

THE STAR AND BANNER.

D. A. BUEHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOL. XVIII.—15.

GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 25, 1847.

NEW SERIES—NO. 5.

THE FOREST STREAM.

Deep in the forest's unpruned shade,
Where wild birds carol all day long
To listening groves in green array,
A brooklet pours its pleasant song.
Upon its banks the fair wild-flowers
Are twined in many a curious wreath,
And, high or arching, trellised bowers
Conceal the waves that plash beneath.
No sound of labor 'ere awake
The echoes brood on its shore;
The lofty elm and spreading oak
Are towering there with aged hoar.
The spotted deer comes down to drink,
At hush of noon, its chrysalis wake;
The yellow panther seeks its drink,
Where birds their lagging pinions leave!
The forest careless and wild,
That spreads around the babbling stream,
Seems nature's temple, undefiled,
By rites that mock the great Supreme.
There in the ancient solitude,
When vagrant winds the solemn tread,
Where noisy mirth may not intrude,
The sylvan seems to worship God.
The deep religious awe that steals
Upon the soul mid scenes like these,
May slumber where the organ peals,
Through gorgeous fanes or beaded knees!

RELIGION.—There is a religion in every thing around us; calm and holy religion in the unbreathing things of nature, which man would do well to imitate. It is a meek and blessed influence, stealing, as it were, upon the heart. It comes quietly and without excitement. It has no terror; no gloom in its approaches. It rouses not the passions, and is untrammelled by the creeds and unshadowed by the superstitions of men. It is from the hands of the author, flowing from the immediate presence of the great spirit which pervades and quickens it. It is written in the arched skies. It is on the sailing clouds and in the invisible winds. It is amongst the hills and valleys of the earth where the shrubless mountain pierces the atmosphere of the eternal winter, or where the mighty forest fluctuates before the strong wind with its dark waves of green foliage. It spreads out like a legible language upon the broad face of the unsleeping ocean.—It is that which lifts the spirit within us until it is tall enough to overlook the shadow of our place of probation; which breaks, link after link, the chain which binds to materiality, and opens to our imagination a world of spiritual beauty.

THE COURSE OF PROVIDENCE.

The Pottsville Democratic Press states that a few days since seen from Captain James Nagle, and Lieut. Simon S. Nagle, written from Vera Cruz, were received by their wives, enclosing a daguerreotype likeness of each of these officers, as tokens of love, and a few gold pieces. Lieut. Nagle, in his letter, bids his wife kiss his little son for him. "Poor fellow!" adds the Press, "he little dreamed that at the time his letter was written, his darling boy was quietly slumbering in his little grave, on the beautiful mountain side of his gratefully remembered home!" There is much in this simple but affecting incident. It shows the perfect uncertainty of life, no matter how seemingly secure. Here is a man who has left the quiet, retired family circle, to mingle in the strife and danger of war, with an impression, perhaps, of chances against his ever again returning to the bosom of his family, but without the shadow of a thought that such a visitor as death can enter the home he has left.—Men are falling all about him, and he counts it almost a miracle that he himself is not struck down; he does not once think that the insatiable archer has winged the shaft that quivers in the breast of the boy he has left behind him in apparent safety and security, with the ever watchful eye of the mother upon him, and the no less natural solicitude of relatives and friends to guard him from danger. The father sitting upon the very edge of the yawning cavern, with the groans of the dead and dying all about him, and the whizzing missiles of destruction filling the air on every side, is spared, while the child, far away, in the quiet, secluded mountain home, dies! Such is the dispensation of Providence! When, seemingly, in the very vortex of danger, we are frequently spared—while, when in apparently the greatest security, we are as often struck down. In the language of the poet:

"Fate steals along with silent tread,
Found offence in what least we dread;
Frown in the storm with angry brow,
But in the sunshine strikes the blow!"

PRACTICAL LIBERATION.

A lawyer retained in a case of assault and battery was cross-examining a witness in relation to the force of the blow struck. "What kind of a blow was given?" asked the lawyer. "A blow of the common kind." "Describe the blow." "I am not good at description." "Show me what kind of a blow it was." "I cannot." "You must." "I won't." The lawyer appealed to the Court. The Court told the witness that if the counsel insisted upon his showing what kind of a blow it was, he must do so. "Do you insist upon it?" asked the witness. "I do." "Well, then, since you compel me to show it, it was this kind of a blow!" at the same time, sitting the action to the word, and knocking over the astonished disciple of Coke upon Littleton.

THE BARON'S DAUGHTER.

OR
MAY DAY IN THE OLDEN TIME.

BY J. H. DANA.

"Now, Grace, sweet Grace, do lay aside your viol and grant my request."

The speaker was in the bloom of youth and beauty, richly attired, and with the air of easy dignity which betokened high birth. She stood on the battlement of one of those massive castles which rose over all England during the reign of Stephen, and a few of which yet remain in our country to attest the stormy character of that age.

The companion whom she addressed sat at her feet, and was playing a troubadour's lay on the small viol then in fashion. She was somewhat older than the speaker; and less richly dressed. Grace was to be a cousin of the baron's daughter, and her adviser and companion.

"And what may the request be?" said Grace, looking up.

"Oh! you must promise to grant it before I can tell you."

"Nay! that I can scarcely do. What would your father say if he knew I fulfilled my charge so carelessly?"

"Well, I will tell you. But you must positively consent," said Maud, stooping and kissing her friend's cheek caressingly.

"I wish, then, to go down the green and see the villagers at their sport, for it is as sweet a May-day as I ever saw, and we have been cooped up here all this winter."

Grace looked forth from the castle wall when her companion alluded to the sports of the villagers, and heaved a sigh. It was indeed a morning to make the two young girls wish for an hour's liberty. The season was an advanced one, and already the earlier trees were in leaf, while myriads of flowers blushed in the wood and meadow, filling the air with fragrance. The dew spangled in the grass; the birds sang, from the spray; the waters danced and sparkled in the sunshine; and a soft breeze kissing the brow of the maidens, tossed their curls, giving a refreshing tone to their spirits as well as a rosier hue to their cheek. No wonder that Grace sighed as she answered,

"Indeed, Maud, I should like to tread the greenwood once more myself, but you know the promise I gave your father, not to leave the castle wall until his return from Normandy."

"Ah! but he never dreamed of imprisoning us here for four long months."

"But I should never forgive myself if we went abroad and any accident happened. Your father told me I must supply the place of a mother to you—you know, Maud, I am nearly ten years the elder, and ought to be discreet accordingly."

"Yet this once—only this once," pleaded Maud. Surely none of the freebooters will be abroad on May-day. Besides the village is almost in sight from the castle."

Grace looked wistfully on the smiling landscape and was half persuaded. Yet she shook her head. The period was indeed one of unusual danger; for it was during the imprisonment of Richard of the Lion Heart in Germany; a period when lawlessness reigned supreme, and when the minions of the usurper, John, daily committed the greatest atrocities. And as the Baron De la Spencer adhered to the rightful king, there was but little safety for his household except behind the stone walls of his castle. Hence, on departing on a secret mission to the continent, relative to the ransom of his monarch, he had left his daughter in charge of the more prudent Grace exhorting her on no account to leave the castle until his return.

But Maud had set her heart on witnessing the scenes of the day, and she now began to ply her cousin with a thousand arguments, until at last Grace consented, persuading herself that there could be no harm in transgressing the injunction for a single morning. But to insure the safety of their excursion, she ordered a part of the garrison to attend them. Leaving behind only just sufficient to man the walls.

"Maud and Grace, therefore, mounted their palfreys, and attended by a dozen men-at-arms, left the castle gate. Trotting down a gentle slope, they turned an angle of the wood and soon reached the village green. Here they were received with loud shouts of welcome, but Maud smilingly desired that their sports might not be interrupted, and with redoubled glee the merry revellers resumed their games.—Meanwhile she and Grace looked on.

And a jocund spectacle it was. High in the centre of the green, a May-pole reared its head, decorated with innumerable wreaths, while a gay pennon floated from its top. Not far from this was a bower made of the green branches of trees interlaced, in which on a rude floral seat was the village belle, now queen of May.—Three or four of the rude musicians of the common people of that period kept time together, playing while the villagers danced. Here a dragon, made of courses of painted cloth stretched on hoops, moved about, occasionally vomiting fire. A huge hobby horse near by delighted the spectators with his pranks. All was mirth and jollity!

Maud was in the mood to enjoy the scene, and with Grace at her elbow kept remarking on the different groups. But she was principally attracted by a gallant in the dress of a forester, whose dashing air carried every thing before it with the village girls. He and the Queen of May had been for some time engaged in a very obvious flirtation, apparently much to the chagrin of a more awkward yeoman who eyed the couple with angry glances.—Maud knew the latter to be a man of substance and worth, but the forester was totally unknown to her, though now and then she fancied she had seen a face like his. He appeared too as though desirous of catching her eye, at least so Maud thought, as she could not help following his fine shape with her eyes. Twice their glances met, and Maud was conscious of blushing, though why she should do so for a yeoman she could not tell.

In the course of her observations she noticed that there was a larger number of men present than was usual, and that quite one-half of their faces were strange to her. She mentioned this fact to Grace.

"Indeed I now perceive it, too," said her cousin, with symptoms of alarm. "There is something strange in this, and it may be peril. Dear Maud, had we not better return?"

"Oh, not yet—not yet," cried the gay and reckless Maud. "Surely there can be no danger while we are backed by these stout men-at-arms. Wait a little while, for there will be fun yet from Master Green-jacket's flirtations with our pretty Queen of May—I see already that her old lover is itching for a bout at single-stick."

"He might chance to get the worst of it," said the old senechal, who at once squired the ladies and commanded the men-at-arms.

"Ah! then you know this forester. He is a handsome fellow at any rate," said Maud.

"No, I do not know him," said the veteran, "but he looks as supple as a young sapling, and—my word on it!—could knock dull Master Hodge head over heels before he knew it."

"Who can he be?" said Grace. "Not an outlaw, I hope; for if so we had better return at once."

"As you say, my lady," replied the old man deferentially, "but, for my part, I don't look at these outlaws as enemies; they are true and good Englishmen, and only foes to knavish priests and hungry Normans. You, my lady, who come of a saxon blood, ought never to fear the friends of the people."

"Nordo!" said Maud. "We will stay."

The sport went on now with increased activity, and for some time Maud and Grace did nothing but laugh at the antics of the hobby-horse, and the capers of the dragon. Suddenly, however, a cry of alarm arose, and instantaneously was heard the clatter of approaching horse-men.—By the time Maud could look round, a body of men at arms, not less than fifty in number, had galloped on the lawn, of which they took possession, the affrighted villagers flying in every direction.

The old senechal immediately formed his little troop around their mistress, for he recognized in the leader of the intruders, the Lord Mounjoey, an hereditary foe of the baron, a neighboring noble of the worst character, and a zealous partizan of Prince John. The veteran hoped to have escaped unobserved in the confusion, but the flutter of the women's garments unfortunately attracted the attention of the lawless noble.

"Ha! what have you yonder?" he exclaimed. "By St. Jude, those ladies, and guarded by St. Spencer's men-at-arms.—They must be the pretty doves he has kept cooped in his infernal stronghold during his absence. The saints be praised that such rare creatures are thrown in our path to-day—for by our halidome, we might have wished for them long enough ere we could have rifled them from their nests."

Wilfred, you ride toward the wood-road and cut off their retreat. We will keep the highway. A rare banquet we shall have to night with these pretty dames for company."

With that he laughed a coarse laugh which reached even the ears of Maud, and made her tremble with apprehension, for by this time she had detected the cognizance of her father's foe.

"Close up,—close up," cried the old senechal, as he saw the hostile movement of the enemy. "We must die around our mistress if they attack us. But let me speak them fair."

The veteran accordingly rode forward and attempted to parley with the enemy; but he was laughed to scorn when he asked a free passage for his noble mistress.

"Nay, nay, old fellow, not so fast," cried Mounjoey. "The lady Maud hath a fine estate and will match well with mine own noble self. Fortune hath placed her in my hands, and I shall not neglect the chance, you may be sure."

"Then over our dead bodies only shall you take her," cried the old senechal, falling back to his men.

"Be it so," said the noble.

Meantime the villagers had totally disappeared, only a few of the men lingering

behind. Among these was the forester, who, during the last few minutes, had been drawing near to Maud. He did not, however, seem to purpose engaging in the strife, but sauntered carelessly along, as if only desirous of getting a suitable position to observe the struggle. Once or twice he whistled in an idle way, and looked indifferently around. Maud, who even in her terror, was still pursued by his image, at first hoped he was coming to their aid; but in this she was sadly disappointed, for when he had approached within twenty yards, he stopped at the door of a cottage, and stood idly leaning against the doorpost.

The lawless noble now put his men in motion, and at this instant they came on at a gallop with lances leveled. The little band around Maud met the shock bravely, but several of them were unhorsed. The senechal, however, still kept his saddle, and drawing his sword, while he shouted to encourage his men, he placed himself in front of Maud, like a faithful watch-dog defending his charge.

But his heroic devotion was in vain.—With one blow of his huge battle-axe, Mounjoey hurled the old man to the earth, and continuing his rapid career, reached the side of the now defenceless Maud.—With a shriek, the hapless maiden covered her face from his hated sight; while Grace, as if her feeble arms could have protected her cousin, threw herself between Maud and her assailants.

In this extremity aid came from a quarter whence it had ceased to be expected. During the events we have described, the forester had gazed carelessly on the conflict—occasionally, however, looking towards the wood; but when he saw Mounjoey bear down the old senechal, he hastily stepped into the cottage and immediately re-appeared with a bow and cloth yard shaft. It was the work of a moment to fit the latter to the strings; and quick as thought, the arrow sped on its mission.—Right through the bars of Mounjoey's helmet the shaft found its way, penetrating and thence entering the brain; and with a dull groan, the rude assailant fell backward from the saddle, andumbled headlong to the earth. He had not even time to insult Maud by a touch.

At the same instant a cheer was heard from the wood, and thirty bold archers stepped forth, each man armed with a bow, and several arrows stuck in his belt. At their head was a tall, stalwart man, whose eagle plume and silver-horn, to say nothing of his bearing, betrayed one used to command. He waved his hand, and thirty arrows were promptly fited to the string.—He gave the signal, and each cloth yard shaft sped on its fatal errand. Half of the ravishers fell to the ground, and the rest took to flight, though even before that arrowy hail rained on them, they had turned their horses' heads in fear.—As the discomfited villains galloped away, the bold foresters gave three hearty cheers.

And now the forester, whose shaft had sent Mounjoey to his last account, hurried to the rescued ladies, where the hero with the eagle plume himself appeared the moment after. In his way he raised the old senechal, who had been only stunned and was now coming to himself.

Maud, as well as Grace, was not without resolution; and instead of swooning, as many a modern young damsel would have done, collected her spirits and turned to thank her deliverers. The young forester had now removed his cap, and as she gazed on his features, Maud exclaimed—

"What! his Henry Neville here! Or am I dreaming?"

"Not dreaming, lady fair," he exclaimed on bended knee. It is indeed your unfortunate lover, happy for once, however, since he has rendered you some slight service."

"And this," she said, turning to the captain of the foresters—"this is—"

"Robin Hood!" exclaimed that renowned champion. "The friend of all honest nobles like the good Lord Spencer, and especially of beauty in distress."

This happy denouement was rendered even more felicitous by the information now imparted to Maud that her faithful band had suffered comparatively little, though several were bruised and wounded, the short period during which the conflict lasted having prevented more serious hurts.

The principal execution had been done on the enemy, and by Robin Hood's archers. In a few minutes the villagers returned to the green.

But how came a lover of Maud in the disguise of a forester, we heard the reader ask. Young Neville had been a page formerly in Lord Spencer's household, and while there had imbibed a secret affection for Maud. But he was only of a simple knight's degree, and dare not aspire to bag hand. Hence he left the castle in despair, two summers since, resolved to make his fortune by his sword, before he openly solicited Maud's love. But though a brave and gallant knight he had been unfortunate, for adhering to the cause of the absent monarch, he had been stripped of his little estate by the minions of Prince John, and finally, forced by an unjust outlawry, to take to the greenwood, like many another

loyal gentleman. His old love for Maud led him to linger in the vicinity of her father's castle, and fortune had chanced to bring thither with him, on this occasion, his leader and friend, the banished earl of Huntington, or as he called himself in the forest, Robin Hood. Most of his fellow archers had mingled in the sports unarmed, but their weapons were only a short distance off, so that our hero, on seeing the intentions of the robber noble, had sent his companions to procure their arms and summon their leader, who with a small band remained in the wood to guard them.—Neville reserving his own interference in the meantime for a critical moment, if such should happen before Robin Hood arrived. We have seen how boldly and effectually he interfered at the right instant.

Great were the rejoicings at Spencer Castle two days afterward, when his lord arrived, bringing the intelligence that King Richard was free and in England; but even more boisterous was the mirth and festivity, when a few months later, Maud and Neville were united, the monarch himself giving away the bride.

Robin Hood was at the wedding, having in the meantime been restored to his earldom. Grace, not long after, married a knight in King Richard's train.

AN INCIDENT AT A FUNERAL.—LONG TIME ago.—In the Literary History of the United Kingdom, in the last number of the North American Review, we find the following incident related as having taken place at the burial of William the Conqueror. These anecdotes of olden times are not familiar with every one, and they are interesting for that reason:

"Just as the body was about to be lowered into the grave, a man came forward, crying out—'Clerks and bishops! this ground is mine. Upon it stood the house of my father. The man for whom you pray wrested it from me to build thereon his church.' I have neither sold my land nor mortgaged it, nor have I forfeited it, nor made any grant whatsoever of it. It is my right, and I claim it. In the name of God I forbid you to lay the body of the spoiler therein, or to cover it with my clay." All present confirmed the truth of the man's words. The bishops told him to approach, and making a bargain with him, delivered him sixty sols, as the price of the sepulchre only, engaging to indemnify him equitably for the remainder of the royal habit and robe, but it was not in a coffin. On its being placed in the grave whose sides consisted of masonry, and which was found to be too narrow, it became necessary to force it down, which caused it to burst. Incense and perfumes were burned in abundance, but without avail. The crowd dispersed in disgust and the priests themselves hurrying the ceremony soon deserted the church."

FATAL ISSUE OF A PRACTICAL JOKE.—The annexed article from a London Magazine ought to operate as a caution to practical jokers:

The sister of a medical man in London had, in the presence of two young gentlemen who were studying medicine with her brother, ridiculed the weakness and folly by which some persons are governed. She said for her part she had no superstitious fears, and had courage for any emergency that might happen. The young men doubted the truth of her assertions, and one of them proposed to the other that, merely by way of a joke, they would put her courage to the test. In a glass case in the Doctor's study was a human skeleton. This they removed and placed in the young lady's bed. She retired at the usual hour, and they stealthily followed her to listen.—Some time elapsed and no sound was heard. They were about descending the stairs, thinking their jest had failed, and that in reality she was as courageous as she had boasted herself to be. Scarcely had they come to this conclusion ere their ears were assailed by a most appalling shriek, after which all became silent. They retired, pleased with their success, and thinking of the laugh and joke they should have with her in the morning at breakfast.

Morning came, but she did not come down as usual, they suffered an hour or so to elapse, and her brother, thinking she might have overslept herself, knocked for admittance, calling her by name at the same time. No answer being returned, he and the young men forced her door, and to relate, there sat the poor girl playing with the bony fingers of the grim and appalling skeleton, quite unconscious of the presence of the intruders; there the poor thing sat a confirmed idiot for life. When she gave that one fearful shriek her reason fled never to return. It is needless to remark on the remorse that attended the after lives of the two young men.

THE LADIES.—An Irish gentleman remarkable for his devotion to the fair sex, once remarked, "Never be critical on the ladies. Take it for granted that they are all handsome and good. A true gentleman will never look on the faults of a pretty woman without shutting his eyes!"

More than thirteen of the fixed stars, it is said, have disappeared within the last two centuries.

A CRIMINAL'S LAST HOUR.

The following is extracted from an interesting book, lately published in England, and entitled "Experiences of a Gospel Chaplain." The author's object seems to be the mollification of the criminal code. He writes with vigor, and describes with fidelity. His attempts are not directed to the excitement of any sympathy with the wicked, but to an exhibition of the fearful evils attendant upon the present mode of punishing crime. We have seldom read a chapter of more thrilling terror.

The last morning of her earthly existence arrived. She had slept, I was told, much and calmly during the night; and, when roused at six by the watchmen, expressed herself "greatly refreshed by eight hours of unbroken rest," and then rose and dressed herself with remarkable alacrity.

At seven I saw her again; she looked frightfully pale, and her features had the fixedness and rigidity of marble; but neither tear nor sigh escaped her. Her nerve was fully equal to her hour of extremity. She replied promptly to a question I put to her, and then made it her last request that I would abstain from touching upon any religious topic.

Meanwhile the hum of the dense multitude gathered around the building was distinctly audible, even in the prison; and the depressing effects of that low, booming, deepening sound, heard at such an hour, and under such circumstances, none can estimate save those who have listened to it. At eight the melancholy procession began to move. As the criminal was on the point of joining it, the under-sheriff, by the expressed wish, it was understood, of the judge, stepped forward and asked her whether she acknowledged the justice of her sentence.

"I assert now," was her reply, firmly and distinctly given, "as I have done from the first, that neither directly nor indirectly had I any knowledge or share in Mr. Anthill's death. If he died by poison, it was neither mixed nor presented by me."

The querist seemed disconcerted by her reply, and was apparently about to remodel the question, when the prisoner abruptly turned from him with "Enough of this! Gentlemen, I am ready; I would gain shorten this bitter hour."

Another minute and we stood upon the drop.

She had been a chequered life; many have been the painful scenes I have had to witness, and many my distressing recollections of the gloomy past; but never did I feel more sensibly the painfulness of my unenviable appointment than when I stood beside that wretched, but most determined woman. The bearing of the prisoner, the crime for which she was condemned, the doubts which hung over her case, the sullen, deep, and swelling roar of the mob—a roar in which no word could be accurately caught, and no word was distinctly audible, but which, if I understood all its strange and peculiar motions, betokened hostility and impatience—such and all these attendant circumstances aggravated the horror of the scene.

It was as I expected. The moment she made her appearance a yell of exultation burst from the heaving, restless, excited multitude below. It was not the splendor of a few coarse-minded and merciless individuals—it was loud, vehement and general. Had her personal appearance been prepossessing—had she looked gentle or resigned, I am persuaded, so capricious is the feeling of a mob, that her reception would have been less ferocious and appalling; but the spectators thought, that in her marked and repulsive visage, they recognized the features of a ruthless murderer, and vented that opinion in the manner most consonant to their convictions.

She felt this. "And they too, condemn me!" was her remark. "But for my blood—are eager to witness my dying struggles. Be it so! Be quick, sir," said she, addressing the hangman; "these worthy people are impatient, and I love not their company."

The fatal noose was placed around her neck—a handkerchief was put into her hand. The under-sheriff and his party retired; but still I hovered near her. The pale lips moved, I hope—I ever will hope—in prayer. The words "mercy—pardon," faintly reached me. Was that proud spirit at length bending before its Maker? Did it pass away in accents of prayer and supplication? I trust so. I watched her every movement with intense and painful earnestness, but not long. A few seconds, and she gave a final signal, and passed, amid the execrations of her fellows, into the dread presence of her Maker!

A MORAL PICTURE OF LONDON.—There are 30,000 common thieves in London; 10,000 children learning crime; 3,000 houses of stolen goods, and about 10,000 common gamblers.

The "Weekly Despatch," an infidel paper, has a circulation of 150,000 copies a week, in the city!

The population of London, now, is about 2,250,000!

There are 100,000 people in the metropolis alone unprovided with means of religious worship.

There are about 108,000 female servants in London. Of this number, from 14,000 to 16,000 are daily changing places.

Upwards of 50,000 persons are now inmates of the London work-houses; 60,000 are receiving outdoor relief; and from 1,000 to 2,000 nightly shelter themselves in the refuges for the homeless. In addition to this number, there are thousands who live by begging, and thousands who live by criminal practices.

THE NOTORIOUS ROMAN "THUNDERBOLT."—The celebrated English robber, Thunderbolt, who has for a number of years past, successfully eluded all search, died a few days since at Bratleboro', Vt., where he had resided a number of years, and enjoyed much celebrity as a physician, entirely unsuspected, but much respected. The Barre Patriot gives the following account of the discovery of who he was:—

During his last illness he refused to be attended; and when near his end, hired two men to bury him in his clothes, just as he died; a contract which was not fulfilled on their part, in consequence of the neighbors, who were desirous of giving him a more decent and befitting burial.

On removing his clothes, previous to his being laid out, the cause of this eccentric desire of his was manifest—the withered leg and cork heel, the shot marks, and the scar which witnessed a previous attempt at suicide—precisely as laid down in Lightfoot's description of him—marked him as the Thunderbolt who had gained such notoriety in England and this country, as one of the most daring and successful highwaymen that ever graced the annals of crime. On his person were also found a dirk and pistol, and among his effects, arms of all descriptions, together with watches, diamonds, jewelry, &c. &c. to an enormous value, packed away in sawdust. He always wore dressed in three suits of clothes, to make his figure more portly, and to prevent recognition, and his withered leg was found wound with clothes to make it appear the size of the other!

NEW SPECIES OF ELECTROGENIUM.—An eminent engraver of Paris, (author of the celebrated "Confessions of St. Jerome" after Dominichino, and the "Count of Aral" after Vandeyck) had been long a candidate for the honor of Academician. He had in the mean time grown old, but by the reaching backward to a young wife, he had bridged the widening chasm of the past and still dated from the age of hope and promise. His wife was pretty, she had talent, too—but it lay in diplomacy. It entered her head to see whether she could bring about her husband's election to a chair in the academy which had suddenly become vacant. She took a list of all the members, and called on the first.

"My husband is an old man!" was her remark, as she rose from her modest curtsey.

"You resemble him very little, madam!" was the reply of the booted immortal.

"He has labored much and waited long for academic membership. There is a seat vacant."

"Ah, my dear madam, but I have already promised."

"I neither wish to interfere with your engagements, nor to dispossess a more worthy candidate; but my husband is old—spare him the dishonor of not having one vote, since present himself he must. Let him have one voice, and let that be yours."

Never were words sped with a better artillery of tones, eyes, and supplicating smiles! The immortal member had some-where about him a softness still human; he yielded—the lovely applicant curtseyed out with grateful murmurs.

The next academician on the list was assailed with precisely the same result. And so with the next—and the next. At her husband's late dinner of that day she sat down with a secret in her heart that made her serve the soup with myrtle amiability—every member having given the promise that his one ineffectual vote should shield young beauty's old husband from life's closing clime of mortification.

The day of election arrived. The members were a little mysterious as to the name upon their ballot. The almost certain candidate was Mons. F.—, but each academician knew this, and thought that his own vote for another would not affect the result, and at the same time gratify a lovely woman and do charity to an old man. The ballot box was turned, and the vote recorded. The old engraver was pronounced elected with unprecedented unanimity. It has not transpired that any two of the members came subsequently to any explanation—having accounted for the new member's unexpected advent to their fellowship of immortality.—Home Journ.

TOUCHING SCENE.—The editor of the Albany Knickerbocker says that in passing through the walks of a grave-yard in that city, recently, he witnessed a scene which would have drawn tears from the heart of a stone. Seated beside a narrow bedewed with tears, strewing evergreens over the spot where lay enshrouded that which, to them, was the most loved object on earth—their MORTUARY.