tenderness that stirred me  
to deepest pity. Here, by this  
ghastly death-bed, she was a wo-  
man to pity—a woman tender; pas-  
ionate, subdued. Her upturned  
eyes, as they questioned mine, were  
full of piteous entreaty. God knows  
—I never did, and never shall know  
—what was the connection between  
this woman and this murdered  
man. I do not think he was her  
husband; she never spoke of him  
as such; there was no ring upon  
her hand. At the time, I felt that,  
in the presence of Death, their great  
love was sanctified. It may be a  
strange thing for a minister of re-  
ligion to say, yet I will boldly say,  
I hold that woman to be less sinful  
who, loving truly and deeply, is  
tempted to her fall, than she who,  
for money or worldly position, sells  
herself to the highest bidder. The  
one degrades herself; the other de-  
bases not herself alone, but makes  
of God's sacred institute the debas-  
ing medium. She had in vain been  
trying to get some of the brandy  
between his clenched teeth; the hand  
which had forced me at such speed  
onward, now trembled and shook  
like that of a decrepit old woman.  
I knelt beside her, and with my  
handkerchief moistened the parched  
lips. Even then, I knew he had  
but a few minutes to live. In si-  
lence I felt the heart and pulse—  
the livid brow, wet with the dews  
of death. "Who did this?" I asked.  
"What has happened?" "Murder!  
Foul, cruel, cowardly murder! Oh  
God! have mercy, and spare him!  
In my very arms, upon my breast,  
they butchered him. But—he may  
recover yet—may he not?" I shook  
my head. In pity to her I spoke  
truth. "Before long—before many  
minutes, all will be over." "Oh  
God!—Oh Saviour!—be merciful!"  
she moaned. "Let him, at least,  
know me before he dies!" One look  
enough, as token of forgiveness! Ah!  
it is hard, hard to bear." Her arms  
tightened around the unconscious man;  
her face sank over his, as her voice fell  
in a low despairing cry. A minute after,  
she started up, and looked questioningly  
at me; she had felt his last convulsive  
quiver—he was dead. "What is this?  
—is it come?" she gasped, with shuddering  
anguish. "It is come. He is dead."  
"Dead—dead—dead—dead!" In the si-  
lence of the night it was as if, in that cry,  
another human soul went forth, I was  
mute before such agony. A little and she  
kissed the pale lips, laid her head upon the  
blood-stained bed, and rose. "Leave me  
now." As she spoke voice and face were  
altered anew. Youth and grace, softness  
and beauty, were fled; in their place,  
hardness and desperate ferocity, and  
gloomy resolve. "I must be alone awhile,"  
she added, seeing me hesitate; "you can  
return with early morning. There will  
be work to do." "Aye, this must not go  
unpunished," I answered, giving utterance  
to one of the thoughts that had been occu-  
pying my mind since my entrance. Her  
eyes blazed at my words. "Unpunished!"  
she hissed—"it shall not!" By the God  
above, whose eye has witnessed all, I  
swear it; and by the blood that cries for  
vengeance, I swear it. Hush!—to one  
who has suffered like me such words are  
impotent. Do you know what was his  
crime—his, who would not have hurt or  
pained the least of God's creatures. It  
was loving me. Go—I must be alone  
awhile, or I shall go mad." I went out,  
leaving her on her knees once more, with  
her head clasped upon her breast. Out-  
side the threshold I paused to kneel myself  
and pray to the gentle Saviour to be mer-  
ciful to this, his hardly-tried creature.  
When, at daybreak, I returned, the door  
was locked. When I found that to my  
knocking there was no reply, I forced in  
the door, and entered. The place was  
empty; the woman was gone; the corpse  
had disappeared. There, doubly horrible  
in the fresh light of day, was the bloody  
couch; there was the torn curtain—the  
overturned furniture. The living and the  
dead had vanished, leaving no trace, no  
clue to the past, or to the future.

To be continued.

A fearful gale swept over Gibraltar on  
Dec. 10th.

The Record says "Jerusalem is soon to be  
lighted with gas."

Vauban, the most successful three-year-  
old race-horse of the season, ran 13 races,  
won 9, and landed £13,425 in stakes to his  
owner.