

Curgenven; but the eye flashed and wandered as though in search of some unseen thing. A door was soon unhung, and a mattress placed on it to make a litter, on which he was conveyed to a cottage where he had lodged. A crowd soon gathered round, and made a kind of procession. The story with all kinds of exaggeration, went from house to house, and lip to lip; Phil's name was gradually connected with the event, and the bruit went abroad that Brazilian Dick had been thrown over the cliff and murdered by young Rounsval. Meanwhile he had been placed on a bed, and the doctor had had been sent for. Fracture of the vertebrae and laceration of the spinal cord was his verdict, caused, he said, by the fall. There was no hope of life; but death might not ensue for hours, perhaps for days, and there might be intervals of consciousness, and partial restoration of the mental powers. On examination no mark was found which indicated violence; but the kerchief clutched in the hand was soon identified as having belonged to Rounsval, and a pin stuck in it was recognized as an old and treasured heirloom of his family. This and many corroborative circumstances made a body of circumstantial evidence which was considered sufficient to lead to the apprehension of Phil. Gossipry was soon rife, and produced the story with every kind of variation. One version was that Dick had been pixy-led, and had thus lost his way and tumbled down into the Black Pit. Another told that he had been haunted and bewitched by the sound of a bell, and had gone on and on following its sound, until he was enticed over the cliff. Another told more circumstantially how he and Grace had met up by the Point, how Phil had followed them, how they were just breaking the ring in sign of troth, when he had sprung forward and pushed the happy lover down the precipice; how Grace had tried to spring after him, and how she had swooned away, and been found in this state by the old sexton on the steps of the church, when he had gone to open the door.

For a long time the dying man lay in a kind of stupor, without sign or motion. Very strange and awful was this life in death—this struggle of strong vitality with fate. After some hours, a feverish strength seemed to seize upon the brain, and set eye and tongue in vivid motion. This spasmodic action of thought, and look, and speech—the terrible memories which flashed forth in ghastly glances, and were shouted out in wild utterances, were in fearful contrast with the deadness which had spread over the poor body from the neck downwards. The limbs could no longer respond to the impulses of the will, or sympathise with the workings of the spirit.

At times the ravings were of past things, and horrible enough were these revelations. At times he would be on the pirate's deck rejoicing in fiendish laugh at the tortures of his victims as they went over into their watery grave—at times would be laughing out imprecations and curses in the slaver's hold—at times would live through scenes of the past night, twining up its memories with those of other days, tangling all the dark threads of life together.

'Ah! that accursed bell!' thus he raved—'that cursed eye! I had him fast and sure—'twas my turn then. How pale he looked as he was tottering on the brink! How he clutched my throat! I feel his fingers now, hot and throbbing. Then that bell,—boom—boom—it came on my ear, and that eye flashed like lightning from the clouds. Then my feet slipped. How it dinged into my ear and shot into my brain as I hung on by that rock. What are those priests chanting the burial-service for? There is no one in that chair! there is only an eye.—How it pierces; I can't look at it! My hold is giving! How sharp the rock is! I can't look up for that eye, and I can't go down to that hell down there. That pale lady and her husband and her child are down there, looking as they did when we made them walk the plank.—What are those black fellows crawling up the rock for? Chain them!—lash them!—thrust them down—down into the black pit.'

Exhaustion soon followed, and he fell into a fitful broken sleep. When he awoke again, his mind had recovered its consciousness, and was yielding to the influences of the physical prostration. The spirit had sunk into a sort of calm; its fierceness was succeeded by a half sullen, half penitent mood. There was apathy rather than dread of death; indifference rather than remorse and it was then that, in the presence of many witnesses, he avowed that he had sought Phil Rounsval's life, and that the struggle in which he met his death was of his own seeking. Investigation soon brought corroborations of this confession. Grace testified to having seen him follow Rounsval up the hill; old Truscott had gone to the spot, and there shining in the grass, found a knife which had been worn by Curgenven. General conviction, set with the proof of facts, and there could no longer be cause or reason for Phil's detention. Never did Truscott perform a duty more gladly and heartily than when he announced Phil's liberation. The tear stood in his eye, and his strong voice faltered as he congratulated him. 'And now then, lad,' said he, 'when thou hast thanked God for thy deliverance, home to thy sweetheart, and thou mayest yet have a happy Christmas.'

'No, no! I must see 'an once more.—

Though I'm innocent in intent, I took his life, and must have his forgiveness.'

They were alone now in that chamber of death—the once rivals, the two strong men—the one bowed by sorrow, the other lying broken and prostrate on the threshold of eternity. Slowly Phil advanced towards the bed, and looked down on that pale face; the death sweat was on the brow now, and the eyes were half closed. As they opened on him, there shot a ray of their wonted glare, but this passed away as Phil knelt down by the bedside, and said softly and calmly, 'Dick, Dick, I bore thee no malice—I meant thee no harm. Let us forgive one another ere thou goest hence. Let us part in peace.'

There came no voice in answer; the power of speech had gone, but the eye looked out peace and reconciliation; and as Philip Rounsval prayed there by that bedside, the stain of blood passed away from his soul.

'Twas Christmas night, and the fire was blazing on Hugh Rosevear's hearth, but it lighted up no merriment or gladness there. Sad and melancholy was the group by that fireside. A few short hours had brought a change as though years had passed and gone, and had brought age and blight and woe. The old miller sat in his old place, silent and mournful, with his head bowed on his chest, his eyes bent on the ground. Before him was a large old bible, and on the open page lay his horn spectacles. His wife was on a stool at his feet, rocking to and fro, and sobbing, bursting forth in exclamations, half sorrowful, half prayerful. Opposite sat Grace, pale, and still as a statue, but tearless and resigned, her sorrow touched with the strength of trust, and the hopefulness which cometh from prayer. Thus the night was speeding when the latch was lifted, a footstep was heard on the floor, and Phil stood among them. 'Twas like an apparition, but the presence brought at once a sense of relief and instinct of joy. The old miller sat up erect once more. The dame uttered a fervent 'Thank God!' And Grace glided silently to her lover's side.

'Phil,' said the old man, 'I know 'st thou art free, and hast proved thy innocence, or thou wouldst not have come to my heartstone.—Thank God for it. My heart will keep Christmas time yet.'

'Yes, yes, miller, thou shouldst never have seen'd me again unless I could look in thy face, and stand before thee a clear man. He confessed all, told how he had tried to stab me as I stooped down, and how 'twas in self-defence I threw 'im from the cliff. We have parted in peace.'

There was not much demonstration or utterance in the joy which followed. It was calm and solemn, such as falls on hearts which have passed from trial and suffering into peace and gladness.

Shortly after midnight old Truscott brought the last tidings of the deathbed. 'He has passed away,' he said—'tis all over. He was calm and peaceful-like at the last. Old Goody says she heard him say some prayer, though 'twas in a foreign tongue. As the bells chimed the hour from Tintagel too, a sort of faint smile came over his face, and his lips were moving, and then 'twas all still, still.

And so closed the Christmas day which had dawned so darkly.

The summer was at its full, the sun fell brightly on the downs and on the old church tower of Botreaux. The sea was smooth, and lay basking in the brightness; the furze and the heath were in full bloom, and the scent of thyme and clover mingled freshly with the sweet air, when a marriage-train passed on to the old church. Old Hugh was there, old Truscott, gay and hearty, and all our old friends. And as Phil and Grace passed out again, linked arm in arm, they looked up significantly at the silent tower, and then back lovingly into each other's face, as though they felt there needed no bells to peal the gladness of their hearts.

The events of that terrible night left their impress on Phil in a certain seriousness which shaded, though it did not cloud, his cheerfulness. He was never known to lay his hand on a man again. The ring knew him no more. But his heartstone knew him well. On it he stood ever a glad and happy man, and he was often known to say that the voices of his wife and children, as he crossed his threshold, rang a merrier peal on his heart than could ever have come from the holy bells of Botreaux.

POWER OF THE SUN.

A distinguished chemist, in a recent lecture, while showing that all species of moving power have their origin in the rays of the sun, stated that while the iron tubular railway bridge over the Menai Straits in England, 400 feet long, bent but half an inch under the heaviest pressure of a train, it will bend up an inch and a half from its usual horizontal line when the sun shines on it for some hours. He stated that the Bunker-hill monument is higher in the evening than in the morning of a sunny day. The little sunbeams enter the pores of the stone like so many wedges, lifting it up.

A character, like a kettle, once mended, always wants mending.

News of the Week.

From English papers to 13th March.
EUROPE.

FRANCE.—Paris, Thursday.—The *Moniteur* of this day states that on the 24th ultimo, arrests were simultaneously made in various parts of France, which defeated culpable projects, and led to the discovery and the seizure of arms, ammunition, and compromising correspondence. The number of arrests, however, has been exaggerated. They are limited to fifty principal ringleaders at Paris, twenty at Lyons, twelve at Marseilles, and four on an average in forty departments. In spite of this precaution, a gathering took place at Paris on the night of the 5th of March. Firm and vigilant measures caused it to prove abortive, and led to twenty new arrests. The affray at Chalons, says the *Moniteur*, is indisputably part of a plan of systematic agitation.

French Demands upon Switzerland.—The following is a despatch addressed by Count Walewski to the Federal Council of Switzerland:—'In the despatches which I had the honor to address to you on the 7th of August, 28th of Nov., and the 12th of Dec., last, I directed you to acquaint the Federal Council, of the manoeuvres in which the refugees in Switzerland, especially those in the canton of Geneva, notoriously engage; and to demand their removal from our frontier. In spite of your zeal and activity in the matter, we have, up to the present time, received only dilatory and evasive replies; and I find myself obliged, M. le Comte, to ask you to renew your application to the Federal Government. Our complaints as you are aware, are principally directed to the presence of refugees belonging to the Italian emigration. The late events at Genoa and Leghorn had already shown the violence and perversity of this fraction of European demagogues. The attempt, on the 14th of this month, against the life of the Emperor, shows that we have only too much reason to watch the attitude and the plots of the Italian refugees, and that it is amongst them that the most corrupt and docile instruments of the regicide conspirators are found. It seems impossible to me that any honest man of the Helvetic Confederation, can have been otherwise than struck by this fact, or that he does not share our own impressions thereupon. I dare then to flatter myself that, in renewing at Berne your former requests, you will find, on the part of the federal authorities, a greater readiness to do them justice.—However that may be, M. le Comte, the Government of the Emperor knows not how to remain indifferent to the voice of public opinion, which, from one end of France to the other demands how it is that neighbouring and friendly countries protect with a complaisant hospitality, men who openly conspire against the life of the Emperor.'

In addressing itself to the Confederation, in order that these dangerous men may be expelled the cantons which our frontiers, and *internes* at more distant parts, the government of his Imperial Majesty only makes use of the right of legitimate defence, and invokes the principles of the law of nations. The Federal Government would disregard the conditions of the Helvetic neutrality, and would deceive itself as to the nature of its privileges, if it believed it could invoke them in order to avoid giving satisfaction to our complaints. To tolerate more or less directly, even by its silence and inaction, that refugees who have received an asylum upon its territory should abuse this hospitality to attack a neighbouring government by their writings or their plots—that, without doubt, is not to observe neutrality; for if neutrality has its rights it also has its duties, which prescribe above all that it shall avoid any attack upon the repose of other states. I pray you then, M. le Comte, to insist upon it, with the President of the Confederation, that measures be taken without delay, in order that refugees notoriously known as disposed to devote themselves to criminal enterprises, especially those organised into societies in the canton of Geneva, be *internes* far from our frontiers. The Government of the Emperor could not understand how, in an affair which so nearly concerns our international relations, the Federal Council should be checked by the indifference or ill will of the cantonal authorities, as has too often happened since 1852. In the event of the Helvetic Government not taking into its consideration the means of satisfying our just requirements, it would incur a grave responsibility, and would only have to attribute to itself the consequences which its determination might entail.'

The despatch from Lord Malmesbury has at length been communicated by Lord Cowley to Count Walewski.

Several hundreds of persons, arrested in all parts of France in pursuance of the late measures of safety, have reached Marseilles. They will be placed in the Chateau d'I, waiting their removal to Lambessa (the penal colony Algeria).

GREECE.—Earthquake at Athens.—On the 21st, at about 11 o'clock in the morning, a shock of an earthquake was felt at Athens.—It was not, however, of sufficient force to cause any damage to the town. On the following

day an express arrived from Corinth with the news that, at the same hour at which the shock had been felt at Athens, nearly the whole of the Town of Corinth and the neighbouring one of Calamaki, situated on the isthmus, had been completely destroyed by an earthquake. Only six houses have been left standing in Corinth, nearly the whole of what was standing of the Temple of Minerva has fallen to the ground, and the fortress on the Acrocorinthus has been overthrown by the shock. A Greek man of war steamer was sent as quickly as possible to Calamaki, with medical men on board, tents, and all necessary materials for affording relief to the sufferers. Great fears are entertained that damage has been done in the earthquake in other parts of the Peloponnesus, and we are anxiously awaiting the arrival of a steamer from Naulia. Eighteen deaths have been reported at Corinthe and Calamaki.

Accounts from Athens state that, in addition to the thirty persons announced by telegraph as having been killed by the late earthquake at Corinth, sixty more were seriously injured by the falling of the houses. The inhabitants had rushed from the town in the utmost alarm, and pitched tents outside the walls. The Greek Government had forwarded medical men to the spot, and also assistance in money and provisions. The King had sent to the sufferers a sum of 3,000 drachmas from his privy purse.

IRELAND.—On Wednesday, the Earl of Carlisle—after governing Ireland for exactly three years—took his departure from the Irish shores, to the sincere regret of every unprejudiced mind; carrying with him the admiration of all for his private character, and the deep affection—the love of the great bulk of the population—for the man who had proved such a genuine asserter of equal rights for all creeds, and an untiring promoter of the true interests of the country. Associated as the noble earl had been with the most important measures of amelioration of Ireland enacted by Parliament, it was not to be wondered at that he was popular with the Liberal and Roman Catholic parties; nor that this popularity almost amounted to enthusiasm during his chief-secretaryship, when—for the first time—distinctions on the score of religion were done away with, and Irish landlords were reminded of a fact of which they seemed to have been totally oblivious, that 'property had its duties as well as its rights'; but the crowning triumph which he achieved during his viceroyalty in assuaging party-feeling, causing, to a great extent—our 'various tints' to 'unite,' proved that, if ever, 'the right man was in the right place,' Lord Carlisle was that man, when acting as the representative of the sovereign of Ireland.

ENGLAND.—The Atlantic Telegraph.—The general programme for the next attempt to lay the cable across the Atlantic appears to be already pretty well agreed upon. 400 additional miles of cable have just been completed, and 300 more will be manufactured—making the coil, this time, nearly 3,000 miles in length.—It appears, from experiments made by Mr Whitehouse with the 2,200 miles of cable at Keyham, that five words per minute can now be sent through that distance, and it is thought that the retarding influence may now be so overcome as to admit of eight words per minute being sent. The Niagara and Agamemnon are again to be employed in laying the cable. The former vessel left New York on the 1st inst., and is therefore daily expected. The attempt to lay down the cable will be made this year at a much earlier period than on the last occasion. The expedition will start about the beginning of June. The result of an immense mass of testimony goes to prove that there are some five or six consecutive days in that month during which a gale in the Atlantic was seldom or never known to occur. The line will be joined and laid from the centre of the ocean, the Niagara bringing her end to England, and the Agamemnon conveying hers to America.—A new self-acting brake has been devised, which is said to be perfect.

Proposed Railway around Liverpool.—A correspondent writes:—A few years ago a project was mooted having for its object the connection of the Liverpool and Southport and Manchester and Sheffield railways with all the Liverpool railways, and, with the proposed Garston Line Extension to Liverpool, forming an 'all round town' railway, and passing through Everton, West Derby, Toxteth, and Garston; but, owing to the then state of the money market, it was considered more expedient to postpone its consideration. The proposed undertaking is now again brought forward with increased influential local support; and, looking at the large amount of local, in addition to the through traffic, which would be likely to come upon such a line, there can be little doubt that it would be highly remunerative, considerably enhance the value of adjacent building land, and prove a great local, as well as general, accommodation.

The surveys have been made by Mr Fulton, the engineer, who estimates the probable cost of the line at £250,000. The Railway would be about eight miles long. One of the most eminent firms of contractors is ready to execute the line, including lands and works, for that sum, and is prepared to guarantee to the shareholders a minimum dividend of five per cent. upon that amount. The Tithebarn-street station, when the proposed railway is completed, would then be accessible to all the local as well