THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

"EVERY DIFFERENCE OF OPINION IS NOT A DIFFERENCE OF PRINCIPLE."—JEFFERSON.

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Poetry.

WEEP NOT FOR THE DEPARTED.

BY E. CURTISS HINE.

Why weep for the departed?
For the captive spirit free?
The loved ones and true-hearted,
Who have crossed Life's wintry sea?

Ye say that they have faded,
Like the early flowers of spring,
And that their graves are shaded
By the willow's drooping wing:

That reptiles now are creeping
In the midnight dark and lone,
Where the friends ye loved are sleeping,
Where the night winds make their moan:

And ye weep that youth and beauty
In their bloom should thus decay,
That Death should do his duty,
And summon them away!

Know ye not that withered flowers,
When the winter's storms are o'er,
Bloom again in beauty's bowers,
On the laughing streamlet's shore?

Know ye not that voiceless rivers,
Bound with winter's icy chain
Bright rosy spring delivers,
And that they sing again?

A Historical Fact.

From the Parlor Magazine.

THE ROYAL EXECUTION.

A passage from the history of Pedro the Cruel.

BY MRS. ELLET.

It was in the ancient days of Castile, that a young man who carried on the business of an armorer, stood in the door of his dwelling, in one of the streets of Madrid, late on a summer afternoon, watching, apparently, for some one to pass by.

He had not waited long, when the person he wished to see came along the street. It was Michael, the goldsmith, who lived near at hand, and was going homeward.

As he heard himself called by his neighbor, the goldsmith stopped, and, beckoned by the armorer, entered his house. The latter, with mysterious looks, and saying he had something to communicate, led him into an inner apartment.

"I pray thee, be brief," said Michael; I am in haste."

"What I have to say touches thee nearly, Michael," answered the other, "and well be delivered with caution; yet the truth needeth no preface. Know, then, that the pretty Fatimia findeth pastime more to her taste in thy absence than to sell jewels, or watch, pensive, for thy return."

"What meanest thou?" exclaimed the goldsmith. "My wife—"

"Thy wife holdeth converse with a gallant of stately bearing—one of the nobility, belike. At noon to-day I saw him enter the shop. I watched him from the corner; he stayed an hour with Fatimia, and came forth with chains and rings he had bought of her. I saw her in pleasant discourse with him as he left the door, and heard him promise to come again speedily."

"Villain! thou beliest her!" cried Michael in anger. "I know well thou hast sought favor with Fatimia, and hast felt her scorn!"

"I ask not belief for words of mine," replied the armorer. "Thou may'st see for thyself. I have seen the same gallant walking often through the streets, and marked him by his haughty mien. Come to-morrow at noon; it may be he will return at that time."

The goldsmith assented, gloomily, and went to his own house, where his young wife received him with a cheerful welcome. His unwonted sullenness and reserve, however, checked the flow of her confidence, and she did not tell him, as she meant, all that had passed during the day.

Fatimia was beautiful—she knew it, and loved admiration. The compliments she received she regarded only as her proper tributes, and repaid them with bright smiles. Her heart belonged only to her husband.—She would have told him all that happened, but his jealousy and quickness to anger often made her afraid to speak openly.

Michael left home the next morning as usual, saying he would not return till evening. But he went no farther than the dwelling of the armorer, from the window of which he could see whoever passed along the street.

At noon, as was expected, the unknown visitor of the fair Fatimia was seen to go towards the goldsmith's shop. He was simply dressed, but his aristocratic air and noble features bespoke him a person of rank. As he approached the shop, the lovely features of Fatimia, wreathed in smiles, was seen at the window a moment; it quickly vanished; she appeared at the door, and greeted the handsome stranger, who bowed courteously and went in.

All this was torture to the jealous Michael. His rage was increased by the taunting looks and whispered insendos of Giocomo, the armorer. Unable longer to control himself, he rushed out, and hastened to his own house, muttering threats of vengeance. He was followed by Giocomo, who wanted to see the sport.

In the midst of the courtly stranger's flattering speeches to the beautiful Fatimia, and her graceful coquetries, the door was flung open. Michael rushed in, and seizing the young noble, dragged him towards the door. A violent struggle ensued; but it was soon terminated. The stranger, having freed his right hand, drew his dagger, and instantly buried it in the breast of the goldsmith. The armorer, who had pressed to his friend's assistance, shared the same fate. Both fell, and expired, at the stranger's feet. During this frightful scene, Fatimia had filled the air with her shrieks. The neighbors ran towards the place; the police came up; and the officer of the guard proceeded to arrest the assassin. But as they came near, and met his steadfast look, they stopped in amazement. "The king!" broke from the officer's lips, while the guard lowered their weapons. "The king!" was repeated from mouth to mouth among the crowd, and several hurried away, fearful of being involved in the consequences. The royal offender himself, undisturbed by any one, walked slowly toward the castle.

Not long after, a decree was sent forth, forbidding any of Don Pedro's subjects, on pain of death, to speak of the strange event that had transpired in the capital. The same day, to the astonishment of the haughty monarch, he received a citation to appear before the criminal court, to answer to the charge of murder.

A council was called of the nobles of his court. Don Pedro laid the citation before them, and requested their advice as to his reply. There was a murmured consultation for a few moments, and then one of them made answer:

"We are all of opinion, may it please your majesty, that in serving such a citation, Don Henriquez, the chief judge, is guilty of high treason, and deserveth death."

"Nay," returned the king, "he shall not die; but he shall be questioned, whether he hath lost his reason or not, that he dares arraign his sovereign as a criminal."

The message was conveyed to Don Henriquez. His reply was: "The mighty king, Don Pedro of Castile, hath placed me in office, to uphold the laws in his capital of Madrid, and to punish violence and wrong without respect to the rank of the offender. Don Pedro is guilty of a two-fold murder, and the law is his accuser. He is bound to appear at the tribunal, to hear the accusation, and receive the sentence that may be pronounced. For myself, I am the king's most faithful subject. If he dismiss me from the office I hold, it is well; but so long as I am chief judge in Madrid, I must do my duty. My life is in the hand of God, as is the king's; and both of us shall answer before Him."

This message was delivered to Don Pedro, who grew pale with shame and anger as he heard it. There was a murmur of indignation throughout the whole court. "Let the traitor be hanged, and that instantly," exclaimed many voices.

The king arose, and commanded silence, then called his first chamberlain.

"Go," he said, "to the first judge, even Don Henriquiz. Say to him that Don Pedro will *obey* his summons, and will appear before the tribunal."

The day of trial came. The king appeared in person at the tribunal, stern and proud in demeanor, but prepared to submit to what the law required. The chief judge addressed the subordinate judges and the accuser, and admonished them that they were not to permit the rank of the criminal to influence their judgment. "It is not for those," he said, "whom God has appointed to administer the laws, to violate them with impunity. The *king* stands not before you, it is but the *man*, accused of taking the life of his fellow-beings."

The accuser then came forward, and boldly made his charge. Don Pedro's clandestine visits to the goldsmith's shop, and his attempts to win the favor of the goldsmith's handsome wife, were detailed; also his encounter with Michael when he came to expel the intruder, and vindicate the honor of his house; with the assassination of both the goldsmith and the armorer.

At the word "clandestine," a slight movement of the king's features was seen, and he cast an angry glance at the speaker, but said nothing. The accuser went on to describe the scene of blood, painted the horrors of the crime with fearful fidelity, and concluded by calling upon the judges to avenge the deed, and punish the murderer according to the law of Castile.

The chief judge then called upon the accused for his defence. Don Pedro preserved a sullen silence. A pleader was authorized to speak for him, and he put forth his best efforts in behalf of his royal client.—But the proof of the crime was clear. The chief judge then pronounced sentence upon Don Pedro, found guilty of two murders. He was sentenced to have his head struck off in the public market place. "But," concluded Don Henriquez, "inasmuch as Don Pedro is our anointed sovereign, and his person is sacred, our sentence must be executed upon his effigy. That, in his stead shall undergo the punishment appointed by the law."

The patience of the haughty monarch gave way. "Do it, an' thou darest, wretch!" he cried, trembling with anger; and rising, quitted the hall of judgment, and returned to his castle. As if to test the courage of the chief judge, a decree was issued, that all the orders of the Don Henriquez were to be implicitly obeyed, without asking the reason wherefore. The king, meanwhile, shut himself in his chamber for three days, and permitted none to speak with him.

Whatever was the general opinion of the course pursued by Don Henriquez, none doubted that he would pay, with his head, the penalty of his unheard-of presumption. It was not for nothing, men thought, that Don Pedro had been surnamed "The Cruel."

The chief judge gave orders that all should be prepared for the execution, to take place in the public market. A request was sent to the king, that he would grant his presence on the occasion. Don Pedro frowned, and a dark flush rose to his brow as he read the paper. But he commanded the answer to be returned, that he would attend at the execution.

The fateful morning arrived. The inhabitants of Madrid, and thousands from far and near, were assembled to witness the extraordinary scene. The streets in the neighborhood of the market-place were filled with a dense mass of human beings; but the tumult of a mighty multitude was hushed in intense awe and curiosity. In the sight of all, from the centre of the market place, rose the scaffold, hung with black.

As the appointed hour struck, a peal of mourning was heard from all the bells in the city, and the procession set forth from the hall of judgment. Foremost came the clergy, with the vicarious bishop at their head; then the pious fraternity of monks; then heralds, and the chief judge, surrounded by the inferior judges; and lastly, a company of halberdiers, leading in their midst a steed caparisoned, on which sat a figure in a purple mantle, which represented the king. The face of the image was made of wax, and bore so striking a resemblance to Don Pedro that it was instantly recognized. A band of soldiers closed the procession and ranged themselves at the foot of the scaffold where the executioner already waited, with his assistants.

As the procession stopped, the judges, headed by Don Henriquez, ascended a lower tribunal, erected opposite the scaffold, and also covered with black. On this, besides the seats for the judges, was one constructed like a throne, for the king. As soon as the judges had taken their places, Don Henriquez arose and addressed the people, exhorting them to silence, and grave attention. He then gave a signal to the heralds; they lifted their staves, and pointed them to the four quarters of the heavens; while a burst of trumpets and kettle-drums proclaimed the commencement of the gloomy ceremonial.

There was a sudden movement in the crowd on one side; and a cavalier, mounted on a black horse, pressed forward toward the tribunal. It was the king, wholly unattended. He flung himself from the horse, hastily ascended, and took the seat appropriated to him. So clouded were his looks that all trembled who saw his face, Don Henriquez made obeisance before him, and asked, "Does your majesty approve the sentence?"

The king bent his head sternly in token of assent. The chief judge then descended from the tribunal, and went upon the scaffold. The royal effigy, which had remained on the horse at the foot of the scaffold, was brought up to him: he took from it the purple mantle, which a noble in waiting received. He then broke the staff, in the name of the law and the king, over the head of Don Pedro of Castile. A bandage was tied over the eyes of the image, and the executioner, displaying his gleaming sword to the tribunal where sate the living monarch, turned, and with one powerful stroke struck off the head of the figure. It fell, with a dull sound, and rolled on the floor of the scaffold. A cry of horror rose from the assembled multitude, and died away in gloomy silence. None had believed that the chief judge would dare to carry his sentence into execution: and all were now in suspense as to his fate. He alone was calm, and gave orders that the headless trunk should be laid in a coffin. Then, turning to the people, he said to them in a loud voice:

"You have all witnessed the most extraordinary scene recorded in the history of the world. Don Pedro, our sovereign found guilty of the crime of murder, and condemned by the laws of Castile, has suffered in effigy, because his person was sacred, the punishment of death. He has honored the law by submitting to its penalty: and has proved that no transgressor, whatever be his rank, may hope to escape with impunity.—All hail to our just king, who has atoned for his crime, and shown us, by his example, what reverence we all owe to the majesty of law."

So spoke Don Henriquez; and he was answered with shouts that rent the air—"Long live our righteous king, Don Pedro the Just!" The shouts swelled into deafening acclamations, till the very earth beneath the vast city trembled with the sound.

All this time Don Pedro sat motionless, his pale face shaded with his hand. When silence was restored, he looked up and beckoned the chief judge to come near him.—Don Henriquez obeyed, and the chamberlain followed, with the purple mantle, which he offered, kneeling, to the king.

Don Pedro rose and embraced Don Henriquez. "Receive my thanks," he said, "noble and faithful servant of thy sovereign. If I am praised that I submitted to the laws, what honor is due to thee, who hast had courage to uphold the righteous cause against a king whom men call the Cruel? I bid thee hail, just judge; and wear this purple mantle in thy official duties, in remembrance of what has passed this day."

Thus speaking, Don Pedro himself flung the mantle over the shoulders of the chief judge. The other judges were also rewarded; and the executioner received rich gifts, and was elevated to the rank of a noble.—The beheaded image was buried, by the king's order, in front of the altar in the royal chapel; while the head was carved in stone on the wall at the corner of the street in which the two-fold murder had taken place. Some aver that it may be seen to this day.

The foregoing story is taken, in every particular, from the life of Don Pedro, and may, I suppose, be relied upon as a piece of genuine history. It is recorded of that monarch of Castile, that he had not long filled the throne of his illustrious ancestors, before his people discovered that he deserved not so much the title of the Cruel, as that of the Just, or the Inexorable. He had violent passions, it is true; and woe to those who crossed him in his moods of anger! but when calm, he showed a strict sense of justice. An anecdote related of him may illustrate this quality:—

A young priest, who was both vain and passionate, in a fit of rage, for some trifling cause, slew a poor shoemaker. The king would have given up the criminal to the ecclesiastical courts; but the clergy interfered, and by their influence over the superstitious people prevented this, punishing the young priest only by suspension from the sacred office one year. The son of the murdered shoemaker, indignant at the lenient sentence, not long after assassinated the priest. The clergy demanded of the king that the assassin should suffer death.

"Nay," replied Don Pedro; "I follow your example, and condemn him to make no shoes for a year."

Miscellany.

From the Montreal Herald, Nov. 14.

THE DISCOVERIES IN THE NORTHWEST.

We are enabled, by the kindness of Governor Sir George Simpson, to lay before the public the following correspondence, (before given in part,) by which it will be seen that the great geographical question of the existence of a northwestern passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, is at length set at rest, or nearly so—the northern shores of America having been completely surveyed, and, in the words of the lamented Thomas Simpson, "the precise limits of this great continent fully and finally established." Under these circumstances, it may prove interesting to the reader, to present him with a sketch of the history of this so long agitated question, and to give him a short abstract of the several steps in the exploration of the coast, the completion of which has, at length, been effected by Mr. Rae.

The cause which, at first, led to the attempts to discover a northwestern passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific, was the hope that, through it would be found a short convenient route from Europe to India—the jealousy of the Spaniards and Portugese having blocked up, as it were, from the English and Dutch, their great rivals in commerce, the routes by the Cape of Good Hope and the Southern Pacific. The discoveries, however, of Frobisher and Davis, in the region of Queen Elizabeth, and of their successors, while they failed in ascertaining the existence of the wished-for passage, abundantly satisfied the world that, even if ultimately discovered, it would be found, from its vicinity to the north pole, and its being continually incumbered with ice, utterly useless for the purpose of navigation.

The settlement of the great geographical question continued, notwithstanding, to interest the world of science, and its determination has, within late years, called forth the utmost efforts of the British Government. In 1818, an expedition was sent out to Baffin's Bay, under the command of Captain Ross, which resulted in his disbelief of any passage. His second in command, Lieut. Parry, had, however, come to a different conclusion; and, on returning with a new expedition, succeeded in penetrating into the Polar seas, through Lancaster Sound. He there found a chain of large islands lying parallel to the American coast, and among them continued his navigation, until stopped by the accumulation of ice in the straits and channels through which he had to pass.

This induced him to make his next attempt by Sir Thomas Rae's Welcome, a channel running from Hudson's Bay. He here also found a narrow strait communicating with the Polar sea, but so encumbered with ice as to preclude the hope of its ever affording an open passage. He renewed his efforts, but without success, by Lancaster Sound. The obstacles which he had formerly been unable to overcome, still continued, and prevented him from making any material addition to former discoveries.—While these so far successful voyages were in progress, Capt. Franklin was sent out at the head of two successive expeditions by land, and, by actual survey, ascertained three-fourth of the northern boundary coast of America; his operations terminating at a point beyond the 149th degree of west longitude.

On the other hand, an expedition under Captain Beechy, sent out to meet Captain Franklin, on his second toilsome journey, passed the Icy Cape of Cook, and penetrated nearly as far as the 156th degree of west longitude, leaving nearly seven degrees, or 160 miles, between the fartherest point thus reached from the west, and the utmost limit reached by Capt. Franklin, from the east. In the summer of 1837, Messrs. Simpson and Dease, officers of the Hudson Bay Company, surveyed the coast between the points reached by Capts. Franklin and Beechy, and in the following summer, 1838 and 1839, having reached the Polar Sea from the interior, by the Copper Mine river, continued their survey of the coast up to 86th degree of west longitude, a point previously visited by Capt. Back. Thence they were forced by the advanced season to return to their winter quarters on the Great Bear Lake.

The only portion of the coast then remaining unsurveyed was that between Simpson and Dease's extreme east point and Parry's Strait of the Fury and Hecla; and but for Mr. Simpson's disastrous death in 1840, he would have been entrusted with the command of the expedition, the successful result of which is stated in Mr. Rae's letter. The result of all these explorations and surveys would appear to prove that—with the exception of Captain Ross' Peninsula of Boothia Felix, which stretches as far north as seventy-four degrees of latitude—the northern coast of America extends, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in a line not varying much from the seventieth degree of latitude; and that the existence of a naval passage, in the line of Captain Parry's first voyage, is all but determined. We need scarcely add, that whatever benefits may accrue to science and navigation from these important discoveries, will be in a great measure, due to the enlightened liberality of the Hudson Bay Company—at whose expense the latter expeditions have been carried on—and to the intrepidity, perseverance and self-devotion of their officers.

From the Hartford Daily Times, Nov. 15.

CAPTAIN WALKER, THE TEXAN RANGER.

Samuel Hamilton Walker was born about the year 1815, in Prince George county, Maryland. His brothers and other relatives now reside in Washington city. During the Seminole Indian war he enlisted in the United States service as a private, and was one of Col. Harney's picked men to penetrate the everglades of Florida, where foot prints of the white man never before was seen. In that hazardous expedition, which effectually put an end to the Florida war, by conquering the Indians around their own council fires, young Walker greatly distinguished himself. He was a favorite of the daring Harney, whose quick perception never failed to select the most energetic and bold.

At the close of the Seminole war, Walker went to Texas and joined Col. Hays' company of Rangers. In the summer of 1844, he was one of the fifteen of Hays' men, armed with revolving pistols, who attacked eighty Camanche Indians, and defeated them, leaving thirty-three dead Indians upon the field; and from the number of dead and dying carried off, it was believed that more than half of the Camanche force was slain by these fifteen rangers. In this fierce battle Walker was pierced through the body by the lance of an Indian, the spear pinning him to the ground! He was left in that condition by his companions, who supposed he was dead. After the battle, he was found with the spear still sticking through him, though he had succeded in getting it out of the ground. His companions relieved him from it, and found it had not touched a vital part. He recovered.

Walker was also one of Col. Fisher's three hundred men who marched against two thousand Mexicans, stationed at Mier, and was captured by the Mexicans previous to that battle, as he made an excursion among them. After the defeat of the Mier expedition, he was marched, with other prisoners to the castle of Perote. These prisoners received the inhuman treatment which no other people on earth, save Mexicans and cannibals, inflict upon those within their power. At Salado, the Texans resolved to make their escape. Walker was foremost. It was arranged that he should seize and disarm one of the guard, and that Cameron, a Scotchman, should serve the other in the same way. At the signal, the guards were disarmed in a moment, and the Texans, 214 in number, rushed into the outer court, where 150 Mexican Infantry were guarding a quantity of arms and ammunition. The Texans soon had command of this point, and armed themselves. Whilst doing so, 300 Mexicans, cavalry and infantry, formed outside of the gates. The Texans rushed upon these, and defeated them, killing ten of their number and losing five. The company then escaped, but finally became lost in the mountains, and suffered greatly from hunger. As Walker expressed it to a friend, after his return, their eyes became so sunken, from hunger and fatigue, that they appeared like augur holes in the head.

In this condition, they were re-captured by the Mexicans, and taken back to Salado. Here the blood-thirsty Santa Anna demanded the life of every tenth man, and the company was marched out to draw the black beans—one black bean for every tenth man being placed in the bowl, and all who drew them were shot. Young Torrey, of this city, got one, and was killed on the spot.—Those who drew the white beans were subjected to intense sufferings. Walker, with eight others, however, finally escaped from Mexico, and returned to Texas. He then joined the Texan revenue service, where he exhibited his usual efficiency.

When Gen. Taylor marched into Texas with his army of observation, and matters were wearing a hostile appearance, Walker, at the head of a company of Texas Rangers, armed with Colt's patent repeaters, offered his services to the United States, was accepted, and aided in defending Point Isabel. He was stationed between that place and General Taylor's advance camp, with instructions to keep the communication open, if possible. This service was perilous, but Walker's bravery and rapid movements overcame all obstacles. On the 28th of April, 1846, he ascertained that quite a large body of Mexicans intended to surround General Taylor's camp, and he at once set out with seventy-five men, to communicate with the General. After proceeding twelve miles, he encountered fifteen hundred Mexicans, and most of his men being inexperienced, fell back, at the appearance of so overwhelming an opposition. The few that remained around their bold commander, firmly received the attack of the Mexicans, and gave them battle for about fifteen minutes, killing about thirty of them. They then retreated, and were pursued to within half a mile of Point Isabel. It was reported that Walker was slain, but at night he came into the fort, and with that indomitable spirit for which he was distinguished, at once offered to communicate with General Taylor, provided he could have four men as companions. This proposition, under such circumstances, with the enemy in force, and lurking in every path and thicket, was considered rash. But six Texans volunteered, and after several bold adventures, in one of which they charged through a body of Mexican lancers, who were preparing to forage their horses, they reached the camp of Gen. Taylor in safety on the 30th.

Walker was among the brave men who joined the gallant Col. May, and accompanied him in his famous charge, when Gen. La Vega was taken prisoner. The government, without solicitation, rewarded his services and signal bravery by a Captain's commission in the new regiment of United States rifles. Thus promoted, he repaired to Maryland, and soon rallied around him, principally from Maryland and Kentucky, 240 volunteer Rangers, whose services were accepted by the Government. With this company he went to Vera Cruz, and was employed to keep the guerrillas at bay, and open communication. The bold feats of himself and his confident followers struck terror into the prowling guerrillas, and this class of highway robbers, always well armed and well mounted, were sure to leave a clear path when "Walker and his rangers" were on the track. His services have been most valuable to the Government, and all will regret his fate. A braver or nobler fellow never fell on the battle field. He was the fast friend of improvement in the art of war, and his experience and keen perception led him to adopt the best arms and equipments that could be had. Old customs and oldfashioned arms, unwieldly and ineffective, found no favor with him, so long as radical improvements were within his reach.

In the death of Capt. Walker the country has lost one of its bravest and most valiant sons, and we cannot but sympathize deeply with the family and friends.

Devotion of a Wife.—The history of Gonfalionieri, that former favorite of the Republican saloons of France, is a romance. He had inspired an extraordinary affection and devotion in his wife, who was one of the most lovely and accomplished women of her day.

From the very hour of his arrest, which took place at a ball at Milan, she left him not, save to intercede with his persecutors. She spent her youth, her fortune, in her ceaseless endeavors to soften the hearts of his enemies, and finally laid down life itself in her efforts to save him from captivity and death. She followed, attired in her ball dress, all through the night of horror which changed his existence from a powerful leader of a powerful party to that of a miserable and neglected captive; she cared not for the cold or rain, which fell in torrents, but at each relay she descended from the carriage which conveyed her, to hover around that which conveyed her husband, heedless of the brutal jeers and rebuffs of the *gens d'arms*, who repulsed her with drawn sabres. At length, when after several days' journey, she reached the gates of Spielberg, she fell on her knees in supplication for one last word—one single word—before the dungeon closed upon him, perhaps forever. She was refused; and then she gave the cushion on which her head had rested during that long, weary journey, into the hands of the least ferocious looking of his guards, bidding him deliver it to the Count, and tell him she had been in the carriage which followed him so closely, that it was *her* voice which he *must* have heard at each relay in wailing supplication and lament; and the pillow she now sent him to rest his head upon, was wet with tears shed for him alone.

The guard took the pillow, and with a cruel laugh at so much ingenuity wasted, cut it open before her face, fully expecting to find some important papers, some clue to a conspiracy within. And Gonfalionieri knew not for years that she had even thought of him once after he had left her side; that she had hovered disguised in peasant's dress for months together round the bleak hill of Spielberg; that by the sacrifice of her fortune, she at lenght obtained the promise of his liberty, and then died!

What must have been his feelings when he learned all this! What must have been his love, his gratitude to her memory! And how did he prove it? you will say. Why, he married again! and has died the victim of his avarice, at the foot of the Alps, overtaken by the cold which neither his age nor his feeble health was able to encounter in the cheap conveyance he had chosen. He has died enormously rich, his property not having been confiscated, but allowed to accumulate during his long imprisonment. He had outlived popularity, and leaves no regret behind. He has suffered his fellow martyrs to languish in want, nor extended a friendly hand to aid them, in spite of his wealth; so that the utter silence of the partisans of his cause is but just, and conveys a strong, impressive moral.

A Boston Boy on his own Hook in Mexico.—Many people in State street will remember a lad, named Charles M. Bugbee, who, about seven years ago, acquired celebrity by his enterprise and success in boarding the English steamers, and obtaining the latest papers which he sold at a handsome advance, before the extra could be issued. He is now in the city of Mexico, and acting as the authorized agent of the American Star newspaper. He does not belong to the army, yet has taken part in several of the engagements.

In the last battles before the walls of Mexico, he attracted the notice of Gen. Worth, who, after complimenting his good shots, asked him what regiment he belonged to. "None, sir," replied Charley, "I belong to the press." Gen. Worth invited him to call at his quarters the next day. Charley did so, and received from the General a present as a testimony of his approbation of his gallantry in the battle the day before. It was not a bad idea of Charley to use his "free pass," as the representative of the press, for such a patriotic purpose.—*Boston Post.*

Egg Hatching.—Mrs. Partington went to see the egg hatching machine, and complained of the expense of keeping fowls, and said that if it were cheaper she should buy a machine. After a thousand inquiries, the gentleman in attendance proceeded to show her the drawers in which were deposited the eggs in the different stages. The old lady looked with astonishment. "Dear me!" she exclaimed, "Do you use eggs?" "Certainly," was the answer. "Then," said she, "I consider this a perfect piece of imposition, a downright swindle, to pick the pockets of honest people! Why, everybody can hatch chickens with eggs! I can do it myself, and not charge anything for the light, either." And the old lady made her way out in a mighty hurry, muttering to herself, "What impudence to charge a woman two shillings to see chickens hatched out of eggs!"