THE DEAN'S WATCH.

BY ERCKMANN CHATRIAN.

I.

The day before the Christmas of 1832, my friend Wilfrid, his double-bass slung over his shoulder, and I with violin under my arm, were on our way from the Black Forest to Heildelburg. An extraordinary quantity of snow had fallen that season. As far as our eyes could see over the great desert plain before us, not a trace of the route, either of road or path, was to be dis covered. The north wind whistled its shrill aria about the ears with a monotonous persistence, and Wilfrid, with wallet flattened against his thin back, his long heron-legs stretched to the utmost, and the visor of his little flat cap pulled down over his nose, strode along before me, humming a gay air from "Ondine." Every now and then he turned his head with a grim smile, and cried:

"Comrade, play me a waltz from 'Robin'—I wish to dance!"

A peal of laughter always followed, and then the brave fellow would push on again with fresh courage. I toiled on behind in his footsteps, with the snow up to my knees, and my spirits sinking lower and lower every moment.

The heights about Heidelburgh had began to appear on the distant horizon, and we were hoping to reach the town before nightfall, when we heard the gallop of a horse behind us. It was about five o'clock, the great flakes of snow were whirling about in the grey light. Soon the rider was within twenty steps. He slackened his pace, examining us out of one corner of his eye. We also examined him.

Imagine a big man with red beard and hair, wrapped in a brown cloak, over which was loosely thrown a pelisse of fox-skins; on his head a superb cocked-hat; his hands buried in fur gloves reaching to his elbows. On the croup of his stout stallion was strapped a well-filled valise. Evidently he was some burly sheriff, or burgomaster.

"Hey, my lads?" he cried, drawing one of his big hands from the muff which hung across his saddle-bow, and clapping his charger's neck, "we are going to Heidelberg, I see, to try a little music."

Wilfrid eyed the traveller askance.

"Is that any affair of yours, sir?" he answered, gruffly.

"Eh? yes; I should have a piece of advice to give you."

"Well, you can keep it till it's asked for," retorted Wilfrid, quickening his pace.

I cast a second glance at our new companion. He looked exactly like a great cat, with ears standing out from his head, his eyelids half closed, and a long bristling mustache; altogether he had a sort of purring, paternal air.

"My friends," he began again, this time addressing me, "the best thing you can do is to return whence you came."

"Why, sir?"

"The famous maestro Prinenti from Novare, has announced a grand Christmas concert at Heidelburg. Everybody is going to it; you will not get a single kreutzer."

This was too much for Wilfrid.

"A fig for your maestro, and all the Prinentis in the world!" he cried, snapping his fingers. "This lad here, with his long curls and blue eyes, and not a hair yet on his chin, is worth an army of your Italian charlatans. Though he never played outside the Black Forest, he can handle a bow with the first musician in Europe, and will draw melody from the violin such as was never heard before in Heidelberg."

"Hear, hear!" cried the stranger.

"It is just as I tell you," said Wilfrid, blowing on his fingers which were red with the cold.

Then he set out to run, and I followed him as best I might, thinking he wished to make game of the traveller, who kept up with us, however at a little trot.

In this way we went on in silence for more than half a league. Suddenly the stranger cried out in a harsh voice:

"Whatever your talents may be, go back to the Black Forest. We have vagabonds enough in Heidelberg already without you. It is good advice I give you—you had best profit by it." Wilfrid was about to make an angry retort, but the rider had started off at a gallop, and already reached the grand avenue of the elector. At the same moment, a great flock of crows rose from the plain, and seemed to follow him, filling the air with their loud cries.

About seven o'clock in the evening we reached Heidelberg. There, in fact, we found posted on all the walls Prinenti's flaming placards, "Grand Concert, Solo, etc., etc." We wandered about among the different ale-houses, in which we met several muscians from the Black Forest, all old comrades of ours, who immediately engaged us to play in their band. There were old Bremer, the violoncellist; his two sons, Ludwig and Carl, capital second violins; Heinrich Siebel, the clarionet-player; and big Berthe with her harp. Wilfrid with his bass-viol, and myself as first violin, made up the troupe.

It was agreed that we should all go together, make one purse, and divide after Christmas. Wilfrid had already engaged a room for himself and me. It was on the sixth story of the little tavern "Piedde-Mouton," in the middle of the Holdergasse, and was only a garret, though, luckily, it had a sheet-iron stove, in which we lighted a fire to dry ourselves.

While we were sitting quietly over the fire, roasting chestnuts and discussing a pot of wine, who should come tripping up the stairs and knock at the door but little Annette, the maid of the inn, in scarlet pettitcoat and black-velvet bodice, with cheeks like roses, and lips as red as cherries? Next moment she had thrown herself into my arms with a cry of joy.

We were old friends, the pretty Annette and I, for we were both from the same village, and, to say truth, my heart had long been captive to her bright eyes and coquettish airs.

"I saw you go up just now," she said, drawing a stool to my side, "and here I am, come for a minute's talk with you."

With this she began such a string of questions about this one and that—in fact, about everyone in our village—that I declare to you it was as much as I could do to answer the half of them. Every little while she would stop and look at me with such a tender air—we would have been there till this time had not suddenly Mother Greder Dick screamed from the bottom of the stairs:

"Annetta, Annetta, are you ever coming?"

"This minute, madam, this minute," cried the poor child, jumping up in a fright. She gave me a little pat on the cheek, and flew to the door. But just as she was going out, she stopped.

"Ah!" she cried, turning back, "I forgot to tell you. Have you heard——?"

"What?"

"The death of our pro-recteur Zahn?"

"Well, what is that to us?"

"Ah, yes; but take care, sir, take care—if your papers are not all right! To-morrow morning, at eight o'clock, they will come to ask for them. They have arrested, oh! so many people during the last two weeks. The pro-recteur was assassinated yesterday evening, in the library, at the Cloister of Saint Christophe. Last week the old priest, Ulmet Elias, who lived in the Jews' quarter, was killed in the same way. Only a few days before that they murdered the nurse, Christina Haas, and Seligmann, the agate-merchant of the Rue Durlach. So, my poor Kasper," she added, with a tender glance, "take good care of yourself, and be sure that your papers are all right."

All the while she was speaking, the cries below continued.

"Annette, O Annette, *will* you come? Oh, the miserable creature, to leave me here all alone!"

And now, too, we could hear the shouts of the guests in the saloon calling for wine, beer, ham, sausages. Annette saw that she must go, and ran down the stairs as quickly as she had come up.

"*Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!*" I heard her soft voice answering her mistress, "what can be the matter, madame, that you should make such an outcry? One would think the house were on fire."

Wilfrid closed the door after her, and came back to his seat. We looked at each other with some uneasiness.

"This is strange news," said he at last. "At any rate, your papers are all in order?"

"Certainly," I replied, and showed him my pass.

"Good! There is mine, I had it vised before we left. But still, all these murders bode no good to us. I am afraid we shall make but a poor business here. Many families must be in mourning, and then, besides all these annoyances, the trouble which the police will give us."

"Bah!" cried I, "you will take too dismal a view of everything."

We continued to talk about these strange events until long past midnight. The fire in our little stove lighted up the angles of the roof, the square dormer window with its three cracked panes of glass, the mattress spread upon the bare boards, the blackened beams overhead, the little fir table, which cast an unsteady shadow on the worm-eaten floor. A mouse, attracted by the heat, darted back and forth like an arrow along the wall. We could hear the wind without, whistling and bellowing around the high chimney-stacks, sweeping the snow from the gutters beneath the leaves in misty swirls. I was dreaming of Annette. Silence had fallen upon us. Suddenly Wilfrid, throwing off his coat, cried:

"It is time to sleep; but put another stick of wood in the stove, and let us go to bed."

"Yes, that is the best thing we can do," said I, and began to pull off my boots. Two minutes afterward we were stretched on the mattress, the covering drawn up to our chins, and a great log under our heads for a pillow. Wilfrid was asleep in a moment. The light from the little stove blazed up and died away, the wind redoubled its violence without, and, in the midst of dreams of Annette, I, too, in my turn, slept the sleep of the just.

About two o'clock in the morning I was awakened by a strange noise. At first I thought it was a cat running along the gutters; but, my ear being close to the rafters, I could not remain long in doubt. Some one was walking over the roof. I touched Wilfrid with my elbow to awaken him.

"Hist!" whispered he, pressing my hand.

He also had heard the noise. The fire was just dying out, the last feeble flame flickered on the crumbling wall. I was on the point of springing from the bed, when, at a single blow, the little window, kept closed by a fragment of brick, was pushed open. A pale face, with red hair, eyes gleaming with phosphorescent light, and quivering cheeks, appeared in the opening, and looked about the room. Our fright was so great that we could not utter a sound. The man passed first one leg, then the other, through the window, and descended into the garret so carefully that not a board creaked under his footsteps.

This man, with heavy, round shoulders, short and thick-set, his face wrinkled and set like a tiger couched to spring, was none other than the rider who had overtaken us on the road to Heidelberg. But what a change in his appearance since then! In spite of the excessive cold, he was in his shirt-sleeves, a pair of breeches belted about his waist, woollen stockings, and shoes with silver buckles. A long knife, flecked with blood, glittered in his hand.

Wilfrid and I gave ourselves up for lost. But he did not seem to see under the shadow of the sloping roof, although the fire was fanned again into a blaze by the current of cold air from the open window. The intruder seated himself on a stool, cowering and shivering in a strange way. Suddenly his greenish-yellow eyes fixed themselves on me, his nostrils dilated; for more than a minute, which seemed to me an age, he stared at me. The blood stood still in my veins. Then, at last, turning toward the fire, he coughed with a husky, hoarse sound, like that which a cat makes, without moving a muscle of his face. Drawing a watch from the fob of his pantaloons, he seemed to look at the hour, and then, whether from absence of mind or some other reason, I know not, laid it upon the table. At length, rising from his seat with an air of uncertainty, he looked toward the window, appeared for a moment to hesitate, and passed out of the door, leaving it wide open behind him.

I jumped up to shove the bolt, but already the man's steps were creaking on the staircase two stories below. An irresistible curiosity overcame my terror. I heard a window open, which looked upon the court, and, in a moment, I was at the dormer in the landing of the stairs on the same side. The court, seen from this height, was like a deep well. A wall, fifty or sixty feet high, divided it into two parts. On the right was the court of a pork-butcher; on the left, that of the Pied-de-Mouton. The walls was covered with moss and the rank vegetation which flourishes in the shade. Its summit reached from the window which the marauder had just opened, in a straight line to the roof of a great, gloomy building in the rear of the Bergstrasse. All this I took in at a glance, as the moon shone out from among the heavy snow laden clouds, and I trembled as I saw the man come out through the window, and fly along the top of this wall, his head bent forward, the long knife in his hand, while the wind whistled and wailed a dismal chorus.

He gained the roof in front, and disappeared through a window. I believed I must be dreaming. For several moments I remained with open mouth, my breast bare, and my hair blown about by the wind and wet by the sleet which fell from the eaves. At last, waking from my stupor, I returned to our garret, and found Wilfrid with a face blanched, and haggard with fright, and muttering a prayer under his breath. I hastened to bolt the door, throw some wood into the stove, and slip on my clothes.

"Well?" asked my comrade, getting out of the bed.

"Well," I replied; "we are safe this time. If that man did not see us, it was only because Heaven was not ready yet for us to die."

"Yes," he murmured; "yes; it is one of the assassins Annette told us about. Good Heavens! what a face! and what a knife!"

He fell back on the mattress. I swallowed what was left of the wine in the pitcher; and, as the fire was now burning brightly, filling the room with its heat, and the bolt seemed a strong one, I began to regain my courage.

Still, the watch was there; the man might return to look for it. Our fears awoke again at this idea.

"What is to be done now?" asked Wilfrid. "Our shortest plan will be to go back at once to the Black Forest. I have no wish to play any more double-bass. You can do as you choose——"

"But why? What should make us go back. We have done no crime."

"Hush! speak low!" whispered he. "The work *crime* alone is enough to hang us if any one heard. Poor devils like us serve as ammunition for others. Were they only to find this watch here——"

"Come Wilfrid," said I, "it is no use to lose one's head. I dare say a crime has been committed last night in the neighborhood, it is more than probable; but, instead of flying, an honest man should aid justice; he should——"

"But how aid it? how?"

"The simplest way will be to take the watch to-morrow to the provost and tell him what has taken place."

"Never, never! I would not dare touch the watch."

"Very well; I will go myself. Come, let us go to bed again."

"No; I cannot sleep any more."

"As you will—light your pipe then, and let us talk."

As soon as day dawned, I took the watch from the table. It was a very fine one, with two dials—one for the hours, the other for the minutes. Wilfrid seemed, however, by this time to have regained his assurance.

"Kasper," he said, "all things considered, it will be better for me to go to the provost. You are too young for such a piece of business. You will not be able to explain properly."

"Just as you choose," I replied.

"Besides, it would seem strange for a man of my age to send a child."

"Oh, yes, Wilfrid; I understand."

I saw that his self-esteem had driven him to this resolution. He would have been ashamed to own to his comrades that he had shown less courage than I.

He took the watch, and we descended the stairs with grave faces. Passing through the alley which leads to the street Sainte-Christophe, we heard the clinking of glasses, and knives and forks At the same time I recognized the voices of old Bremer and his two sons.

"Faith, Wilfrid," said I, "a good glass of wine would not be bad before we go out."

I pushed open the door into the saloon. All our friends were there; violins and horns hung upon the wall—the harp in one corner. They received us with joyful cries of welcome, and made us take seats at the table.

"Hey!" cried old Bremer; "good luck, comrades! See the snow, and the wind! The saloons will all be full. Every flake of snow in the air is a florin in our pockets."

The sight of my little Annette, as fresh and piquant as ever, smiling on me with eyes and lips full of love, gave me new spirits. The best pieces of ham were for me; and every time that she came to set down a glass near me, her hand would tenderly press my shoulder. Ah! how my heart beat, as I thought of the nuts which we had cracked together the night before.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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SOLICITOR

NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC., ETC.

Chatham, N. B.

July 9, '77

Brokerage, etc.

MACLELLAN & CO.,

BANKERS & BROKERS,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

EVERY kind of legitimate Banking done, and all the facilities of an Incorporated Bank afforded to Depositors and Customers. Jun. 23

LUKE STEWART,

SHIP BROKER & COMMISSION MERCHANT

SAINT JOHN.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

1-52

WILLIAM J. FRASER,

COMMISSION MERCHANT,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

TEAS, SUGARS MOLASSES, &C.

HEAD OF TOBIN'S SOUTH WHARF.

UPPER WATER STREET,

HALIFAX N S.

CONSIGNMENTS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

R. R. CALL,

General Agent

SHIP BROKER,

AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,

Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

2-tf

W. & R. Brodie,

GENERAL

Commission Merchants

AND

DEALERS IN

FLOUR, PRODUCE AND PROVISIONS,

No. 16, ARTHUR STREET,

Next the Bank of Montreal.

QUEBEC.

Law Notices, etc.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

TO be sold at Public Auction, on FRIDAY, the First day of March next, in front of the Registry Office, Newcastle, between the hours of 12 noon, an 15 o'clock p. m.:

All the Right, Title and Interest of Prim Brow in and to all that piece or parcel of Land and premises, situate, lying and being on the French Cove, in the Parish of Alnwick, and bounded as follows: Easterly by lands occupied by James Brow; westerly by lands occupied by Mitchel Brow; northerly by lands owned by Luke Murphy, and southerly by the Barren or Black Lands, containing 50 acres, more or less, and being the land and premises on which the said Prim Brow at present resides.

Also, all the Right, Title and Interest of the said Prim Brow in and to all that piece or parcel of land, situate lying and being on the North side of the Great Road leading from Neguac to Tabusintac, in the Parish of Alnwick, and bounded as follows:—Northerly by Lot X, granted to Joseph Ross, Jun.; Easterly by the lot of land granted to Mitchel Brow; Southerly by the vacent Lot 3, and westerly by Lot Number 61, granted to Israel Brow, and by vacent Crown Lands:—being Lot ——, granted to the said Prim Brow, and containing 100 acres, more or less.

The same having been seized by me under and by virtue of several Executions issued out of the Northumberland County Court, against the said Prim Brow.

JOHN SHIREFF,
Sheriff of Northumberl'd.

Sheriff's Office, Newcastle,
21st August, 1877.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

TO be sold at Public Sale, on FRIDAY, the First day of March next, in front of the Registry Office, Newcastle, between the hours of 12 noon and 5 o'clock p. m.:

All the Right, Title and Interest of John Ashford in and to all that piece or parcel of Land and premises, situate, lying and being on the North side of the River Tabusintac, in the Parish of Alnwick, known as Lot Number 20, and bounded as follows: in front or southerly by the River Tabusintac; westerly by Lot Number 21, occupied by Laughlin McDonald; easterly by Lot Number 19, occupied by R. McLeilan, and in the rear by vacant Crown Land; containing 100 acres, more or less, and being the land and premises lately occupied by the said John Ashford.

The same having been seized by me under and by virtue of several executions issued out of the Supreme Court and out of the Northumberland County Court against the said John Ashford.

JOHN SHIRREFF,
Sheriff of Northumberl'd.

Sheriff's Office, Newcastle.
21st August, 1877.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

TO be sold at Public Auction, on FRIDAY, the 15th day of February next, in front of the Registry Office, Newcastle, between the hours of 12, noon, and 5 p. m.:

All the Right, Title and Interest of George T. Murphy in and to all that piece, parcel or lot of Land, situate, lying and being in the Parish of Ludlow, in the County of Northumberland, on the North side of the Southwest Branch of the River Miramichi, being the East half of Lot number sixty-five, granted to Daniel Duff in the grant to Ephraim Betts and associates, and is bounded easterly by land granted to Samuel Bridge, and westerly by the West half of said Lot number sixty-five, comprising eighty rods front, and containing One Hundred and Fifty Acres, more or less, being the land and premises conveyed to the said George T. Murphy by James Murphy, Senior, by Deed, dated 22nd April, 1875, as by reference thereto will fully appear.

Also, all other the Lands, Tenements and Hereditaments of the said George T. Murphy, whatsoever or wheresoever situate, in the said County of Northumberland; the same having been seized by me under and by virtue of an Execution issued out of the Supreme Court by William Long against the said George T. Murphy.

JOHN SHIRREFF,
Sheriff of Northumberl'd.

Sheriff's Office, Newcastle,
6th August, A. D., 1877.

EQUITY SALE.

THERE will be sold at Public Auction, on Saturday, the Sixth day of APRIL next, at twelve o'clock noon, at the Court House in Newcastle, in the County of Northumberland, pursuant to the directions of a decretal order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on the fourth day of December, A. D., 1877, in a cause therein pending, wherein William Muirhead is Plaintiff and James Vickers is Defendant, with the approbation of the undersigned Barrister, the mortaged premises described in the Bill and in the said Decretal order as follows, that is to say:—

"All that certain Piece or Parcel of Land, situate, lying and being in the Parish of Blackville on South side of South-west Branch of the River Miramichi, bounded Northwardly by said River, Westerly by lands granted to James Peters, Southerly by Crown Lands, and Easterly by lands owned or occupied by Richard McLaughlan—being Lands on which said James Vickers at present resides—containing two hundred acres more or less, together with all and singular the buildings and improvements thereon."

For terms of sale and other particulars apply to the Plaintiff's Solicitor.

Dated the 17th day of December, A. D., 1877.

L. J. TWEEDIE, Plaintiff's Solicitor. 4h20.
RICHARD CARMAN, Barrister.

NOTICE OF SALE.

To BENJAMIN WILLISTON of the Parish of Hardwick, in the County of Northumberland, in the Province of New Brunswick, and MARGARET, his wife, and JAMES G. WILLISTON of Saint Stephen, in the County of Charlotte, in the said Province, and HELEN, his wife.

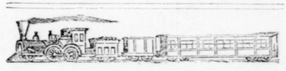
NOTICE is hereby given that by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in an Indenture of Mortgage, bearing date the First day of September, in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Seventy-Six, and made between the said Benjamin Williston and Margaret, his wife, and James G. Williston and Helen M., his wife of the one part and John Shirreff of Chatham, in the County of Northumberland, aforesaid Esquire of the other part, and duly recorded in the Records of the said County of Northumberland, which Indenture of Mortgage was assigned to me, the undersigned, by the said John Shirreff by Indenture of Assignment, bearing date the Twenty-seventh day of November, A. D., 1876, also duly recorded in the Records of the said County of Northumberland, there will, for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured by the said Indenture of Mortgage, default having been made in payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction in front of the Waverley Hotel, in the Town of Newcastle, in the said County of Northumberland, on FRIDAY, the Eighth day of February next at 12 o'clock, noon; all the Lands and Premises mentioned and described in the said Indenture of Mortgage as follows, viz:—All that piece or parcel of Land situate, lying and being in the Parish of Hardwick aforesaid, and bounded as follows: In front, by the Bay of Miramichi; above by lands at present occupied by the said Benjamin Williston and known as the Dennis Farm; below by lands occupied by Lawrence Helman and extending in rear the full extent of the Grant, having a front of sixty rods more or less, and containing by estimation two hundred Acres more or less, which Lot was formerly owned by the late Robert Mays deceased, and was conveyed to the said Benjamin Williston and James G. Williston by William Wilson by Deed, dated the First day of July, A. D., 1856, as by reference thereto will fully appear, together with all, and singular the buildings and improvements thereon and the privileges and appurtenances to the same, belonging or appending.

Dated 22nd December, A. D., 1877.

JOHN McLAGGAN,
Assignee of Mortgage.

7y10

Traveler's Column.



Chatham Branch Railway.

ON & AFTER MONDAY, OCT. 15th, until further notice, Trains will run on this Railway daily, (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.		No. 1 EXPRESS.	No. 2 ACCOM'DATION
Chatham,	Depart,	2.00 a. m.,	9.50 a. m.
Chatham Junc'n,	Arrive	2.35 "	10.25 "
" "	Depart,	2.50 "	10.40 "
Chatham,	Arrive,	3.20 "	11.10 "

GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.		No. 3. ACCOMM'TION.	No. 4. EXPRESS.
Chatham,	Depart,	4.30 p. m.,	11.40 p. m.
Chatham Junc.,	Arrive,	5.00 "	12.10 a. m.
" "	Depart,	5.20 "	12.30 "
Chatham,	Arrive,	5.50 "	1.00 "

The above Table is made up on St. John Time, which is 20 Minutes Faster than I. C. R. time on the Northern Division.

This Railway is run in connection with the Intercolonial and through Tickets are issued at Chatham Station to all Stations on the Intercolonial, and freight is despatched therefrom to all points North and South.

All freight for transportation over this road, if above Fourth (4th) Class, will be taken delivery of at the Union Wharf, Chatham, and forwarded free of Truckage, Custom House Entry or other charges.

By reference to the above Time Table it will be seen that close connections are made with all passenger Trains both DAY and NIGHT on the Intercolonial.

☞ Pullman Sleeping Cars run through to St. John on *Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and to Halifax on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and from St. John, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and from Halifax, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.*

Chatham Passengers wishing to return from the Junction by the same train may obtain Tickets for the trip both ways at one fare.

All the above Trains stop at Nelson Station, both going and returning.

Tickets for the Chatham Railway are sold at the Junction Station (as well as at the Chatham end of the line) and all passengers are requested to procure them before going on the Cars. Passengers who are not provided with Tickets will be charged extra fare.

Persons wishing to go to Chatham by rail can leave Newcastle at 2.36 a. m. and 10.10 a. m., and returning leave Chatham at 4.30 p. m. and 11.40 p. m.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1877-8 Winter Arrangement. 1877-8

ON and after MONDAY, the 15th OCTOBER, trains will leave as follows:—

For Rivere du Loup and Way Stations (Express)