

she resolved upon atonement and made it amply.

When her evidence was fully heard, and the charge of murder clearly established against Stanley, he was called on for his defence. He handed a written paper to one of the lawyers, who by permission of the court, read it aloud. It was unimportant and frivolous: affecting to rest his innocence upon the station and rank which he held in society: these, he asserted, were sufficient pledges that the charges were false; and Honor's testimony he attributed to the disappointed ambition and insatiate revenge of a deserted woman.

This paper was heard patiently to the end, and the jury were desired to consider their verdict. There could not be a division of opinion when the proofs were so decisive and the answers so vague; and, without retiring from the box, the foreman handed in to the judge a verdict of Guilty. A buzz ran through the spectators, and, communicating to the people without the walls terminated in a cheer of satisfaction. Never was popular feeling so unequivocally expressed: it was universal and simultaneous, and might have grown into a wilder demonstration, had not the judge prudently checked it, in order to give to the last office of the violated law the solemnity which it demanded. He pronounced sentence of death on Stanley, whose sense of conception was dim and confused long before it was closed.

He was executed on the same spot where the unhappy Fletcher suffered. I witnessed the last infliction of the laws, and shall never forget the awful impression which it made upon my mind. The incensed populace assembled in vast crowds, and the hills, as far as the eye could reach, were covered with dense multitudes, whose shouts rang upon the ears of the wretched criminal. His name and his race are now extinct—his possessions have passed into other hands—and the recollections of the appalling guilt that marked his career are the only memorials of him that remain.

LORD TOWNSHEND's butler in preparing the cloth for a choice festival, was unlucky enough to break a dozen of china plates of a rare and beautiful pattern. "You blockhead," cried his lordship, meeting him presently after, with another dozen in his hand, "how did you do it?" "Upon my soul, my lord, they happened to fall just so," replied the fellow, and instantly dashed the second dozen upon the marble hearth into a thousand pieces.

TOUCHING INCIDENT.

THE following beautiful, delicate, and touching incident is taken from a work on Irish Character, written by Mr. and Mrs. Hall:

Our attention was one day called to a young girl in the town of Galway, who had come in for the purpose of selling two lambs. Her sweetheart had gone to sea, bequeathing his mother, a very infirm old woman, to her care. Soon after his departure, Mary left her father's more comfortable dwelling to reside in the old woman's cabin, so that, as she said herself, "she might watch the cranythur day and night, seeing she had no one to look after her."

Her parents were strongly impressed with the idea that she had thrown her affections away on a wild sailor, who would forget her; but her faith in him was unbounded. A sheep was her fortune, and she took it with her; it grazed among the crags, and in good time brought her twin lambs. These she hoped to have been able to keep towards the formation of a mountain-flock; but the season was so "pinching," that to support her old friend, she brought the two lambs into town for sale. The two creatures were coupled together like hounds; and as she stood with her eyes cast down, yet looking from them, it was impossible not to see the sorrow stamped upon her gentle features.

Several asked the price, and after beating her down, turned away without purchasing. This continued for some time, until at last she sat down, and passing her arms round her fleecy charge, she began to cry—

"I'm loth to part with them," she said, weeping, "yet I must part with them for what they'll bring. Every one is the same; its bitter poverty that would make me part any thing that has life in it."

"Then why don't you go to your own home, Mary, and take your lummies home?"

"I am at home," answered Mary, "and sure it is n't because the woman is poor and friendless that you would have me leave her, is it?"

At last, a rough-coated farmer, touched by her distress, offered her a fair value for her lambs. At first she eagerly accepted his proposal; but when she placed the tether in his hand, she raised her eyes imploringly to his face—

"Sure, it is n't going to kill them ye are?"

"No, my dear,—no, it is not; I'd be sorry to hurt a curl of their wool; they'll go to my own flock."

"God bless you!" she added, and departed with a smiling countenance.