THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

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PENNSYLVANIA LEGISLATURE—SESSION 1855.

SENATE.

1. Philadelphia city—*Eli K. Price, W. A. Crabb.*
2. Philadelphia county—W. Goodwin, L. Foulkrod, N. B. Browne.
3. Montgomery—*B. Frick.*
4. Chester and Delaware—*J. J. Lewis.*
5. Berks—W. M. Hiester.
6. Berks—H. K. Sager.
7. Lancaster and Lebanon—*J. W. Killinger, J. G. Shuman.*
8. Northumberland and Dauphin—*David Taggart.*
9. Northampton and Lehigh—William Fry.
10. Carbon, Monroe, Pike and Wayne—J. H. Walton.
11. Adams and Franklin—*D. Mellinger.*
12. York—Jacob S. Haldeman.
13. Cumberland and Perry—Samuel Wherry.
14. Centre, Lycoming, Sullivan and Clinton—J. W. Quiggle.
15. Blair, Cambria and Huntingdon—J. Cresswell, jr.
16. Luzerne, Montour and Columbia—C. R. Buckalew.
17. Bradford, Susquehanna and Wyoming—W. M. Piatt.
18. Tioga, Potter, M'Kean, Elk, Clearfield, Jefferson and Forest—B. D. Hamlin.
19. Mercer, Venango and Warren—Thomas Hoge.
20. Erie and Crawford—*James Skinner.*
21. Butler, Beaver and Lawrence—*Jno. Ferguson.*
22. Allegheny—*Geo. Darsie,* Jonas R. M'Clintock.
23. Washington and Greene—*John C. Plumbers.*
24. Somerset, Bedford and Fulton—*Francis Jordan.*
25. Armstrong, Indiana and Clarion—S. S. Jamison.
26. Juniata, Mifflin and Union—*James M. Sellers.*
27. Westmoreland and Fayette—Wm. E. Frazer.
28. Schuylkill—*John Hendricks.*

Democrats 18—Whigs, &c., 15.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Adams—Moses M'Clean.

Allegheny—John Kirkpatrick, *Jacob Guy, J. J. Muse,* David L. Smith, C. S. Evans.

Armstrong, Clarion and Jefferson, G. W. Zeigler, P. Clover, A. *W. Laine.*

Beaver, Butler and Lawrence—*B. B. Chamberlin, W. Stewart, R. B. M'Combs.*

Bedford, Fulton and Cambria—William T. Daugherty, *George S. King.*

Berks—A. M. Sallade, Jeremiah Mengle, J. F. Linderman, Samuel Shearer.

Blair and Huntingdon—George Leas, *George Smith.*

Bradford—B. Laporte, *Judson Holcomb,*

Bucks—*E. G. Harrison, Watson P. Magill Samuel F. Gwinner.*

Carbon and Lehigh—Thos. Craig, jr., *J. S. Reese.*

Centre—D. M. Boal.

Chester—*M. A. Hodgson, M. J. Pennypacker, Wm. K. Downing.*

Clearfield, M'Kean and Elk—A. Caldwell.

Clinton, Lycoming and Potter—*Thomas Wood, Wm. T. Fearon.*

Columbia and Montour—James G. Maxwell.

Crawford—*A. B. Ross, Howell Powell.*

Cumberland—*Montgomery Donaldson, G W. Cresswell.*

Dauphin—John A. Stehley, *Lot Bergstresser.*

Delaware—*Thomas H. Maddock.*

Erie—*G. J. Ball,* James B. Thompson.

Fayette and Westmoreland—Clement Hobbe, Jesse Wedddl, James Foster, S. B. Page.

Franklin—James Orr, *James Lowe.*

Greene—John M. Stockdale.

Indiana—*Alexander McConnell.*

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Monroe and Pike—Abraham Edinger.

Montgomery—Jacob Fry, jr. *H. N. Wickersham, James Rittenhouse.*

Northampton—P. Johnson, M. Bush.

Northumberland—G. M. Yorks.

Perry—Kirk Haines.

Philadelphia city—M. V. Baker, *H. K. Strong, Wm. B. Morris, George R. Smith.*

Philadelphia county—Alex. Cummings, R. M. Carlisle, R. L. Wright, E. G. Warehouse, Nicholas Thorne, Chas. R. Allegood, J. A. Simpson, Thomas C. Steele, Robert M. Foust, J. S. Fletcher, S. H Boyerson.

Schuylkill—Benjamin Christ, Chas. Frailey.

Somerset—*Joseph Cummins.*

Susquehanna, Sullivan, and Wyoming—*Jno. Gardener,* B. F. Lathrop.

Tioga—Thomas L. Baldwin.

Union and Juniata—J. W. Crawford.

Washington—*S. J. Knapp, James McCullough.*

Wayne—*Otis Avery.*

York—Eli W. Ross, *Wm. M'Conkey, Daniel Rudisill.*

Democrats in Roman—Whigs in *Italic*—Natives in Small Caps.

A Bad Sign.—To lose all the color in a man's face at the tip of his nose.

Full Details of the Battle of Alma.

The English papers by the Washington are filled with the details of the battle of Alma. Lord Raglin, in his official report, describes graphically the position the Russian army assumed, and the advance of the English troops.

The position of the Russians crossed the great road about 2½ miles from the sea, and is very strong by nature. The bold and almost precipitous range of heights, of from 350 to 400 feet, that from the sea closely border the left bank of the river here ceases and formed their left, and turning thence around a great ampitheatre or wide valley, terminates at a salient pinnacle where their right rested, and whence the decent to the plain was more gradual. The front was about two miles in extent. Across the mouth of this great opening is a lower ridge at different heights, varying from 60 to 150 feet, parallel to the river, and at a distance from it of from 600 to 800 yards. The river itself is generally fordable for troops, but its banks are extremely rugged, and in most parts steep; the willows along it had been cut down, in order to prevent them from affording cover to the attacking party, and in fact everything had been done to deprive an assailant of any species of shelter. In front of the position on the right bank, at about 200 yards from the Alma, is the village of Boulliouk, and near it a timber bridge, which had been partly destroyed by the enemy.—The high pinnacle and ridge before alluded to was the key of the position, and consequently there the greatest peparations had been made for defence. Half way down the height and across its front was a trench of the extent of some hundred yards, to afford cover against an advance up the even steep slope of the hill. On the right, and a little retired, was a powerful covered battery armed with heavy guns, which flanked the whole of the right of the position.

Artillery, at the same time, was posted at the points that best command the passage of the river and its approaches generally. On the slopes of these hills (forming a sort of table land) were placed dense masses of the enemy's infantry, whilst on the heights above was his great reserve, the whole amounting, it is supposed, to between 45,000 and 50,000 men. The combined armies advanced, on the same alignment, her Majesty's troops in contiguous double columns, with the front of two divisions covered by light infantry acd a troop of horse artillery; the second division, under Lieut. General Sir De Lacy Evans, forming the right, and touching the left of the third division of the French army, under his Imperial Highness Prince Napoleon, and the light division, under Lieut. General Sir George Brown, the left; the first being supported by the third division, under Lieut. General Sir Richard England, and the last by the first division, commanded by Lieut. Gen. his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge.—The fourth Division, under Lieut. General Sir George Cathcart, and the cavalry, under the Major General the Earl of Lucan, were held in reserve to protect the left flank and rear against large bodies of the enemy's cavalry, which had been seen in those directions.

THE OPERATIONS OF THE FRENCH.

Marshal St. Arnaud sends the following account of the French operation in the battle, to his government:

On the 20th, from six o'clock in the morning, I carried into operation, with the division of Gen. Bosquet, reinforced by eight Turkish batallions, a movement which turned the left of the Russians and some of their batteries. Gen. Bosquet manoeuvred with as much intelligence and bravery. This movement decided the success of the day I had arranged that the English should extend their left, in order at the same time, to threaten the right of the Russians, whilst I occupy them in the centre, but their troops did not arrive in line until half-past-ten.—They bravely made up for this delay. At half-past twelve, the line of the allied army, occupying an extent of more than a league, arrived on the Alma, and was received with a terrible fire from the tirailleurs.

In this movement, the head of the column of Ge neral Bosquet appeared on the heights, and I gave the signal for a general attack. The Alma was crossed tat double quick time. Prince Napoleon, at the head of his division, took possession of the large village of Alma under the fire of the Russian batteries. The Prince showed himself worthy of the great name he bears. We then arrived at the foot of the heights, under the fire of the Russian batteries. There, sire, commenced a real battle along all the line—a battle with its episodes of brilliant feats of valor. Your Majesty may be proud of your soldiers: they have not degenerated; they are the soldiers of Austerlitz and of Jena. At half-past four, the French army was everywhere victorious. All the positions had been carried at the point of the bayonet, to the cry of "Vive l'Empereur," which resounded throughout the day.

At 8 o'clock in the evening we encamped on the very bivouac of the Russians.—My tent is on the very spot where that of Prince Menschikoff stood in the morning, and who though himself so sure of beating us that he left his carriage there. I have taken possession of it, with his pocket book and correspondence, and shall take advantage of the valuable information it contains. The Russian army will probably be able to rally two leagues from this, and I shall find it to-morrow on the Kasscha, but beaten and demoralized, while the allied army is full of ardor and enthusiasm.

THE ADVANCE.

At 1.50, our line of skirmishers got within range of the battery on the hill, and immediately the Russians opened fire at 1200 yards with effect, the shot ploughing through the open lines of the riflemen, and falling into the advancing columns behind. Shortly ere this time, dense volumes of smoke rose from the river and drifted along to the eastward, rather interfering with the view of the enemy on the left of our position.—The Russians had set the village on fire. It was a fair exercise of military skill—was well executed—took place at the right time, and succeeded in occasioning a good deal of annoyance. Our troops halted when they neared this village, their left extending beyond it by the verge of the stream; our right behind the burning cottages and within range of the batteries. It is said the Russians had the range of all the principal points in their front, and placed twigs and sticks to mark them. In this they were assisted by the post singnboards on the road. The Russians opened a furious fire on the whole of our line, but the French had not yet made progress enough to justify us in advancing. The round shot whizzed in every direction, dashing up the dirt and sand into the faces of the staff of Lord Raglan, who were also shelted severely, and attracted much of the enemy's fire. Still Lord Raglan waited patiently for the development of the French attack. At length an aid-de-camp came to him and reported the French had crossed the Alma, but the had not established themselves sufficiently to justify us in an attack. The infantry were, therefore, ordered to lie down, and the army for a short time was quite passive, only that our artillery poured forth an unceasing fire of shell, rockets, and round shot, which plunged through the Russians, and caused them great loss. They did not waver, however, and replied to our artillery manfully, their shot falling among our men as they lay, and carrying off legs and arms at every round.

Lord Raglan at last became weary of this inactivity—his spirit was up—he looked around, and saw men on whom he knew he might stake the honor and fate of Great Britain by his side, and anticipating a lull in a military point of view, the crisis of action, he gave orders for our whole line to advance. Up rose the serrid masses, and passing through a fearful shower of round, caseshot, and shell, they dashed into the Alma, and "floundered" throuh its waters which were literally torn into foam by the deadly hail.—At the other side of the river were a number of vineyards, and to our surprise they were occupied by Russian riflemen. Three of the staff were here shot down, but, led by Lord Raglan in person they advanced, cheering on the men. And now came the turning point of the battle, in which Lord Raglan, by his sagacity and military skill probably secured the victory at a smaller sacrifice than would have been otherwise the case. He dashed over the bridge followed over by his staff. From the road over it, under the Russian guns, he saw the state of the action. The British line, which he had ordered to advance, was struggling through the river, and up the heights in masses, firm, indeed; but mowed down by the murderous fire of the batteries, and by grape, round shot, shell, canister, case shot and musketry, from some of the guns of the central battery, and from an immense and compact mass of Russian infantry. Then commenced one of the most bloody and determined struggles in the annals of war. The 2d Division led by Sir D. Evans, in the most dashing manner, crossed the stream on the right. The 7th Fusiliers, led by Col. Yey, were swept down be fifties. The 55th, 30th and 95th, led by Brig. Pennyfather, who was in the thickest of the fight, cheering on his men, again and again were checked indeed, but never drew back in their onward progress, which was marked by a fierce roll of Minie musketry, and Brigadier Adams, with the 41st, 47th, and 49th, bravely charged up the hill and aided them in the battle.—Sir George Brown, conspicuous on a gray Horse, rode in front of his light division, urging them with voice and gesture. Gallant fellows! they were worthy of such a gallant chief. The 7th, diminished by one half fell back to reform their columns lost, for a time; the 23d, with eight officers dead and four wounded, were still rushing to the front, aided by the 15th, 33d, 77th, and 88th.—Down went Sir George in a cloud of dust in front of the battery. He was soon up, and shouted "23d, I'm all right, be sure I'll remember this day," and led them on again, but in the shock produced by the fall of their chief, the gallant regiment suffered terribly, while paralised for a moment.

Meantime the Guards on the right of the light Division, and the Brigade of Highlanders, were storming the heights on the left. Their line was almost as regular as though they were in Hyde Park. Suddenly a tornado of round and grape rushed through from the terrible battery, and a roar of musketry from behind thinned their front ranks by dozens. It was evident that we were just able to contend against the Russians, favored as they were by a great position. At this very time an immense mass of Russian infantry were seen moving down towards the battery, They halted. It was the crisis of the day Sharp, angular, and solid, they looked as if were cut out of the solid rock. It was beyond all doubt that if our infantry harrassed thinned as they were, got into the battery, they would have to encounter again a formidable fire, which they were but ill calculated to bear. Lord Raglan saw the difficulties of the situation. He asked if it would be possible to get a couple of guns to bear on these masses. The reply was "Yes," and an artillery officer, whose name I do not know, brought up two guns to fire on the Russian squares. The first shot missed, but the next, and the next, and the next, cut through the ranks so cleanly and so keenly, that a clear lane could be seen for a moment through the square. After a few rounds the colums of the square became broken, wavered to and fro, broke, and fled over the brow of the hill, leaving behind them six or seven distinct lines of dead, lying as close as possible to each other, marking the passage of the fatal messengers.—This at relieved our infantry of a deadly incubus, and they continued their magnificent and fearful progress up the hill. The Duke encouraged his men by voice and example, and proved himself worthy of his proud command and of the royal race from which he comes. "Highlanders," said Sir C. Campbell, as they came to the charge, "I am going to ask a favor of you; it is that you will act so as to justify me in asking permission of the Queen for you to wear a bonnet! Don't pull a trigger till you're within a yard of the Russians." They charged, and well they obeyed their chieftain's wish, Sir Colin had his horse shot under him, but his men took the battery at a bound. The Russians rushed out, and left multitudes of dead behind them. The Guards had stormed the right of the battery ere the Highlanders got into the left, and it is said that the Scots Fusilier Guards were the first to enter. The Second and Light Division crowned the heights. The French turned the guns on the hill against the flying masses, which the cavalry in vain tried to cover. A few faint struggles from the scattered infantry, a few rounds of cannon and musketry, and the enemy fled to the southeast, leaving 3 generals, drums, 3 guns, 700 prisoners, and 4000 wounded behind them. The battle of Alma was won. It is won with a loss of nearly 3000 killed and wounded on our side. The Russians' retreat was covered by their cavalry, but if we had an adequate froce we could have captured many guns and multitudes of prisoners.

Not far from the French General Prince Napoleon, who made a most brilliant *debuit* at the battle of the Alma, had a narrow escape from death, or at least grevious injury. During the time that the sharpshooters of his division were endeavoring to dislodge the Russian sharpshooters, a ball directed against our line struck the ground a few hundred steps from the Prince, and bounding on, took the direction towards him. General Thomas, luckily saw the ball, and seeing the direction it was about to take had time to cry out, "Take care, sir." The Prince turned his horse rapidly on one side, and the ball broke the leg of *Sous Intendent* Leblanc, who was standing behind. Mr. Leblanc has since been obliged to submit to have the limb amputated.

SCENES AFTER THE BATTLE.

It was a terrible and sickening sight to go over the battle field. Till deprived of my horse by a chance shot I rode about to ascertain, as far as possible, the loss of our friends, and in doing so, I was often brought to a standstill by the difficulty of getting through the piles of wounded Russians, mingled too often with our own poor soldiers. The hills of Greenwich Park in fair time are not more densely covered with human beings than were the heights of the Alma with dead and dying. On these bloody mounds fell 2196 English officers and men, and upwards of 3000 Russians, while their western extremity was covered with the bodies of 1460 gallant Frenchmen, and of more than 3000 of their foes. When Lord Raglan and his staff, and the Duke of Cambride rode round the top of the hill, the troops cheered them with thrilling effect—a shout of victory—which can never be forgotten. The enemy, who were flying in the distance, might almost have heard its echos as it rolled among the hills. Our men had indeed done their work well, for the action, which commenced at 1.25 on our part, was over at about 4 P. M. In fact, the actual close continuous fighting did not last two hours.

Many of the Russians were shot in three or four places; few of them had only one wound. They seemed to have a general idea that they would be murdered—possibly they had been told no quarter would be given, and several deplorable events took place in consequence. As our men were passing by, two or three of them were shot or stabbed by men lying on the ground, and the cry was raised that "the wounded Russians" were firing on our men. There is a story, indeed, that one officer was severely injured by a man to whom he was in the very act of administering succor, as he lay in agony on the field. Be this as it may, there was at one time a near chance of a massacre taking place, but the men were soon controlled, and confined themselves to the pillage which always takes place on a battle field. One villain with a red coat on his back, I regret to say, I saw go up to a wounded Russian who was rolling on the earth in the rear of the 77th regiment, and before we could say a word he discharged his rifle right through the wretched creature's brains. Col. Yea rode at him to cut him down; but the fellow excused himself by declaring the Russian was going to shoot him. This was the single act of inhumanity I saw perpetrated by this army flushed with victory and animated by angry passions, although the wounded enemy had unquestionably endangered their lives by acts of ferocious folly. Many of the Russians had small crosses and chains around their necks. Several were found with Korans in their knapsacks—most probably recruits from the Kasan Tartars. Many of the officers had portraits of wives and mistresses, of mothers and sisters, inside their coats. The privates wore what little money they possessed in purses, fastened below their left knees, and the men in their eager search after the money, often caused the wounded painful apprehensions that they were about to destoy them. Last night all these poor wretches lay in their agony; nothing could be done to help them. The groans, the yells, the cries of despair and suffering, were a mournful commentary on the exultation of the victors and on the joy which reighed along the bivouc fires of our men.

The attitudes of some of the dead were awful. One man might be seen resting on one knee, with the arms extended in the form of taking aim, the brow compressed, the lips clenched—the very expression of firing at an enemy stamped on his face and fixed there by death, a ball had struck this man in the neck. Physiologists anatomists must settle the rest. Another was lying on his back with the same expression, and his arms raised in a similar attitude, the Minie musket still grasped in his hands undischarged. Another lay in a perfect arch, his head resting on one part of the ground and his feet on another, but the back raised high above it. Many men without legs or arms were trying to crawl down to the water side. Some of the dead lay with a claim, placed smile on the face, as though they were in some delicious dream.

EQUIPMENT OF THE RUSSIAN SOLDIER.

The Russian soldiers were mostly stout, strong men. Several of the regiments, 32d, and 15th, for example, wore a black leather helmet, handsomely mounted with brass, and having a brass cowe on the top, with a hole for the reception of the tuft, feather or plume, others wore simply a white linen forraging cap. They were all dressed in long drab coats with brass buttons, bearing the number of the regiment. These coats fitted loosely, were gathered in at the back by a small strap and button, descend to the ankles, and seemed stout comfortable garments, though the cloth was coarse in texture; the trowsers of course blue stuff, were thrust inside a pair of Wellington boots, open at the top, to admit of their being comfortably tucked down; the boots were stout, well made and serviceable. Their knapsacks astonished our soldiers. On opening them, each was found to contain the dress uniform coates of the man, blue or green with white facings, and slashes, like our own, a pair of clean drawers, a clean shirt, a pair of clean socks, a pair of stout mits, a case containing a good pair of scissors marked "Sarun," an excellent penknife with one large blade, of Russian manufacture, a ball of twine, a roll of leather, wax, thread, needles and pins, a hair brush and comb, a small looking glass, razor, strop and soap, shoe brushes and blacking. The general remark of our men was that the Russians were very "clean soldiers," and certainly the men on the field had white fair skins to justify the expression. Each man had a loaf of dark brown bread, of a sour taste and disagreeable odor, in his knapsack, and a linen roll, containing a quantity of brown course stuff broken into lumps and large grains, which is crushed biscuit of hard granulated bread prepared with oil. This, we were told by the prisoners, was the sole food of the men. They eat the bread with onions and oil, the powder is reserve ration; and if they march they may be for days without food, and remain hungry till they can get fresh loaves and more "bread stuff." It is perfectly astounding to think they can keep together on such diet; and yet they are strong and muscular men enough. The surgeons remarked that their tendency of life was very remarkable. Many of them lived with wounds calculated to destroy two or three ordinary men.

The immense superiority of the Minie rifle and bullet, not only over the common musket but even over the common rifle was incontestibly proved at this battle. Many of our fellows were slightly wounded, but none of the Russians were so. The Minie ball makes no slight wound. The effect on the Russians, judging from their dead, seemed awful. When it struck, it tore and broke all before it. Some of their wounded told us that men were wounded by the Minie bullets after they had passed through the bodies of their comrade. The immense majority of the enemy were wounded through the head generally struck about the throat or under the chin, for the men fired upwards as they were ascending the hill. The common musket bullet at such a range would have done no great damage, but here the balls had come out near the top of the skull, rending the bone as if done by a hatchet.—The wounds were awful.

CLASSICAL AND POLITICAL.—The editor of the Columbus (Ohio) Statesman in order to avoid the "noise and confusion," attendant upon the results of the late election, paid a visit to the State Fair which he thus good humoredly describes:—"We saw the the Ayreshire bull, from Clinton county, that is well entitled to the Latin term *bos*, with a double *s*. The kinks in the hair of his neck if that be any sign of good blood, where as silken as the ringlets of a seminary girl; and his eye—well, we left when he looked at us. Since the election we can stand almost anything, but the ring in the animal's nose looked insecure, and we did not know but that he might have unsubdued prejudices against Democratic editors

The Girl who was a Man—Extraordinary Adventures as a Housemaid.

The Albany Journal contains the particulars of the singular case mentioned in the Ledger yesterday, where a girl employed as domestic in the family in Schoharie county New York, proved to be a man;

A few months ago, a robust looking person, dressed in the becoming garb of a female domestic made application at Butt's intelligence office in this city, for a situation to do ordinary housework. Soon after a lady from Schoharie county applied for help but all whom she selected were unwilling to leave town. The domestic above refered to, however, expressed a willingness to engage, but the lady did not like her appearance. But finally she was reluctantly compelled to accept of her services. She accordingly ordered her to appear with her trunk at the Mansion House, at 8 o'clock, the following morning, where she found her in time quarrelling with the carman, whom she offered a sixpence—all the money she said she had—for conveying her box to the place of rendezvous. The lady settled the difficulty, placed her protege in the stage, and proceeded with her to her pleasant mansion in old Schoharie.

Nothing transpired for several days to disturb either mistress or servant. The latter took hold with most wonderful industry, rising at 4 o'clock every morning, and working so long as there was any work to be done. Indeed, so assiduous was she that the lady of the house reproved her for working harder and later than was necessary. Her only reply was that she could not bear to be idle, and would rather work than play

The first remark on eccentricities was made by a little girl, who one morning entered the parlor with open mouth and eyes exclaiming "Oh! grandma, what do you think, that new girl goes down the cellar stairs at a single jump!" But this was not deemed sufficiently strange to excite any other remark than that she was "a smart girl!" New developements, however, were in reserve, A few evenings after, when all the workmen about the premises were at supper—fifteen or twenty in number—the household was startled by a boisterous laugh of the men. On enquiring the cause, it appeared that "Elizabeth" had on a banter, jumped square over the broad table, dishes and all, at a bound, and offered to wager a new bonnet that she would do the same thing if a chair were placed on the top of the table—only stipulating for a single step backward. No one, however, accepted the wager, but all concurred that "she was a leetle the smartest critter in the diggins."

In the course of time a fellow servant girl (with whom the strange girl roomed) informed her mistress that she could not remain any longer in the family if "Elizabeth did not leave. She refused to assign any reason for this intimation; but "Elizabeth," when arraigned, said the other servants were angry with her because she "refused to contribute a dollar to the priest." As this was known to be true, "Elizabeth" was told to go to her work, and the other to leave if she persisted in her demand.

"Elizabeth" continued to grow in favour with all hands, in spite of her apparent stupidity; but she was particular intimate with one "Patrick" with whom she often took evening rambles. Her mistress chided her for this intimacy, warning her against "all gay deceivers;" but she closed all reproof by the very unexpected information that "Patrick and she were engaged to be married!"

No one suspected anything amiss in "Elizabeth," until one morning, on the return of the gentleman of the house after several weeks absence. The family, consisting of sons, daughters, son-in-law, grandchildren, &c., were quietly seated at breakfast, with "Elizabeth" serving at table. The gentleman scrutinized her pretty closely, as she retired, the breakfast circle was startled by his throwing down his knife and fork and exclaiming "That girl's a man—didn't you notice her beard?" "Now don't be boyish with your nonsense," from his wife, and a hearty laugh from the whole group, was all the response he received for his wonderful discovery. "Elizabeth" continued to work with greater vigor and effect than any girl ever did work before, and the family resumed their usual congratulations at their good luck in having picked up so "good a girl."

In a week or two, the gentleman of the house had occasion to leave home for a time, and was about to get into a carriage, when it occurred to him that there might not be money enough in the safe for household and business purposes until his return. He looked through his account book and found that there should be some $375 in gold in the safe, besides some paper money. On looking to see if he was right, he found the paper money but the gold had disappeated. Here was "a go." "Who was the robber?" was the next question. He decided in his own mind that there was but one servant in the house with wit enough to get hold of the keys and remove the money, unobserved. And she was the favourite and trusted nurse of the grandchildren whose mistress was then absent. It was determined, therefore, that she should be arrested, her trunks searched, &c. A search warrant was accordingly obtained, with directions to the officer to stand in readiness to come when sent for.

As if to confirm the justness of these suspicions, the girl informed the son-in-law, whose children she had nursed, that she was going to leave in a few days—although she had previously frequently expressed a desire to always live with the family, who had uniformly treated her with great kindness.—"What do you mean, Mary, by this sudden determination?" "I only mean that I cannot stay here any longer. I shall leave on Monday morning." So the officer was told to be on hand early Monday morning, just before the stage left, so as to have the absconding servant's trunks searched. Before he came, however the girl herself asked her employer to search her trunks. This was "confirmation strong as holy writ" that she was the thief. "Why do you want me to search your trunk?" "To see that they contain nothing but what belongs to me." "Did you suppose you were suspected of theft?" No; but I supposed I might be."

"Why?" "Because there are those about the house who are stealing every thing they can lay their hands on, and I cannot stay where they are." "Why did you keep this information from us?" "Because, when I went to tell Mrs. ——, she said she would not listen to complaints from servants about each other, and compelled me to be silent." "To whom do you refer?" "To Elizabeth, who has been stealing something every day." She then proceeded to name articles which she knew "Elizabeth" had stolen, and to justify herself for the course she had resolved upon.

This revelation changed the aspect of affairs, and the fact that the same day Elizabeth announced her determination to leave the next morning, did render them any the less interesting, but promised a more speedy *denouement* than was anticipated. It was against her trunk that the search warrant was now directed, just as it was ready to be placed on the stage. She demurred; but the law, at this stage of proceedings, knows no demurrers, and the trunk was uncovered. And such an uncovering! Rolls of linen, silk hoods, a dozen fine linen chemise, fine dresses, pieces of cotton cloth, shoes, dressing gowns, lace, one man's linen shirt, big enough for "daddy Lambert" and other sundry commodities, indicating the wardrobe of an heiress rather than that of a cook. The spectators looked on amazed, and the mystery was not rendered any the less a mystery, by a very badly written letter, to the following effect:—

Dear Lizzie—Hurry to us, as your mother is dying When you come, I will do all I promised. I have the money for you; and if you haven't enough to get here with, if your friends will furnish it, we will repay it. There will be a wagon for you at Lambertville. Come immediately.

This letter, afterwards it appeared, she had induced a servant in a neighboring family to write, saying that she wished to show it as an excuse for her desire to leave so suddenly. "But," says the girl, "this wont have a post-mark, and they will detect you." "Oh! you leave that to me," was her reply; "when I hand the letter I will take it out of the envelope." But the letter was found prematurely, and, in spite of her protestations, she was hurried off to jail—the officer believing when she saw the bars she would relent and confess. But not she! On entering the cell, she looked around rather complacently, and ordered up her baggage. This was refused her, but she persisted so resolutely that her request was complied with, on the ground that she should only take out what she required for her use while in prison. On doing so, a razor and strop fell out of a bundle, and of being told that she could not retain articles so useless to her, she begged piteously for them, as "the only things left by her dear dead father." Of course, no humane officer of the law could disregard such a plea, and she was allowed to retain them.

As soon as the arrest was made public, with the news that her trunk had been found filled with stolen goods, the neighbors with whom she had associated with came flocking to the house with all sorts of articles, which they had received from her as presents. Many of the articles were recognised by the family, but others were not, but enough were identified to render the guilt of the prisoner clear enough for a jury.

Her trial came on when her counsel advised her to plead guilty. This at first she refused to, but finally consented—not, however, until she had remained over night in custody of the Under Sheriff at his house. He persuaded her to this, and took so much interest in her case that very unkind suspicions found utterance; how unjustly the sequel will show. In consideration of her plea of guilty, the Judge was very merciful, and sentenced her to three months in the Albany Penitentiary.

Here she arrived a few days ago, and the worthy matron received her kindly introduced her to the female department, and from thence into the bathing-room, from whence a series of loud screams for "Mr. Pillsbury" were soon heard; and on his appearing the matron hid her blushes and requested him to "take that man away,"—Mr. Pillsbury, like a gentleman as he is, complied with this very reasonable request, had the feisty rascal cropped and attired in proper garments, set him to work among those of his own sex, where he now is, with as proper a crop of beard as any man could desire, and such a crop as he could any day have had while a housemaid, and as he would have had but for the constantly application of the razor left him by his "dear dead father."

The rascal refused to own to the stealing of the $375, being determined, doubtless, to get hold of it so soon as he is released from his present quarters. This denouement has wonderfully stirred up the blood of the Schoharie Dutch, and greatly disappointed those who had a promise of an opportunity to "dance at the wedding" of Patrick and Elizabeth.