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BEAUTY.

BY THE REV. W. STEWART DARLING.

There's beauty in this world of ours,—
There's beauty every where:
It nestles midst the gentle flowers;
It floats upon the air:
It has a thousand voices:
It wears full many a form;
In the sunshine it rejoices.
And it gleameth in the storm.

For it has a throne on the mountain hoar—
A glance of power in the lightning's blaze
You may hear its voice in the thunder's roar,
When the tempest in wrath o'er the dark earth strays, might,
But though 'tis a monarch of greatness and
It loves not the garb of its regal power;
For we find it oft'ner in lowly plight,
In some quiet nook at the sunset hour.

It has a brighter and dearer home
In the dark rich depths of a woman's eye,
And a sweeter voice in the thrilling tone
Of her gushing and matchless minstrelsy.
I love whate'er is with beauty fraught,
Whether I find it in earth or sky—
In "the burning words and the breathing thought," die
That shall still breathe on until time shall

I love it—I love it—where'er it be,
In the sunny fields or the shady bower,—
In the glorious bound of the mighty sea,
Or the simple smile of some lowly flower.
I love it when cast in the sun's last rays,
It beams midst the clouds of the rainbow west,
Or when, in the form of a smile it plays
On the Christian's brow as he sinks to rest

I love it in childhood's graceful form,
In her sleep so light and free; [wring;
In the greeting of childhood, so frank and
I love the laugh of infancy
I love it in manhood's early prime;
[illegible]
I [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Flings over the forest in [illegible] time;
In the voice of birds,—in the gorgeous song
Of some hollow brook as it winds along;
And wherever it dwells, and this earthly scene,
We feel that the finger of God has been,
And that sin itself cannot all defile
The lingering light of his holy smile.

NIAGARA FALLS.

From "Notes of Travel"

Il faut dener, was, if I mistake not, a maxim of *Rochefoucault*, and in truth the philosopher showed himself, by that remark, to be a man of the world, for the performance of the ceremony of dining, however unromantic it may appear, constitutes generally speaking one of the most agreeable duties of the twenty four hours. Whether revelling amidst nature's grandest scenery—travelling o'er Alpine heights, or reposing in the vicinity of Niagara's flood—whether scudding over the wild ocean, tempest driven before the North Western blast, or sweltering in a dead calm, beneath a tropic sun til life grows weary with waiting—whether elated by good fortune to the pinnacle of earthly happiness, or crushed by distress to the extremity of despair—still both the maxim hold good; we are but human, and while we live—*il faut diner*, so having got through this agreeable duty, quite to our satisfaction, we hired carriages and drove off to visit the sights on the Canadian side of the river.

A drive of half an hour brought us to the Devil's Hole, a spot we had passed in the morning on our way from Lewiston without stopping to look at. Now, however, we alighted for a few minutes, and after going through the customary *formula of paying, signing* names, &c., we passed on to the brink of the precipice which bears so impressive a name. It is a wild spot, but except for the little historical romance connected with it, it would not be worth the delay occasioned by visiting it. The banks, or rather the abrupt cliffs on both sides of the Niagara River, are here more than usually precipitous, and looking over them, the troubled stream below, deeply shaded by the steep and bush grown rocks appears dismal enough.—The place acquired its, not very euphonious appellation, from a tradition which points it out as the scene of a dreadful Indian Massacre, at the period of the wars between the French and English on this continent, prior to the conquest of Canada It is said that a party of British soldiers were driven over these cliffs and dashed to pieces on the rocks, or drowned in the dark waters beneath, having been surprised by a large party of Indians. The officer in command of the party alone saved his life. He was mounted, and darted rapidly through the body of Indians, closely pursued by some of the party; seeing them gain on his jaded and wounded horse, he began to despair and suddenly stopping and turning on his pursuers, hardly knowing what he did, or for what purpose, he made the Freemason's sign of distress. The Indians stopped also, and for some moments conversed rapidly together; at length one who appeared to be the chief motioned his followers to retire, and allow the pale faced warrior to escape. Whether the chief was initiated in the mysteries of Freemasonry, or whether he thought the officer was making some cabalistic sign, and feared he was summoning supernatural power to his aid my informant said not, nor as to the tradition itself, am I sure—

that true it be"
"I tell the tale as 'twas told to me.

The place is said to have been ever afterwards avoided by the Indians, as the above of evil spirits, and well might the dark solitary spot, associated in the minds of a race peculiarly prone to superstition with the recollection of the bloody deed there committed, favor such an idea.

There is a shallow, dry ditch near the edge of the cliff, which was pointed out to us as the bed of a rivulet, long ago dried up, into which the Indians threw some of the mutilated bodies of the soldiers they had siezed and massacred before the main body was driven over the precipice, which has since obtained the name of the "bloody run.'

After leaving this place we soon reached the Suspension Bridge. We drove over the bridge going out, and descended from the carriages and walked over, the better to examine it, on our return; however, I may as well give what imperfect description of it, I am able to give, at once. At each end of the bridge and at either side, there is erected a massive solid triangular scaffolding twenty-five or thirty feet in height. To each of these scaffolds is attached a double wire rope, that is to say, a number of small wires bound together till the ropes have attained the thickness of a man's wrist This rope is as strong and compact as if it were made of solid iron, and is painted red to preserve it from the weather. In this form it is much stronger than a solid bar of iron of the same thickness would be, and quite as flexible as is necessary for the purpose for which it is intended. Two of these ropes are extended across the river on both sides of the bridge, hanging in a curve which brings them down towards the centre of the bridge till they reach only a few feet above the plank walk.—From these ropes innumerable wires are extended to the posts on which the planks are laid. The flooring of the bridge is [illegible] slightly upwards, and [illegible] 250 feet in [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] the treatment of persons as would be by that of noiseless. Horses and horned cattle are daily driven over it, yet in no instance have they ever displayed the faintest symptoms of fright. The cost of this splendid specimen of individual talent and enterprise is defrayed by means of a toll paid every time the bridge is crossed, either going or returning. Standing on the centre of the bridge and gazing on the river beneath, or at the great Falls, themselves many feet below the altitude of the spectator, the visitor cannot but be impressed, if his head be not too giddy to think of anything, with the magnificence of the view around and beneath him, and with the magnitude of the undertaking itself

Leaving the bridge, we drove past the Clifton House and alighted at the Museum. From this spot the whole magnificent sheet of the Horse Shoe Fall is comprehended in the view, as well as the two branches of the smaller American Fall.—Answering the invitation of the proprietor we entered the Museum, which contains a great variety of specimens of Natural History, most of them indigenous to the spot. There are also a great number of Indian ornaments, and specimens of native Indian manufactures of various kinds, a great many well stuffed birds, and other articles; bows and arrows, hatchets, and other instruments of war or of the chase, pipes, wampum, preserved scalp locks, ornamental dresses, cooking materials, &c. &c.; in fact there is the whole economy, domestic, ornamental, or warlike, of native Indian life.

In an enclosure belonging to the Museum, there is a menagerie on a small scale, containing a few of the inferior wild animals and birds, and a fine specimen of the Prairie bull and cow. The bull is a rough looking creature, savage and extremely repulsive in appearance. He appears lazy enough, but the keeper told us that it was dangerous to venture into the enclosure in which he is confined.

Attached to the museum is a very neat garden; and outside but also attached to the same house, is an excellent Camera Obscura, which presents a good moving panorama of the Falls and river, and the beautiful scenery around. It is true there is much that is trivial in some of the sights in and connected with the Museum, when contrasted with the stupendous object which draws the visitor to the spot; but the only thing which is quite out of place is a sort of wax-work exhibition, which should certainly be removed. It is a disgrace to the other curiosities of the Museum, and contains about a dozen wretched discolored wax figures; among which there are intended to be represented a few Kings and Queens in the delectable company of some famed murderers, robbers, and other notorious characters.—However, the whole affair is trumpery in the extreme.

Leaving the Museum, we proceeded to the Table Rock, from which [illegible] stood for some [illegible] long I cannot tell, enjoying [illegible] full the glorious sight. Rooted to the spot from the sort of reverie into which the mind insensibly is plunged while contemplating such great wonders, not a little aided in the case of Niagara, by the effect of the constant roar of the waters; we recollected that there remained a disagreeable duty to perform—that of going under the Falls to Termination Rock.

For this purpose we procured from the Museum a black guide, and a suite each of oilskin, which covered the whole body, and taking off our shoes and socks, we inserted our stockingless feet into things that resembled half worn canvas scrubbing brushes more than anything else; then, taking hold of the hand of the guide, we shuffled along the narrow pathway cut in the side of the cliff and found ourselves in a short time beneath the centre of the immense sheet of water which fell arch-like above and far beyond us—The spray drenched us to the skin despite our oilskin suits, and the mist prevented us from seeing anything, while the noise was perfectly astounding. Still we groped along the slimy dark aqueous cavern, till at length we reached the upper world again on Termination Rock. To tell the truth, we were right glad of it, for although there is not the slightest danger to be feared in this sub-aquean traverse, yet it is a most disagreeable undertaking, and affords no pleasure to repay the trouble, except that of being able to say that you have gone beneath the Falls. Returning again to Table Rock, we watched the progress of the little steamer, Maid of the Mist, which, with half-a-dozen oil-clothed passengers, was toiling her way up the river till she reached the very foot of the Falls, when, almost hidden from sight by the dense spray and mist, and no longer able to stem the current, she whirled round, her engine seemingly powerless, and drifted down sideways for some time, till recovering herself, she again came up to her course, and went back to her landing place to receive on board a fresh party of adventurers, and perform again the same somewhat perilous trip, for if any accident should happen to her engine while almost in the centre of the boiling caldron, no assistance could be rendered to her, and she must be dashed to pieces and swept into the eternal whirlpool below, spoken of in a former letter.

[illegible] during [illegible] the [illegible] very [illegible] all [illegible] but which [illegible] upon the [illegible] a certain sum to support the numbers of people who by erecting pagodas and towers, and making wonders where none actually exist, have made the whole neighborhood a trap to the unwary. Having seen all that was to be seen, we recrossed the Suspension Bridge on foot, and reached our hotel about dark.

The evening was clear and delightful, as had been the whole day, and when the moon rose about 10 o'clock, I proposed to one of my traveling friends that we should stroll down to Iris Island, and see the Falls by moonlight. This was agreed to, and off we started passed through the grove of trees on the island, and reached our position of the forenoon. Every thing was perfectly still with the exception of the constant hum of the cataract, to which the ear speedily becomes habituated. Above us the dark blue sky studded with stars was unshadowed by a single cloud, and the moon almost in her full, seemed floating midway between earth and heaven, shedding on all around and beneath, a mellow light. The effect on the cataract and on the agitated surface of the river, was extremely beautiful. The contrast between the deep dark shade and soft silvery light of the leaping torrent, as seen through the tremulous gauze like mist, the white moonbeams glancing among the ripples of the dark rapids above the Falls, the lunar rainbow with its graceful curves and faint shades, encircling like a fairy girdle, the troubled surface of the river, the hollow murmur of the falling waters and the solemn stillness and repose of all nature besides, together formed a tableau utterly beyond the painters skill, or the poet's imagery to picture, or describe; gazing on the surpassing beauty, and subdued by the solemnity of the scene, the question suggests itself, whence comes this everlasting flow of water, which for hundreds—for thousands of years has never for one moment ceased, or deviated from its course?

I know of nothing so calculated as Niagara's interminable flood to convey to the mind the almost inconceivable impression of eternity. There is more haughty grandeur in the lofty mountain range—but its rugged outline is at length lost in the distance—there is more placid majesty in the calm repose of the ocean, beneath the stillness of a tropic moonlight—but the horizon affixes a limit to the view—the unbounded space in which our planet moves is shut out from human vision, by the blue canopy of heaven—fancy has full power to speculate on all these objects, something exists beyond our *ken*; not so with Niagara, it calls ceaseless on, but the same today as a thousand years ago, in everlasting motion and *eternal* sameness

Sir Walter Scott describing one of the most romantic objects in Scotland, says:

"He who would see fair Melrose aright
Must see it by the pale moonlight"

And so should Niagara be seen to convey a perfect impression of its beauty. He who has so looked upon it and not felt sensations new to him is not to be envied, for the fresh well springs of his must be dried up in his bosom.

It was past midnight when warned by the fast waning lights in the village, we returned to the hotel, and I was soon in bed and asleep, still listening to the hollow murmur of the cataract, and dreaming over again the moonlit scene I had left, mingled by the strange contrariety of dreams, with the familiar objects of every day life.

Felix M'Carthy, of the Kerry militia, was generally late on the parade. "Ah! Felix," said the Sergeant, "you are always last." "Be aisy, Sergeant Sullivan," was his reply, surely some one must be last."

A NOBLE HEARTED WRECKER.—The Salem (N. J.) Standard relates the following of Captain Joseph Gaskill, a Jersey shoreman, of whom the Newark Daily adds that "he has assisted on various occasions in rescuing *six hundred* persons and millions of property from shipwreck—without having ever recered one cent by way of remuneration."

Captain G. is as unassuming as he is brave, and it is with the greatest difficulty he can be induced to enter upon a recital of his adventures, which have been sufficiently numerous on our wild and desolate shore, to fill a most entertaining volume. Last April a brig drove ashore near Great Egg Harbor: the night was dark, and the storm raged furiously. As usual, the fishermen crossed the sand to the beach, but their boats were all too heavy to be carried over, and it was impossible to pass them out the inlet. In the extremity of despair, and while the vessel was momentarily expected to go to pieces, Capt. G. arrived with a diminutive gunning skiff, decked over except a small space, scarcely large enough to seat the rower. The skiff was soon carried across the beach, launched into the surf, and Capt. G., seizing the oars, started directly through the breakers for the brig. Every wave of course submerge the tiny craft, but, drenched and half frozen, he finally arrived along side.

The captain and crew were struck with astonishment at the temerity of the bold sailor, and forgetting their own peril, hailed her, "skiff ahoy! of the crew from the boatspit, who sitting with his back to the storm, formed a breakwater, and by this means was safely landed. Notwithstanding the coldness of the weather, Capt. G. continued his trips until every man on board was saved, and sunrise found him staggering for a full hour, on his last trip, with the captain and his wife. The entire crew would indoubtedly have perished had it not be for the intrepidity of Capt. G. in venturing out in his mere egg shell skiff. Neither money nor fame would have induced him to perform this noble act, but the knowledge that fellow creatures demanded his assistance appealed to the heart, and commanded the aid of the generous sailor."

TRUTH.

Truth is the foundation of virtue. A habitual regard for it is absolutely necessary. He who walks by the light of it has the advantage of the midday sun; he who would pierce it forth amid clouds and darkness [illegible] way in which a man strays [illegible] judgment, and acquires especially so surely, as by a scrupulous regard to truth. The course of such an individual is right and straight on. He is no changeling, saying one thing to-day and another to-morrow. Truth to him is like a mountain landmark to the pilot; he fixes his eye upon a point that does not move, and he enters the harbor in safety. On the contrary, one who despises truth and loves falsehood is like a pilot who takes a place of driftwood for his landmark, which changes with every changing wave. On this he fixes his attention, and, being insensibly led from his course, strides upon some hidden reef, and sinks to rise no more—Thus truth brings success; falsehood results in ruin and contempt.—*Dr. Channing.*

A GEM PASSAGE.—In a letter written in 1830, Lamartine thus beautifully and religiously explains his motive for entering political life:—

When the divine Judge shall summon us to appear before our conscience at the end of our brief journey here below, our modesty, our weakness, will not be an excise for inaction. It will be of no avail to reply, we were but as a grain of sand. He will say to us, I have placed before you, in your day, the two scales of a beam, by which the destiny of the human race was weighed; in the one was good, and the other evil. You were but a grain of sand, would not that have caused the balance to incline on any side? You have intelligence to see, a conscience to decide, and you should have placed this grain of sand in one or the other: you did neither. Let the wind drift it away; it has not been of any use to you or your brethren.

CURIOUS YET TRUE.—A highly respectable medical gentleman left in our office, last night, a metal ring upwards of an inch diameter, which a member of his family had found embedded in the heart of a potato on the previous day while at dinner. How the ring got into the tuber, which unlike the greater proportion of this valuable root, was free from taint, or to whom it originally belonged, it is of course, impossible to say. That at one time it may have ornamented the person of an African chief and afterwards found its way to this country in a cargo of guano, we can easily imagine. Other theories, equally plausible, may trace its origin to a very different source; be what it may, the relic, upon which a high value is placed, is a curiosity of its kind.—*Glasgow Citizen.*

Two gentlemen of old acquaintance were complimenting each other on their habits of temperance.

'Did you ever, neighbor,' said one, 'see me with more than I could carry?'

'No indeed,' was the reply, 'not I. But I have seen you when I thought you had better have gone twice after it.'

A NOBLE SENTIMENT.—"I look," said Dr. Channing, "with scorn on the selfish greatness of this world, and with pity on the most gifted and prosperous in the struggle for office and power; but I look with reverence on the obscurest man who suffers for the right, who is true to the good."

THE BERMONDSEY MURDER.

TRIAL OF MANNING AND HIS WIFE FOR THE MURDER OF PATRICK O'CONNOR.

This event, which had been looked to with so much interest, commenced on Thursday morning, the 25th ult., at the Central Criminal Court, London. The neighbourhood, before eight o'clock in the morning, was densely thronged by a large mass of respectably dressed ladies and gentlemen, who were anxious to obtain admittance to hear the proceedings which has caused so much notoriety, not only in London, but also throughout the whole of the country.

The Court was densely filled on the occasion. The gallaries and every corner of the court were crowded by persons of both sexes; and several ladies were accommodated on the beach. Among the great number of persons were the following;—The Prussian Ambassador and his secretary, the Swedish Minister and his secretary, Lord Strangford, the Lady Mayoress, on the beach; the Austrian Minister, Colorado, and his secratary, Baron Kohler; the Sardinian Charge d'Affaires, the Marquis Azeglio; Alderman Magnay, Sheriff Lawrence, Alderman Carden, Marquis of Hertford, Lord Howden, and Sir James Duke.

At ten o'clock, the Lord Chief Baron, Mr. Justice Maule, and Mr. Justice Cresswell took their seats on the bench, when George Frederick Manning, aged 30, described as a traveller, and Maria, his wife, aged 30, were placed in the dock, charged with the willful murder of one Patrick O'Connor

Manning was dressed in a black frock coat, buttoned up to the chin; Maria Manning was dressed in a silk plaid shawl; she had no bonnet, but her head was covered with a long white veil, pinned under her chin, and laced, reaching nearly to her waste. Her hair was in crape bands; she had white ruffles on her wrists, and wore white kid gloves.

The Attorney General, Mr. Clarkson, Mr. Bodkin, and Mr. Clerk conducted the prosecution on behalf of the Crown. Mr. Sergeant Wilkins and Mr. Churnock defended the male prisoner, and Mr. Balantine and Mr. Parry defended the female prisoner.

There were three counts in the indictment, variously stating the crime to have been effected by means of a crowbar, pistol, and air gun.

The Counsel for the prisoners raised a preliminary objection on behalf of Mrs. Manning, who, being a native of Switzerland, ought to be tried, it was contended, by a jury composed of half foreigners—The objection was overruled, the Court decided that in consequence of her marriage with Manning the prisoner had become naturalized.

The Attorney General opened the case. After expounding the law on this subject, he detailed the circumstances It would be proved that O'Connor and the female prisoner were on the most intimate terms, though he did not know when that intimacy had commenced. A young gentleman of the name of Massey lodged at the house of the prisoners in Minver Place, some few weeks before the murder was discovered, and during that time Manning had taken frequent opportunities of making inquiries of him of a curious nature, in connection with the murder of O'Connor. He told Massey that the deceased was a man of wealth, and was worth at least £20,000, and then asked if chloroform would stupify a person; he also inquired which was the most vital part of the head; he also asked if he had ever fired off an air-gun. Both prisoners afterwards anxiously pressed Massey to leave the premises, which he did. On the 23rd July, Manning went to a builder, and purchased sixpenny worth of lime, buying that which would burn the quickest, and was therefore supplied with gray lime. On the 25th Manning purchased a larger crow-bar, which was delivered on the 29th of that month. It was carried home by a man, who was met on London Bridge by Manning, who took him to a stationer's, and bought some paper to cover it. He took the crowbar to the house in Minver place, where it was taken in by Mrs Manning herself, who paid the man the price for which it had been purchased by her husband. It was also singular that on the 8th of August, the day before the murder was supposed to have baan committed, the female prisoner bought a shovel of an ironmonger in Tooley Street, which was afterwards carried home to the house in Minver-place, and placed in the hands of Mrs. Manning.—This identical shovel was afterwards found in possession of a furniture broker, who had bought the goods from Manning, and had no doubt been used in digging the hole where the body of O'Connor was afterwards found. On that very day Mrs. Manning wrote a letter to O'Connor, inviting him to dine with her and her husband in Minver-place, but, in consequence of being posted too late for delivery that day, it did not reach Mr. O'Connor till the next morning It would be proved that on the 9th, in the morning, the deceased had left his lodgings in Greenwood Street, with the apparent intention of proceeding to the London Docks on his ordinary duty; but he did not go there. He was, however, seen in the afternoon, about four o'clock, on London Bridge and about five in the afternoon was seen in the neighbourhood of Minver-place; but after this time he was never seen alive.

The remainder of the statement related to the manner in which the body was found, and the prisoners apprehended.

The Attorney-General then proceeded to call his witnesses.

Henry Barns examined by Mr. Clarkson. I am a police constable of the M. division; and in consequence of information I received, I went, on the 17th of August, to No. 3, Minver place, accompanied by a man named Burton. The house was empty. I examined it and went into the back and front kitchen. In the former I saw that there was a damp mark between the edges of two of the flag stones and that excited my attention. We removed the stones and found earth and mortar underneath. The earth appeared loose, and we removed it, and when I had dug down about a foot I discovered the toe of a man, and soon afterwards the loins of a body. The body was lying on the belly and the legs were drawn up and tied to the haunches. It was quite naked. We removed more earth, and at length discovered the whole body. The cord used was like a cloth's line, and the body was completely imbedded in slack lime Mr. Lockwood came in while we were engaged in getting out the body, and he took out a set of false teeth. I did not observe anything particular about the head of the deceased. We removed the body to the front kitchen, and Mr. Lockwood, who is a surgeon, and Mr. O'ling, another surgeon, examined it. Upon this same day I went to the residence of the deceased in Greenwood-street, Mile-end-road, where I found a box, the lock of which had been forced, but a seal had been placed on it.—In this box I found a cash-box, which contained some memoranda and I O U's, but no cash. Mr. Flynn, a relative of the deceased, was with me when I found this box.

Mr. S. Lockwood, examined by Mr. Clerk. I am a surgeon. On the 17th of August I went to the prisoner's house in Minver-place, and found the constables Barnes and Barton there. I went into the back kitchen, and saw Barnes in the act of removing the earth from under the stones, and I observed at first a portion of a human foot, and very soon afterwards the whole body made its appearance. Before it was removed I took from the mouth a set of false teeth. The body was then taken into the front kitchen, and I examined it. I found a protuberance over the right eye, which was very hard; I cut down into it, and found a pistol bullet, which I produce. There was a corresponding hole in the skull where the bullet appeared to have entered. There were some very extensive fractures on the back of the head, which prevented me from tracing the course of the bullet. I cannot say how many fractures there were, but a great number of pieces of bone came away. I should say the wounds were of such a nature as might be produced by a crow bar or ripping shisel. The wound from he bullet would undoubtedly have occasioned death. I was present at the *post mortem* examination. The stomach and other organs of the deceased were perfectly healthy.

Mr. Tamlyn proved that he had sold the false teeth to O'Connor.

Ann Armes, with whom the deceased lodged, proved the visits of Mrs Manning to O'Connor's lodgings, and the fact of her having called after he was missing. She remained in his bed room a considerable time, and she appeared all of a tremor.—Her hand shook when she paid for some articles in the shop of the witness.

William Massey examined by the Attorney-General.—I am a medical student, and I resided in the prisoner's house for about ten weeks. They did not keep a regular servant. I left the house about the 28th of July, on account of their appearing anxious I should do so, and one or both of them told me they were going out of town. I have seen the deceased Mr. O'Connor three or four times at Minver-place: and he made prisoner has told me that his wife had been to the docks, and he had given her large quantities of wine and brandy to keep away the cholera.—He also told me that O'Connor had made a will and left his wife nearly all his property, and that he was worth £20,000—He has also asked me questions about poisons, and what was most likely to produce stupification, so as to make a man put his hand to paper. I told him I had heard of chloroform and laudanum being used for such purposes, and he said he should like to get O'Connor to sign a promissory note for a large sum of money, or for £500. He said that O'Connor was very much afraid of cholera, and he told me when he came to frighten him a good deal about it, and get him to take brandy as a specific. Upon other occasions he has asked me which was the most vital part of the head, and I told him an injury under the ear was most likely to be fatal. He also wished to know the position of the brain, and I pointed it out to him. Upon another occasion he asked if I had ever tried an air gun, and whether it made a report. Another time we were talking about Rush's figure at Madame Tussaud's, and he asked my opinion whether a murderer would go to heaven, and I told him he would not.

By Sergeant Wilkins.—These things were said during several conversations.—As I was a medical student, the profession was the subject of our conversation.

The other witnesses were the parties who brought the crow-bar to Minver-place; the shopman from whom Mrs. Manning purchased the shovel; Mr. Bainbridge, the broker, to whom the furniture of the prisoners' house was sold, and his wife; the cab driver engaged by the prisoner to take her to the Brighton Station, and who subsequently drove her to the London and North Western Station; and Moxhay, the police superintendent at Edinburgh, by whom the female prisoner was arrested.

On Friday, when the court re-assembled, the remaining witnesses were examined. The Counsel for the defence then severally addressed the jury on behalf of the of-

[illegible] fenders, and [illegible] ciency of the evidence [illegible]

The Lord Chief [illegible] up. He said [illegible] correctly [illegible] prisoners; [illegible] trouble them with [illegible] subject. The questions [illegible] sider were, first, whether the [illegible] came by his death from violence; and, secondly, whether either or both prisoners were parties to it; whether they were directly parties to the violence, or whether either of them committed the violence with the concurrence, previous consent, or privity of the other, and if so, then their verdict would be against both. So also if it was the violent act of either, with the consent and concurrence of the other, then their verdict would be against both. But if they felt that the act was the act of one only, without any previous concert with the other, then the verdict should be against that prisoner. If neither of them had any thing to do with it, then they must acquit both; but these were points which they must consider and decide.—The learned judge then at great length, and with much minuteness, reviewed and commented upon all the evidence adduced in support of the prosecution. He said, from the statement which the male prisoner made upon his being apprehended, it was quite clear that he was present when the pistol was fired by some person, if he was not the actual perpetrator of the crime; and although that statement was not evidence against the female prisoner, it was evidence against himself. With respect to her, whatever knowledge she might have had of the contemplated murder when the lane, the crow-bar, and the shovel were purchased, they would bear in mind that she had invited the deceased to the house, and that if she did not take the keys from his person she immediately received them from the hands of the murderer, and both were subsequently found in possession of the property. After the commission of the offence the parties might, and appeared to have, adverse views; but what the jury had to consider was whether or not there was concert, concurrence, and privity before or during the time the murder was committed. If they thought that both participated in the guilt of murder, then it would be their duty to find both prisoners guilty. If there was room to doubt, it would be their duty calmly to investigate the case before them as men of prudence—men of the world, and men of justice. It was not necessary that the crime should be established beyond the possibility of doubt, for there were certain cases committed in secret of which positive proof could not be obtained. In all human affairs there were matters of doubt; but such was not the doubt they were to consider. If they were impressed with the degree of certainty on which they would act in their affairs, as conscientious men, then it would be their duty to convict the prisoners; but if there were such grave doubts as made it impossible for them to come to a conclusion, then they must acquit them.

About six o'clock the [illegible] Jury retired to consider [illegible] retired into Court [illegible] the Secretary [illegible] on his [illegible] [illegible] Guilty [illegible] Guilty [illegible] [illegible] The Foreman—Guilty [illegible] The female prisoner asserted her innocence.

The Sentence.—Mr. Justice Cresswell put on the black cap, when the female prisoner delivered an address of nearly ten minutes' length, declaring she was most unjustly treated, and was perfectly innocent. Towards the close she became very passionate and excited, frequently interrupting the Judge. She was at length induced to remain passive, and the Judge passed sentence of death, holding out no hope of mercy.

The prisoners loudly exclaimed, "Shameful England." They were removed in a very excited state. Manning remained firm and collected throughout. The executions are ordered to take place in Surrey.

GENERAL BEM.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Oct. 3.

Bem, the Hungarian hero—the Polish patriot—the victor in many a battle, has fallen; not in the field, for then his fate would have been glorious; nor has he perished on the scaffold, to which Russia had condemned him, for then he would have been a martyr. He has ceased to command either our admiration or sympathy; he is no longer the victorious General, the devoted patriot. Bem is a renegade. He has repudiated the religion of his fathers; he has renounced his country and the noble cause with which his name was so closely identified. Bem has become a Mussulman; he has embraced the religion of Mohammed, and from being the hero and patriot, he is now Murad the renegade. Humiliation and shame were the sentiments excited in the minds of the friends of Hungary at Constantinople when the news arrived that not only Bem, but all his staff, had become apostates. It is impossible to give an idea of the contempt which the name of renegade inspires in Turkey even among the Turks themselves.—*London Times.*

A new Orleans paper tells of a man who has worn out four pair of boots in two months, all in trying to collect the money to pay for them! Really these are "times to try men's *soles*."