

a variety of shrubbery and flowers from various parts of the world, we began to feel that our exchange for terra firma was preferable to being tossed about on the rough "Bay of Biscay, O."

Old Lisbon was sunk many years since by an earthquake; the remains are yet to be seen under water, forming quite an extension in the river. The weather is mild and beautiful, having much the appearance of late spring in America. A variety of fruits grow here spontaneously. The olive grows well, and is much used by the inhabitants.

March 6, we left Lisbon at 8 o'clock, a.m., and passing Cape St. Vincent and Trafalgar Bay, we landed at Cadiz on the 7th, 245 miles from Lisbon.

Cadiz is a large town, strongly fortified, and from the bay exhibits the most cleanliness of any town we have yet seen on the coast; the buildings are from three to five stories high, with many church steeples interspersed, looking clean and white. The surrounding country is not so mountainous, and is more thickly settled than around other towns along the coast.

Mails being changed, 2 p.m., raised anchor from the beautiful bay, passing around the town, which exhibited itself boldly, soon passed a tower on the coast, called St. Paul's Tower. After passing Cape Trafalgar, found ourselves in the Straits of Gibraltar, often called the Gut, from its narrow passage being in its narrowest place about 10 miles; and it is remarkable, the tide or current is always to the east, emptying into the Mediterranean. Many speculations have been offered; some supposing that an under current returned, from the fact no soundings have been found, supposing the under current to carry the weight to the opposite, as no vessels except steamers can pass only by east winds. Many are often seen in the Bay of Gibraltar for ten days or more, awaiting fair wind.

9 o'clock, p.m., cast anchor in the beautiful Bay of Gibraltar, 76 miles from Cadiz, and from Southampton by way of coast 1224 miles, but direct 1151. Most steamers and shipping pass direct, passage by steam being 5 days, and from 7 to 8 via coast.

This bay is in width 5 miles, and about 8 in length, forming a beautiful harbor for the British fleet, under the protection of the heavy batteries of the rock. On account of shallow water we have to anchor in the bay, and be conveyed by small crafts to the shore. All goods, as well as passengers, have to be conveyed in this manner.

PRIDE.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

'Tis a curious fact as ever was known
In human nature, but often shown
Alike in castle and cottage,
That pride, like pigs of a certain breed,
Will manage to live and thrive on "feed?"
As poor as a pauper's pottage!

Of all the notable things on earth,
The queerest one is pride of birth,
Among our "ferocious democrats!"
A bridge across a hundred years,
Without a prop to save it from sneers—
Not even a couple of rotten peers—
A thing for laughter, sneers, and jeers,
Is American aristocracy!

Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,
Your family thread you can't ascend,
Without good reason to apprehend
You may find it waxed at the further end
By some plebeian vocation!

Or, worse than that, your boasted line
May end in a loop or stronger twine
That plagued some worthy relation!

Because you flourish in worldly affairs,
Don't be haughty and put on airs,
With insolent pride of station!

Don't be proud, and turn up your nose,
At poorer people in plainer clothes,
But learn, for the sake of your mind's repose,
That wealth's a bubble that comes—and goes!
And that all proud flesh, wherever it grows,
Is subject to irritation.

[From English Criminal Records.]

The Mysterious Midnight Murder.

During the time that the celebrated Lord Mansfield sat as Chief Justice upon the British bench, a little more than fifty years ago, a man by the name of Henry Thompson called at the house of a Mr. James Smith, a resident in a retired part of England, and requested a night's lodging. This request was granted, and the stranger, having taken some refreshments, retired early to bed, requesting that he might be awakened at an early hour the following morning. When the servant appointed to call him entered his room for that purpose he was found in his bed perfectly dead.

On examining his body, no marks of violence appeared, and his countenance looked extremely natural. The story of his death soon spread among the neighbors, and inquiries were made as to who he was, and by what means he came to his death. Nothing certain, however, was known. He had arrived on horseback, and was seen passing through a neighboring village about an hour before he reached the house where he had come to his end. And then, as to the manner of his death so little could be discovered that the jury, which was summoned to investigate the cause, returned a verdict that he died "by visitation of God." When this was done the stranger was buried.

Days and weeks passed on, but little further was known. The public mind, however, was not at rest. Suspicious existed that foul means had hastened the stranger's death. Whispers to that effect were expressed, and in the minds of many, Smith was considered as the guilty man. His former character had not been good. He had lived a loose and irregular life, involved himself in debt by his extravagance, and at length, being suspected of having obtained money wrongfully, he suddenly fled from the town.

More than ten years, however, had now elapsed since his return, during which he had lived at his present residence, apparently in good circumstances, and with an improved character. His former life, however, was now remembered, and

suspicion, after all, was fastened upon him. At the expiration of two months, a gentleman one day stopped in the place for the purpose of making inquiries respecting the stranger, who had been found dead in his bed. He supposed himself to be the brother of the man. The horse and clothes of the unfortunate man still remained, and were immediately known as having belonged to his brother. The body, also, was taken up, and though considerably changed, bore a strong resemblance to him.

He now felt authorized to ascertain, if possible, the manner of his death. He proceeded, therefore, to investigate the circumstances, as well as he was able. At length he made known to the magistrate of the district the information he had collected, and upon the strength of this, Smith was taken to the jail, to be tried for the wilful murder of Henry Thompson.

Lord Mansfield charged the grand jury to be cautious as to finding a bill against the prisoner.

The evidence of his guilt, if guilty, might be small. At a future time it might be greater. More information might be obtained. Should the jury now find a bill against him, and should he be acquitted, he could not be molested again, whatever testimony should rise up against him. The grand jury, however, found a bill against him, but by a majority of only one.

At length the time of trial arrived. Smith was brought into court, and placed at the bar. A great crowd thronged the room, eager and anxious to see the prisoner, and to hear the trial. He himself appeared firm and collected. Nothing in his manner or appearance indicated guilt; and when the question was put to him by the clerk, "are you guilty, or not guilty?" he answered with an unfaltering tongue, and with a countenance perfectly unchanged, "Not guilty!"

The counsel for the prosecution now opened the case. But it was apparent that he had little expectation of being able to prove the prisoner guilty. He stated to the jury that the case was involved in great mystery. The prisoner was a man of respectability and of property. The deceased was supposed to have had about him gold and jewels to a large amount, but the prisoner was not so much in want of funds as to be under a strong temptation to commit murder. And besides, if the prisoner had obtained the property, he had effectually concealed it. Not a trace of it could be found. Why, then, was the prisoner suspected? He would state the grounds of suspicion. The deceased, Henry Thompson, was a jeweler, residing in London, and a man of wealth.

He had left London for the purpose of meeting a trader at Hull, of whom he expected to make a large purchase. That trader he did not meet; and after the departure of the latter, Mr. Thompson was known to have in his possession jewels and gold to a large amount. With these in his possession, he left Hull on his return to London. It was not known that he stopped until he reached Smith's and the next morning was discovered dead in his bed. He died, then, in Smith's house, and if it could be shown that he came to his death in an unnatural way, it would increase the suspicion that the prisoner was in some way connected with the murder. "Now, then," continued the counsel, "it will be proved beyond the possibility of a doubt, that the deceased died by poison."

What was that poison? It was a recent discovery of some German chemists, said to be produced from distilling the seed of the wild cherry tree. It was a poison more powerful than any other known, and destroyed life so quickly as to leave no marks of suffering, and no contortions of the features.

"But, then, the question: When, and by whom was it administered? One circumstance—a small one, indeed, and yet upon it might hang a horrid tale—was, that the stopper of a small bottle, of a very singular description, had been found in the prisoner's house. The stopper had been examined and said, by medical men, to have belonged to a German vial, containing the kind of poison which he described. But, then, was that poison administered by Smith, or at his instigation? Who were the prisoner's family? It consisted only of himself, a house-keeper, and one man servant. The man servant slept in an out-house adjoining the stable, and did so on the night of Thompson's death. The prisoner slept in one end of the house, the house-keeper at the other, and the deceased had been put in a room adjoining the house-keeper's.

"It would be proved that about three hours after midnight, on the night of Thompson's death, a light had been seen moving about the house, and that a figure holding the light was seen to go from the room in which the prisoner slept, to the house-keeper's room; the light now disappeared for a minute, when two persons were seen, but whether they went into Thompson's room the witness could not swear; but shortly after they were observed to pass quite through the entry to Smith's room, into which they entered, and in about five minutes the light was extinguished.

The witness would further state that after the person had returned with the light into Smith's room, and before it was extinguished, he had twice perceived some dark object to intervene between the light and the window, almost as large as the surface of the window itself, and which he described by saying it appeared as if a door had been placed before the light. Now, in Smith's room there was nothing which could account for this appearance, and there was neither cupboard or press in the apartment, which—but for the bed—was entirely empty, the room in which he dressed being at a distance beyond it."

The counsel for the prosecution here concluded what he had to say. During his address, Smith in no wise appeared to be agitated or distressed, and equally unmoved was he while the witnesses testified, in substance, what the opening speech of the counsel led the court and jury to expect.

Lord Mansfield now addressed the jury. He said:—"That in his opinion the evidence was not sufficient to condemn the prisoner, and if the jury

agreed with him in opinion, they would discharge him." Without leaving their seats the jury agreed that the evidence was not sufficient.

At this moment, when they were about to render a verdict of acquittal, the prisoner rose and addressed the court. He said he had been accused of a foul crime, and the jury had said that there was not sufficient evidence against him. Was he to go out of court with suspicion resting upon him, after all? This he was unwilling to do. He was an innocent man, and if the judge would grant him the opportunity, he would prove it. He would call the house-keeper, who would confirm a statement which he would now make.

The house-keeper had not appeared in court. She had concealed herself, or had been by Smith. This was considered a dark sign against him. But he himself now offered to bring her forward, and stated as the reason, not that he was not willing that she should testify, but, knowing the excitement, he was fearful that she would be bribed to give testimony contrary to fact. But he was now ready to relate all the circumstances he knew. She might be called and examined. If her testimony does not confirm my story, let me be condemned.

The request of the prisoner appeared reasonable, and Lord Mansfield, contrary to his usual practice, granted it.

The prisoner went on with his statement. He said he wished to go out of court relieved from the suspicions that were resting upon him. As to the poison, by means of which the stranger was said to have died, he knew neither the name of it, nor the existence of it, until made known by counsel. He could call God to witness the truth of what he said.

And then, as to Mr. Thompson, he was a perfect stranger to him. How should he know what articles of value he had? He did not know. If he had such articles at Hull, he might have left them on the road, or what was more probable; have otherwise disposed of them. And if he died by means of the fatal drug, he must have administered it himself.

He begged the jury to remember that his premises had been repeatedly and minutely searched; not the most trifling article that belonged to the deceased had been discovered in his possession. The stopper of a vial had been found, but of this he could only say he had no knowledge, and had not seen it before it was produced in court. One fact had been proved—and only one. That he would explain, and his house-keeper would confirm the statement. A witness had testified that some one had gone to the bed-room of the house-keeper on the night in question. He was ready to admit that it was he himself. He had been subject, for much of his life, to sudden fits of illness; he had been seized with one on that occasion, and had gone to procure her assistance in lighting a fire.

She had returned with him to his room for that purpose, he having waited for a minute in the passage, while she put on her clothes. This would account for the momentary disappearance of the light. After remaining a few minutes in his room, and finding himself better, he had dismissed her and retired to his bed, from which he had not risen when he was informed of the death of his guest.

Such was the prisoner's address, which produced a most powerful effect. It was delivered in a very firm and impressive manner, and from the simple and artless manner of the man, not one doubted his entire innocence.

The house-keeper was now introduced, and examined by the counsel for the prisoner. She had not heard any part of the statement of Smith, nor a single word of the trial. Her story confirmed all he had said.

To this succeeded her cross examination by the counsel for the prosecution. One circumstance had made a deep impression upon his mind—that was, that while the prisoner and house-keeper were in the room of the former, something like a door had obstructed the light of the candle, so that the witness testified to the fact, but could not see it. What was the obstruction? There was no door—nothing in the room which could account for this. But the witness was positive that something like a door did for a moment come between the window and the candle. This needed explanation. The house-keeper was the only person that could give it.

Designing to probe this matter in the end to the bottom, but not wishing to excite her alarm, he began by asking her a few unimportant questions, and among others, where the candle stood while she was in Mr. Smith's room.

"In the centre of the room," she replied.

"Well, was the closet, or cupboard, or whatever you call it, opened once or twice while it stood there?"

She made no reply.

"I will help your recollection," said the counsel, "after Mr. Smith had taken the medicine out of the closet did he shut the door, or did it remain open?"

"He shut it."

"And when he replaced the bottle in the closet he opened it again, did he?"

"He did."

"And how long was it open the last time?"

"Not above a minute."

"Well, and when opened would the door be exactly between the light and the window?"

"It would."

"I forget," said counsel, "whether you said the closet was on the right or left hand side of the window?"

"On the left hand side."

"Would the door of the closet make any noise in opening?"

"None."

"Are you certain?"

"I am."

"Have you ever opened it yourself, or only seen Mr. Smith open it?"

"I never opened it myself."

"Did you ever keep the key?"

"Never."

"Who did?"

"Mr. Smith, always?"

At this moment the house-keeper chanced to cast her eyes toward Mr. Smith, the prisoner. A cold damp sweat stood on his brow, and his face had lost its color; he appeared a living image of death. She no sooner saw him than she shrieked and fainted. The consequence of her answer flashed across her mind.

She had been so thoroughly deceived by the manner of the advocate, and the little importance he had seemed to attach to the statements, that she had been led on by one question to another till she had told him all he wanted to know.

She was obliged to be taken from the court, and a physician who was present was requested to attend her. At this time the solicitor for the prosecution—answering to our State's Attorney—left the court, but none knew for what purpose. Presently the physician came in court, and stated that it would be impossible for the house-keeper to resume her seat in the box short of an hour or two.

It was almost twelve in the day. Lord Mansfield, having directed that the jury be accommodated with a room where they could be kept by themselves, adjourned the court two hours. The prisoner, in the meantime was remanded to jail.

It was between four and five o'clock when the judge resumed his seat upon the bench. The prisoner was again placed at the bar, and the house-keeper brought in and led to the box. The court room was crowded to excess, and an awful silence pervaded the place. The cross examining counsel again addressed the house-keeper.

"I have a few more questions to ask you," he said, "take heed how you answer, for your life hangs upon a thread. Do you know this stopper?"

"I do."

"To whom does it belong?"

"To Mr. Smith."

"When did you see it last?"

"On the night of Mr. Thompson's death."

At this moment the solicitor entered the court, bringing with him upon a tray a watch, two money bags, a jewel case, and a bottle of the same manufacture as the stopper, and having a cork in it. The tray was placed on the table in sight of the prisoner and witness, and from that moment not a doubt remained in the mind of any man present of the guilt of the prisoner.

A few words will bring this melancholy tale to its close. The house where the murder had been committed was between nine and ten miles distant from the court. The solicitor, as soon as the cross examination of the house-keeper had discovered the existence of the closet, and its situation, had set off on horseback with two sheriff's officers, and after pulling down a part of the wall of the house, had detected this important concealment. Their search was well rewarded; the whole of the property belonging to Mr. Thompson was found there, amounting in value to some thousand pounds; and, to leave no room for doubt, a bottle was discovered which the medical men instantly pronounced to contain the very identical poison which had caused the death of the unfortunate Thompson.

The result was too obvious to need any explanation. It need hardly be added that Smith was convicted and executed, and brought to this awful punishment by his own means. Had he said nothing—had he not persisted in calling a witness to prove his innocence, he might have escaped.

EIGHTY YEARS A PRISONER.—Kendall, of the New Orleans Picayune, in a letter from Paris to that paper, says:—"A tough and hardy old fellow recently passed through Lyons, on his way to Savoy, his native country. No less than eighty years ago, when he was forty-one, he was sentenced to the French galleys, for life, for some crime. At the commencement of our revolution, being then a middle-aged man, he was shut out from the world and of course expected to end his days, barring the chances of an escape, at the bagne. The other day he was released, at the age of one hundred and twenty-one. No cause is assigned, but the probability is that the government thought that he had worked out more than a natural life in the galleys, and that he was past doing any further harm. It is said that he has a little property in Savoy, the interest on which has been accumulating exactly one hundred years, or since he arrived at the age of twenty-one. The old fellow enjoys perfect health, although he stoops so much that his face nearly touches his knees."

POISON SPRING IN CALIFORNIA.—A spring has recently been discovered in El Dorado County, California, whose waters flow over a bed of arsenic thirty feet deep, and which crops out at the surface of the ground. The name of "Death Spring" has been given to the stream. The existence of it is supposed to account for the mortality among the gold miners at the early period of the California epidemic.

A NEW YORKER TO BE CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE RUSSIAN NAVY.—James C. Thompson, proprietor of extensive machine works in Albany, New York, has been appointed to the Chief Engineer of the Russian Navy for the term of three years, at a salary of \$6,000 per annum, house rent free, &c. Mr. Thompson was, for five years, first engineer on the steamer Pacific, of the Collins line.

PRESERVING GREEN VEGETABLES.—One of our exchanges says that green beans, green peas, and roasting ears may be had every day in winter at a very trifling amount of trouble by being packed away in salt. The salt is removed by steeping them in warm water. This plan can be easily tested.

HYDROPATHY OR HYDROPHOBIA.—A gentleman in Watkins, New York, being a few days ago suddenly chased by a mad dog, and not being near any house, ran into a pool of water in the road. The dog refused to pursue him there, and the gentleman escaped.