Orleans Daily Crescent.

POETRY, MISCELLANEOUS AND TALES.

Taking of the Belen Gate.

SEPTEMBER 18, 1847.

(From Ticknor's Mexican War, September No. 1847.)

[illegible] three-quarters of a mile [illegible] from Chapultepec to [illegible] was flanked with trees, and [illegible] many parapets and deep ditches. [illegible] was an aqueduct, [illegible] conveying water from [illegible] Chapultepec. The Garita Belen was an [illegible] flanked on one side by a parapet and [illegible] on the other by a zigzag redan. It was [illegible] by guns from the Paseo, the Citadel, [illegible] the suburbs of Tacubaya. On the [illegible] left, was located a battery of four [illegible] guns; on the right, was the fortified village [illegible]. All these works swarmed with [illegible]. General Quitman, who was posted here on [illegible] September, 1847, had received discretionary [illegible] to advance upon the city by this route after [illegible] of Chapultepec, and he was known that [illegible] he had work to do commanded. The [illegible] of Quitman's division to the city!" [illegible] down the steps of the hill, out of the smoke and [illegible] of Chapultepec his troops poured on. Their ardor [illegible] strongly to attack. The trees on each side [illegible] with balls, huge pieces of stone, [illegible] the angles of the masonry were dashed [illegible] the ditches. The whole of the [illegible] afforded the only shelter from the fiery hail. [illegible] under cover of these arches, and springing [illegible] to the other, the assailants, aided [illegible] Webster, succeeded in silencing the infantry, over which poured the column, [illegible] Smith's fifties and the Palmetto Regiment. [illegible] the batteries open fire at once, sweeping [illegible] with a sharp tank fire from Hogan's [illegible] that the storm has shifted, and is [illegible] from a new direction. The assailing [illegible] shaken, wavers. The crisis of the [illegible] approaching, when the rumbling of Drum's [illegible] is heard. A few rapid discharges send the [illegible] flying from their guns, and the Americans [illegible] the Belen Gate. With a shout and a [illegible] the ditches on. The different commands are mixed together in inextricable confusion. [illegible] ranks leap the ditch, following their [illegible]. One final volley is given; the gleam of [illegible] through the smoke; then a short, sharp [illegible] hand struggle; and the next moment a figure [illegible] the dense cloud. It is Quitman waving [illegible] as a signal that the Belen Gate is won.]

[illegible] aged soldier,
All crowned with ghastly scars—
A wreck cast up on the beach of peace
From the foaming surge of wars.
He is resting, in the noontide,
Beneath a leafy tree;
And the young men and the boys gather round
To hear his stories free.
Of the battles and the soldier
With the long years ago,
Of his last and of his high deeds done
On the plain of Mexico.

"Tell us, sir, how the standards
With doubt and fear are rife,
And patriot virtues cannot thrive
In the air of civil strife.
But it matters not; when danger
Assails our native land,
Mark then how quickly faction flies,
And brave souls take their stand.
"Needs but a foreign foe
And as we proved before the world
In the war with Mexico,
They were martyrs, those who perished
For their country's trust and fame;
And glorious in the after years
Shall be each assisted name.
They were strong to toil and suffer,
They were strong to dare and bleed,
They were hearts sent forth from the hand of God,
To meet the time of need!"

The eldest of the children
In a noble, fair-haired boy,
And as thrills the warrior's tale with a willing ear
Are a kindling smile of joy;
And his little eyes are widened,
As at a trumpet's call:
"Now tell us of the hottest fight,
And the bravest deed of all."

"Ah!" cries the old man, grimly,
"We had enough to do;
For we're unstained with native gore
The starry banner flew;
But we owed the most to valor,
And the least to favoring fate,
At the taking of the Belen Pass,
And the storming of the Gate.

"We had gone through fire and labor
For many a night and day,
From Palo Alto's mournful field
To the heights of Monterey.
We passed at Buena Vista,
Contreras fell our blow,
And at last we saw the distant spires
In the pale of Mexico.

"Chapultepec is taken!
Upon her ruined walls
A huge and smoky canopy,
Like a shroud of honor, falls.
The bee-like swarms that clustered,
For life and home to strive
Are routed from their broken halls
Or cowed within their hive.
The guns that woke the morning
Are dumb beneath our tread,
As on we march, in serried files,
Through a desert of the dead!

"All faintly in the distance
Are heard the foe's alarms;
And hot, and grimed with blood and dust
We are resting on our arms.
On every war-worn visage
Stern grief with triumph blends;
For each has sought among the ranks
And missed his kin or friends.
The voices that were dreaded
We no or shall hear them more;
Our butchered comrades lie behind,
And vengeance stalks before.

"Still stay we halt our column,
For the steep so dearly won;
Ere the last fierce struggle begin is gained,
But more must yet be done.
Well may we halt our column,
To catch a moment's breath;
For the road in front is leading o'er
To the very jaws of Death.

"It is a narrow causeway
Across that dark morass,
With heavy arches frowning down
Upon the fearful pass;
And at the giant portal
The City takes her stand,
Hurling defiance back upon
The invaders of the land.
Like a grim and early watch-dog
Stares forth each deep-mouthed gun;

And plumes, and helms, and burnished steel
Are gleaming in the sun.
We have chased the wounded tigress
To the entrance of her lair;
And mad to battle for her young,
She turns upon us there.
Ere loudly rings the war-cry,
And while the flags are cast,
And Mexico will make this hour
Her proudest, or her last;
For all of savage valor,
And all of burning hate,
That have outlived the shocks of war,
Are at the Belen Gate.

"He comes, our mighty leader,
Along the wasted van;
There is no heart in all the ranks
That does not love that man!
He passes, hold the soldiers,
And it is a glorious sight
To see him form them for the fray,
But his brow is dark as night;
He is thinking of his brave ones,
Who sleep the eternal sleep,
Among the slaughtered enemy,
On yonder bloody steep.
He is thinking of the scorners,
Who should have come are now;
Such thoughts may dim the brightest eye,
And cloud the fairest brow,
But he gazes o'er the causeway,
And he hears the foeman's cry;
And the old stern look is on his face,
And the fire is in his eye.

"Forward!" and at the signal,
Beneath the General's glance,
With dauntless mien and measured tread
The lengthened lines advance.
There comes a blaze of lightning
From gate and wall, and spire,
As though the city had put on
A girdle all of fire!
There comes a burst of thunder,
As though the teeming earth
Were laboring with volcanic throes,
O'er some sulphurous birth!
There comes a pattering shower
Of iron down the pass,
Beath which the solid masonry
Is chipped like broken glass!
It was as though the Demons
Had risen 'gainst our plan,
And brought the guns of hell to bear
Upon the march of man!

"But where the invading army,
That stood so proudly there?
Has it *all* so soon been swept away?
Has it melted into air?
No: far beneath the arches,
At the signal of command,
Protected by the friendly stone,
Behold each little band.
But onward, ever onward!
No time to pause or doubt!
The glancing shot that skipt within
Bespeak the storm without.
We are near upon our foemen,
We can count their fieron array,
The bayonet now must do its part,
And end the fearful fray.

"'Charge!' and we break from cover,
With the panther's spring and yell!
Canon and musket from the gate
Peal back the challenge well,
And now a bullet strikes me,
And I stagger to my knee;
While past me rush, in headlong race,
The champions of the free.
I rise and totter forward,
Although with failing breath;
For who would follow such a chase
So far and miss the death?
The smoke has covered all things
In its darkest battle shroud,
Save where, you living line of fire
Lights up the murky cloud;
And there our gallant fellows
Are raging in the strife,
Before that stern and dangerous Gate,
Whose toll is human life!
They are chafing like the billows
Upon a midnight shore,
With a tempest driving on behind,
And wall of rock before!

"I see our gallant chieftain
In the hottest of the fire;
I see our soldiers gather near,
Like children 'round their sire;
I see him at the portal,
Still calling on his men;
And now the hot blood from my wound
Has blinded me again.
"I hear our fellows cheering,
As though to rend the skies;
And hastily I wipe away
The blood-gouts from my eyes.
And I, too, stand uncovered,
And shout with joy elate;
For the Stars and Stripes are waving high
Above the Belen Gate!"

Manchester, N. H., was called Derryfield, until 1810, when it received its present name. The poet Stark thus draws

A PICTURE OF THE TOWN:

From the eels they formed their food in chief,
And eels were called the "Derryfield beef!"
And the marks of eels were so plain to trace,
That the children looked like eels in the face;
And before they walked, it is well confirmed,
That the children never crept, but *squirmed!*
Such a mighty power did the squirmers wield
O'er the goodly men of Derryfield,
It was often said that their only care,
And their only wish and their only prayer,
For the present world and the world to come,
Was a string of *eels and a jug of rum!*

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.—The following good thing is told in a recent London letter:

I think the most curious fact, taken altogether, that I have ever heard of the electric telegraph, was told me by a cashier of the Bank of England. You may have heard of it. It may have been in print. I am sure it deserves to be. "Once upon a time," then, on a certain Saturday night, the folks at the Bank could not make the balance come out right by just £100. This is a serious matter in that little establishment. I do not mean the cash, but the mistake in arithmetic; for it requires a world of scrutiny. An error in balancing has been known, I am told, to keep a delegation of clerks from each office at work sometimes the whole night. A hue and cry was of course made after the £100, as if the old lady in Threadneedle street would be in the Gazette for want of it. Luckily on the Sunday morning, a clerk (in the middle of a sermon, I dare say, if the truth were known) felt a suspicion of the truth dart through his mind quicker than any flash of the telegraph itself. He told the chief cashier that perhaps the mistake might have occured in packing some boxes of specie for the West Indies, which had been sent to Southampton for shipment. The suggestion was immediately acted upon. Here was a race, lightning against steam! and steam with eight-and-forty hours start given. Instantly the wires asked, "Whether such a vessel had left the harbor?" "Just weighing anchor," was the reply. "Stop her!" frantically shouted the telegraph. It was so done. "Have up on deck certain boxes marked so and so; weigh them carefully." They were weighed; and one—the delinquent—was found heavier by just one packet of a hundred sovereigns than it ought to be. "Let her go," said the mysterious telegraph. The West Indian folks were debited with just £100 more, and the error was corrected without ever looking into the boxes or delaying the voyage by an hour. Now that is what may be called 'doing business.'"

The following act of barbarous courage is related of Revendee Bey, surnamed the "One-Eyed." His father died when he was only sixteen years old, and the Kurdes, his subjects, refused to acknowledge him as his successor on account of his youth, styling him "smooth face." Having called together the revolting chiefs, he advanced into the midst of them and said, "Well, you doubt my personal courage; I will now convince you of what sacrifices I am capable." And with this remark he immediately tore his left eye from the socket and threw it on the ground. This extraordinary act of courage so astonished the Kurdes that they threw them elves at his feet, acknowledged him as their Chief, and afterwards fought for him like lions.

LOVE FOR THE DEAD.—The love that survives the tomb, says Irving, is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. It has woes—it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection, when the sudden anguish and convulsed agony is over, the present ruins of those we most loved are softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the day of its loveliness. Who would not sorrow from the heart, though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gaiety, or spread a deep sadness over the hour of gloom? Yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song; there is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charm of the living.

A "CIT" AT A DEER HUNT.—A city buck, of the Broadway order, went in the country, and they invited him to a deer hunt. He had seen the antlers of a deer, and had a lively notion of venison, but he knew about as little of the live animals as he did about the gun they gave him. They placed him where the deer was to pass, and told him to fire as soon as he saw him. He stood and trembled. Soon he heard the baying of the hounds, and before long there was a cracking of bushes, and a magnificent deer rushed by with immense antlers and tail erect. The city buck stood still and trembled. The huntsmen came up, and asked him why he did not shoot? His lips trembled, "I saw nothing but the devil go by, with an arm-chair on his head and his handkerchief sticking out behind."

A MIRACLE OF HONESTY.—At a party, one evening, several contested the honor of having done the most extraordinary thing, and a reverend gentleman was appointed the sole judge of their respective pretensions.

One of the party produced his tailor's bill, with a receipt attached to it. A box went through the room that this could not be outdone, when a second proved that he had arrested his tailor for money lent to him. "The palm is his," was the general cry, when a third put in his claim. "Gentlemen," said he, "I cannot boast of the feats of either of my two predecessors, but I have returned to the owners two umbrellas that they left at my house."

"I'll hear no more," cried the astonished arbiter, "this is the very *ne plus ultra* of honesty and unheard of deeds—it is an act of virtue of which I never knew any person capable. The prize is yours, sir."

ORIENTAL FABRICS.—In an Indian paper of recent date we notice a very characteristic Easternadvertisement. A merchant who rejoices in the name of Soroopchand Doss, advertises for sale a lot of Dacca muslins. They are described as so fine that a whole piece can be with ease passed through a wedding ring, and when spread on the grass in the early morning, are so undistinguishable from dew that it is reported that a cow ate a whole web while grazing without discovering it. The Emperor Akbar rebuked his sister for indelicacy in appearing before him clothed in only seven folds of this texture.

BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES IN PHILADELPHIA.—A recent number of the Philadelphia Sun relates the following:

One of the most distressing cases of actual misery we have heard of this season is that of a widow, who has three children, all of whom are in delicate health. She is by trade, if such it can be called, a vest maker. The sickness of her children and the want of employment caused her to sell a feather bed. Then she sold her clothing, and finally called upon the managers of a benevolent society to take her child, five years old. "We will take it and bind it out immediately," was the first response she met with, and being unwilling to have a sick child bound out at so tender an age, she took the poor little thing home again, to starve with her, rather than see it thrown among strangers. She subsequently called upon another benevolent society, and was told she was too neatly dressed to want aid. In despair the poor woman wended her weary way home, and is now without the necessaries of life. The quicker the word benevolent is dropped by these societies the better.

Professor Taylor Lewis, in his new work on the Bible and Science, expresses the opinion that "the most acute astronomers have been not only practical but avowed atheists." The poetical proverb, "An undevout astronomer is mad," has never had much currency with the thinkers. The truth is, he is not the astronomer, who goes behind the curtain of nature, and basics himself with the mere machinery of phenomena, but the simple observer, to whom the wonderous spectacle of the heavens addresses itself with the noblest effect. The astronomer, especially the "acute" astronomer, is too apt to lose the glorious *ensemble* of the firmament, in the elementary principles which uphold it. It is a rare combination of gifts, indeed, which enables one to dissect the universe without expelling God—to take the great organ of nature apart, and still be ravished by its pealing anthems. [Louisville Journal.

The King's Word.

Never had the position of a king presented so hopeless an aspect, as that of Charles VII. of France, in the year 1456, two years before his deliverance by Joan of Arc. Almost all the ports and fortresses in the hands of the English, an army which it was difficult to maintain, without allies, an empty treasury, and no prospect of soon again being able to fill it—those were the circumstances in which Charles found himself, when one day, during his sojourn at Bourges, he received information that the last remains of his army had, in the preceding night, set fire to their camp, and gone over to the enemy. With the defection of these troops, under the command of the Count de Richemont, constable of France, the cause of Charles appeared to be irretrievably lost.

Such a disaster would have driven any other monarch to despair; but Charles—who received the intelligence of his misfortune just as he was engaged with his favorite, the Marquis de Giac, in his darling pastime of throwing the dice—merely looked up with a slight air of astonishment at the officer who had brought him the message, and asked: "What! are they all gone?"

"All, sire."

"Well, Giac, that is a good joke," said the king, laughing and turning to his favorite.

"Yes, sire," answered Giac; "and the misfortune could not have befallen your majesty at a luckier moment."

"Why so?"

"The men, sire, had arrears of pay owing to them, and the treasury is empty." At this moment a page announced the Comte de Richemont, constable of France; and the countenance of the Marquis, which had hitherto borne an expression of careless gaiety, instantly changed to one of extreme seriousness, and his face turned deadly pale.

"My cousin is welcome!" cried the King, at the same time looking towards the officer, who was still waiting, and giving him to understand, by a motion of the hand, that he was dismissed.

"Well, Giac," said Charles, in a tone of wonderment, as his favorite, whilst expecting the entrance of the constable, left the dice-box standing untouched before him; "the throw is with you."

"Sire"—— stammered Giac, as he arose in embarrassment from the table.

"What is the matter?"

"Your majesty is aware that the constable is not friendly towards me. As your treasurer, sire, he may think it my fault that the deserting troops had not received their arrears of pay, and I fear he may wish to be revenged."

"Nonsense, Giac! Do not give yourself any concern on that account. I, your king, will protect you."

"But circumstances might occur, your majesty" ——said the Marquis, trembling.

"There is nothing to fear. You have my royal word."

Here the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the constable.

"Welcome good cousin to Bourges!" cried Charles. "I have already heard what has taken place at St. Jacques de Beuvron. The wicked traitors! But what brings you to me, worthy cousin?"

"I am come sire," answered the Count, "to return to you my sword of office, as it is no longer able to restore the lost condition of France."

"Not so hasty, cousin!" cried Charles, knitting his brows. "It is not my fault that the cowardly mercenaries have left us."

"It is not mine sir," answered the constable, promptly and with emphasis.

"I know, I know," said the king. "You are a faithful servant." The Count bowed coldly.

"When I received the Constable's sword from your majesty," said he, "and assembled an army to protect your throne, I did so upon one condition; I promised to support the troops at my own cost during a period of four weeks, at the end of which time they were to be paid by your majesty, and you promised to send me a hundred thousand dollars for that purpose."

"Very true, cousin."

"Four months have elapsed since then; I kept my promise, but the money did not arrive. The troops refused to serve any longer without pay. I entreated and threatened, but without avail; the traitors deserted secretly. It would not have happened, sire, if you had kept your word as well as I kept mine, and had sent the money as you promised."

"What!" cried Charles, rising from his seat, and pale with rage, "I did not send the money?"

"No, sire."

"No! And the money has been collected from the country for the purpose! What has become of it?"

"Ask the Marquis de Giac, your majesty; perhaps he knows," answered the constable, coldly.

The Marquis, who had hitherto listened to the conversation in a state of the greatest anxiety, replied to the King's question:

"Sire," said he, "out of the hundred thousand dollars, the Chevalier Ange was paid the bet he laid with your majesty; and the rest I took in part payment for the three horses I had brought from Burgundy."

"So the money has gone for a bet and three horses!" cried the constable, angrily turning to the Marquis: "you are truly an excellent treasurer!"

"Whether I am so or not," answered the Marquis, scornfully, "it is not your business to decide." The Constable bit his lip without making any reply, and then fell on one knee before the King, and presented his sword:

"Here, sire," said he, "is my sword back again."

"No, my cousin, we will not accept it," cried Charles, "for we know none more worthy to whom we can confide it."

The Constable appeared to consider for a minute, and then, with a sideglance at the Marquis—

"Since you command it, sire," said he, "I will retain my sword, hoping long to wear it to the honor of my King and France; but I must make one condition, which I hope you will grant me."

"Most willingly, cousin."

"As Constable of France," continued the Count, "I exercise the highest jurisdiction within the provinces confided to me, as well as within the district of the town of Bourges."

"Right!"

"Allow me then, sire, to make use of this power; and permit that the same obedience may be shown to me that would be shown to yourself."

Charles appeared for a moment embarrassed, and then, with a sideglance at his favorite, whose face was pale, as he said, "Well, cousin," said he, "but with one stipulation: you must answer to me with your honor for the safety of the head of the Marquis de Giac."

"I answer for his life," sire," said the constable. Then turning to the Marquis:

"My lord Marquis," said he, "you are my prisoner."

Four hours after the visit of the Constable to King Charles, the Marquis de Giac was a prisoner in Bourges, on the charge of having squandered the money belonging to the royal treasury. This, at least, was the form under which the Constable had proposed to himself to retaliate upon the Marquis, for a long list of offenses he had been for some time committing with impunity, feeling himself safe under the especial protection of the King. The prisoner was fully aware of the danger of the position in which he was placed, although the word of the King, as well as that of the Constable, was undoubted security for his life. But are there not punishments infinitely more painful than death? Are there not tortures insufferable to destroy the thread of life, yet, in comparison with which, death itself would be a boon? And what was there to hope from the protection of a weak and frivolous King, at the time when the will of the Constable was of greater weight than that of his master?

Giving himself up to these reflections, his head resting on his two hands, the Marquis sat in a corner of his dark and dismal prison, awaiting the arrival of the messenger who was to make known to him his fate; for in those days no lengthened process was necessary for the condemnation of one who had fallen under the displeasure of the Constable. It was, therefore, that same evening, that the door of the prison opened, and the Mayor of Bourges, attended by two sheriffs, appeared before the Marquis. A long roll of paper in the hand of the former announced to him that his fate was decided.

"My Lord Marquis de Giac," said the mayor, after clearing his throat, and unrolling the paper, "draw near, and hear the sentence which the good city of Bourges, according to right and conscience, passes upon you."

The prisoner, by nature not timid, and endowed with a certain strength of soul which enabled him to meet with fortitude inevitable evils, arose courageously, and walking up to the Mayor almost with an air of pride,

"Let me hear it!" said he. "But, pray, use not many words."

"As you command," replied the Mayor, bowing low as he spoke; and then he proceeded to read, with all the pomposity of his office, as follows: "The supreme administrator of the laws of the good and true city of Bourges decrees, according to right and conscience, that Arthur Phœbus Charles, Marquis de Giac, be held guilty of having improperly and fraudulently squandered the royal treasure, and that he be accordingly attainted of high treason, and condemned to suffer death by the sword."

"How? Death?" cried the prisoner, more in anger than in terror.

"Allow me to proceed, my lord Marquis; I have not yet done," said the Mayor, and he read on: "In consideration, however, of its having pleased his Majesty, our most gracious King and master, to pardon with his own royal word the said Marquis de Giac, and to grant him his life, so shall the sentence pronounced upon him be commuted and changed to a penance; which commutation, however, can only be obtained by the condemned declaring in his own handwriting that he is willing to undergo the sentence of death, and to renounce the favor of the royal pardon offered him."

"And what is the penance which I am to prefer to death—in what does it consist?" asked the prisoner, turning pale.

"It is as follows," said the Mayor, reading further: "That Arthur Phœbus Charles, Marquis de Giac, shall bind himself to put to death with the sword, to-morrow morning before sunrise, in the open market place of Bourges, one of the criminals at present convicted of murder." Uttering a cry of rage and horror, the prisoner sank on the bench of his cell, and the door immediately closed upon the retiring mayor and his attendants.

When we consider the degradation attached to the office of public executioner in the middle ages, the contempt in which the man who filled it was held, and his low position in a civil community, we shall be able to form some idea of the refined cruelty contained in the so-called penance inflicted on the Marquis de Giac. To come in contact, even in the remotest degree, with that administrator of criminal justice, was held to be a disgrace which not even the royal authority was sufficient entirely to obliterate; and the meanest citizen would have preferred death to that act which the authorities of Bourges had imposed, under the name of a penance, upon a man of ancient and honorable race, and one who had long stood high in the favor of a crowned head.

At the dawn of day, on the 5th of June, 1456, an agitation began on the market-place of Bourges, which announced that something, as unusual as it was important, was about to take place. Out of all the houses, streets and alleys streamed men and women of all ages, who assembled round a circle marked out with posts in the middle of the market-place, the entrance to which was strongly guarded by well-armed soldiers. Although the morning twilight did not afford a clear sight of what was prepared upon the enclosed spot, still there was a general idea of what was to follow, and those who stood nearest could discern a lightly erected stage, the sight of which left no doubt as to its object. It was a scaffold, which awaited its victim.

The expectation and the interest depicted on the countenances of the constantly increasing mass, was very decidedly different from that which was usually observed on like occasions. This difference has its rise in the circumstance that the present occasion was not one of a common execution, but, as was already known to the inhabitants of Bourges, an example of the administration of justice hitherto altogether without precedent. Besides this, the unusual time of day as well as the place contributed much to lend solemnity to the whole; for a gallows had never before been known to be erected within the precincts of the dwelling houses of the citizens of Bourges; and added to this, the sword of justice was now to be seen in the hand of a man who, although he had not been particularly beloved by the people, had at least always been looked up to by them with respect.

As the length, during the continuation of that rustling and confused noise which is inseparable even from a silent multitude, the daylight increased by degrees and announced the approaching rising of the sun in the east, a deep and awful stillness suddenly prevailed. Through a passage formed by the crowd, a picket of soldiers approached the fatal ring; surrounded by these soldiers was a miserable cart, in which sat the executioner, and by his side a haggard-looking man who was evidently about to suffer the death of a malefactor. At a little distance from the cart followed a clergyman, accompanied by a man whose face was perfectly pale, but whose carriage was firm and proud and his aspect imposing. His dress richly embroidered with gold, but to which the armorial ornaments were nevertheless wanting, showed him to be of high rank. It was the Marquis de Giac. When he appeared, a suppressed exclamation of sympathy ran through the crowd.

In the meantime five members of the judicial body of Bourges had approached the scaffold from an opposite direction, and after laying several rolls of paper down upon a table, awaited earnestly and silently the approach of the condemned. A few moments after the victims appeared upon the place of execution. The clergyman drew near to the culprit who had been convicted of murder, prayed with him for a short time and then led him to the fatal seat; after which, amidst the breathless stillness which prevailed, the senior of the five judicial officers proceeded to read aloud the first sentence of the murderer, and then that of the Marquis de Giac, to whom he turned at the conclusion with these words:

"I demand of you, Arthur Phœbus Charles, Marquis de Giac, whether you are willing, under your own handwriting and signature, to give yourself up to the royal mercy, and thus escape the sentence of death which hangs over you?"

"No," answered the Marquis, in a firm voice.

"Then," continued the officer of justice, "you will have to perform the penance imposed on you, and do the part of executioner to the delinquent who has been adjudged to suffer death at the hands of the headsman!"

Saying this, he made a sign to the executioner, who drew from under his cloak a sword which he presented to the Marquis de Giac.

An indescribable expression of anxiety was depicted on every countenance. After a short pause, the Marquis, pale as death, seized the sword with a firm grasp, bared his right arm, and——. A shriek of horror burst from the crowd—he had cut off his right hand by a desperate stroke of the weapon which he held in his left.

Returning the sword to the executioner, and turning to the judicial authorities, whilst the blood streamed from his arm, he said: "Go, tell the Constable, gentlemen, that the Marquis de Giac has no hand with which to perform the duty of executioner—!"

He could say no more, but fell fainting from loss of blood.

Before the expiration of an hour, the Marquis received the pardon of the Constable, who admired courage still more than he hated political crime.

The Mysterious Passenger.

BY AN OLD STAGER.

It is about ten years since the extensive forgeries of one Hasbrook created a great deal of excitement in State street, Boston. The fellow was an adroit rogue, and when the officers were sure they had him, he quietly slipped away, and could not be discovered. It was ascertained that a passage had been engaged in the British steamer for a person whom some foystery hung. A watch for this individual was set, but several days before the steamer was appointed to sail, Hasbrook slipped away, so that he could not be the mysterious person, or he had abandoned his flight to Europe.

About this time, tired of the dust and din of the city, I started for a tour to the east. I missed the steamer Admiral, which went direct to Eastport; but determined not to be balked, I took the cars for Portland, proceeding thence by the steamer Governor to Bangor, arriving there on Saturday morning.

I intended to stay in the city of pine boards for a few days, but as it was hot, and having made the acquaintance of a very agreeable Philadelphia gentleman, who was going to take the stage for Eastport that night, I decided to accompany him.

We were roused from our beds at 12 o'clock, midnight, to take the early stage. It was no great hardship, for the nights were cool and the days hot. In the stage we found two passengers, who had already appropriated the back seat, and my friend and I bestowed ourselves on the forward seat. It was so dark we could not make out our fellow-passengers, one of whom had enveloped himself in a great cloak, and seemed to be asleep. The other was quite communicative, and we three were soon on excellent terms.

We talked politics, lumber and crops till daylight began to appear, when the stage was invaded by an army of rapacious mosquitoes, who threatened to suck all the blood out of our veins.

"We must fight or die, Boston," said my friend, slapping vigorously about him.

"Never mind, Filly, I have a dozen cigars. We will show them no quarters."

My friend's name was Raymond, but we had got in the way of calling each other by the name of the city from which we came. I had abbreviated the name of the Quaker city into a very familiar and loving cognomen, and Filly, in revenge, sometimes called me Bosty.

Raymond was a right down good fellow, one of the best companions in the world for a journey. I had casually made his acquaintance on board the Governor, and we had since hung together like brothers.

I passed the cigars to the party.

"No," said the man in the cloak, gruffly.

"Won't you smoke?"

"No."

Our lumber friend would smoke, and in a moment we were all three in full blast. The man in the cloak sneezed.

"Is smoking offensive to you?" asked Filly.

"No."

He seemed to have a supreme contempt for mosquitoes, for on his face and hands we could see them busily engaged at their bloody work, which he suffered to proceed, without even taking the trouble to brush them off. He was a strange being, whoever he was, and we were all very curious to know who and what he was. He would answer no questions. Filly took a malicious delight in annoying him—but he only answered with yes or no, or by a nod. He was certainly a very mysterious passenger, and we would have given all our old boots to know about him.

Our onslaught on the mosquitoes was successful. The smoke drove them out, and we were once more at peace.

The stage stopped for breakfast, but our mysterious companion was not to be tempted from his corner.

"Would he have breakfast?

"No."

As the day advanced, the mystery grew more deep and profound. The day was hot, but the stranger kept his cloak on, and still kept his face as much concealed as possible. On our arrival at Cherryfield, where we were to dine, he still remained stationary in his corner.

"Thundering strange, isn't, Bosty? Is he crazy?"

"Perhaps he is."

"He will starve to death."

"Very likely."

"Perhaps he has no money."

"Perhaps not."

"I will offer to pay for his dinner."

"Filly, I have an idea," I observed, after he had failed in his attempt.

"Hold on to it, Bosty."

"About this man."

"What?"

"He is a rogue."

"I should not be surprised."

"I will bet you five dollars it is Hasbrook, the forger."

"Very likely."

"I am almost certain."

"On the whole, I don't think it is."

"I will bet five dollars on it."

"Done," said he, and we shook hands on it.

After dinner, and while we were enjoying the pleasantest part of the journey through the woods of Maine, the mysterious passenger was still mysterious. We could get nothing out of him. In vain Filly questioned him.

"Do you know Hasbrook, the forger?" asked he.

"No."

"Never saw him?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

I was sure he was Hasbrook, the forger, and sure of winning the bet with Filly.

The stranger settled back, and made no reply.

It was about four o'clock in the morning when we reached Eastport, and then, for the first time since leaving Bangor, I believe, the suspicious individual got out of the stage. When the stage drove up at the hotel, we noticed several persons in the bar-room, and two men were standing on the steps when we alighted.

The stranger, to my astonishment, walked to Filly, as he got out, and slapped him on the shoulder. The stranger spoke then:

"Mr. Hasbrook, I arrest you," said he.

"Eh?" and Filly started back.

The two men who were standing on the steps, immediately laid hands on my jolly, good-natured friend.

"Hasbrook, is it?"

In a moment more they had handcuffed him.

"Found a tongue at last," said Filly.

"My name is Easterbrook. I am a member of the Boston police," said the man in the cloak.

"You are a shrewd fellow, but he that holds his tongue, tells no secrets."

"That's a fact. You have been snuffing me all the way. Why did'nt you get out when we did?"

"I did, while you were at your meals. The driver knew me, so that I did not suffer."

"Bosty," said Hasbrook, turning to me, "you have lost your bet."

I was confounded at his impudence, but I handed him $5. Was it possible I had been intimate for several days with Hasbrook, the forger?

He was taken to Boston, per Admiral, by the three officers, two of whom had come by boat, and the other had been our mysterious passenger. It was supposed he meant to take the steamer at Halifax, and was proceeding this way. He was a good fellow, and I was sorry for him. He served out his time in the State prison.

AN EDITOR IN LUCK.—The editor of the Coffeeville (Miss.) Intelligencer thus relates his experience in the business of publishing a newspaper:

Shortly after we commenced the publication of this paper, our office was set on fire and the greater portion of our stock of paper consumed. Sometime since we employed a printer named Thomas, who robbed us of between $25 and $30 and left for parts unknown. Shortly after this we took a young man into the office to learn him the printing business. He left, and we *missed* $10. Week before last a drove of hogs got into our garden, destroyed all our potatoes, some thirty or forty bushels. Did'nt leave us enough to ask a blessing over. The forepart of last week some half dozen cows got into the same garden and demolished one hundred and fifty head of cabbage. Wednesday night of last week some scamp entered our domicil and abstracted therefrom some $35 or $40 in bank bills, and the principal part of our wearing apparel. In fact, the rascal left us "nothing to wear" but a couple of well worn coats, and two pair of unmentionables, minus that portion which comes in contact with the seat of a chair.

WHOLESALE HORSE STEALING IN ALABAMA.—The Demopolis Gazette states that, one night recently, six horses were stolen from a camp-ground near Dayton.

As Shuter, the celebrated comedian, was once traveling to the north of England, the coach was stopped by a highwayman on Finchley Common. His only companion in the journey was an old gentleman, who, to save his money, pretended to be asleep. But Shuter resolved to be even with him. Accordingly, when the highwayman presented his pistol and demanded Shuter to deliver his money or he was a dead man, "Money!" returned he, with an idiotic shrug, and a countenance inexpressibly vacant. "Oh, lad, sir, they never trust me with any, for much here always pays for me, turnpikes and all, your honor!" Upon which the highwayman gave him a few hearty curses for his stupidity, aroused the old gentleman and robbed him of every shilling, whilst Shuter heartily enjoyed the joke.

Schedule of Mails.

NEW ORLEANS POST-OFFICE.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

From 1st June, to 1st November, 1857.

OFFICE HOURS—Week Days, from 8 A. M. to 6 o'clock P. M.; Sundays and Holidays from 9 to 11 o'clock A. M.

EASTERN MAIL—Due daily at 8 A. M.; closes daily at 10½ A. M. for prepaid letters, at 11 A. M. for prepaid foreign letters.

LAKE BOAT MAIL, BY MOBILE BOATS—Bay St. Louis and Pass Christian on Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays, at 10½ A. M.

BY STEAMBOAT CREOLE—For Bay St. Louis, Pass Christian, Mississippi City, Biloxi, Ocean Springs, on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 8 A. M., and on Saturdays at 3 P. M.; and on Fridays at 3 P. M. for Bay St. Louis, Pass Christian, Mississippi City and Biloxi. Pascagoula at 10½ on Wednesdays and Saturdays at 3 P. M.

CAIRO MAIL—ROUTE 7,502—Supplying Baton Rouge, Natchez, Vicksburg, Lake Providence, Grand Lake, Worthington, Greenville, Columbia, Napoleon and Little Rock, Helena, Memphis, Randolph, New Madrid, Hickman, Columbus, Cairo and St. Louis. Closes daily at 3 P.M. Due daily by 5 P. M.

VICKSBURG MAIL—Supplying Donaldsonville, Plaquemine, Baton Rouge, Port Hudson, St. Francisville, Pointe Coupee, Morganza, Red River Landing, (supplying Alexandria, Grand Ecore, Natchitoches, Shreveport and Eastern Texas,) Fort Adams, Natchez, Waterproof, Rodney, St. Joseph, Grand Gulf, Ashwell, Warrenton, New Carthage and Vicksburg. Closes on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 3 P. M. Due on Monday, Thursday and Friday at 10 A. M.

KEY WEST MAIL.—Closes on the 12th and 26th of each month at 7 A. M. Due on the 6th and 22d of each month.

BALIZE MAIL—Supplying Bienvenue, English Turn, Pointe-a-la-Hache, Grand Prairie, Jesuit's Bend, Romulus Settlement and Brass Settlement. Closes on Saturday at 9 A. M. Due on Tuesday at 8 A. M.

GALVESTON, SALURIA, INDIANOLA AND PORT LAVACA.—Closes every Sunday and Thursday at 7 A. M. Due every Tuesday and Saturday at 4 P. M.

BRAZOS SANTIAGO, POINT ISABEL, BROWNSVILLE AND RIO GRANDE.—Closes first and third Thursday of each month at 7 A. M. Due every first and third Monday at 4 P. M.

VERA CRUZ AND TAMPICO.—Supplying all Mexico. Closes on the 1st and 15th of each month at 7 A. M. Due on the 10th and 24th. Postage, 10 cents per half ounce; Newspapers 2 cents each, prepaid.

HAVANA MAIL.—Closes, direct, on the 5th, 12th, 20th and 27th of each month at 7 A. M. Due on or about the 5th, 12th, 20th and 28th of each month. POSTAGE PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. On letters 10c; on Newspapers 2c.

WEST INDIA ISLANDS, BRITISH POSSESSIONS IN THE GULF OF MEXICO AND SOUTH AMERICA, AND THE ATLANTIC COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA, via HAVANA. Closes on the 5th and 20th; due on or about the 12th and 28th of each month. POSTAGE PAYABLE IN ADVANCE, as follows:

ST. FRANCISVILLE OR COAST MAIL.—Supplying McCutcheon's, St. Charles, Taylor's, Bonnet Carre, Edgard's, Vacherie, Bringier's, Cantrell's, Tureaud's, Donaldsonville, (and interior) New River, Bayou Goula, Iberville, Plaquemine, Manchac, Braly's Landg, Baton Rouge, (and interior) Lobdell's Store, Port Hudson, Hermitage, Waterloo, and St. Francisville, (and interior.) Closes on Sunday, Wednesday and Friday, at 7 A. M., and Mondays at 3 P. M. Due on Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday by 8 A. M.

COVINGTON MAIL, OR LAKE MAIL.—Closes on Monday, Wednesday, Friday, by 10½ A. M. Arrives on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, by 4 P. M.

JEFFERSON CITY MAIL.—Closes on Tuesday at 12 M.; due same time.

ALGIERS MAIL—Daily, except Sunday. Closes at 12 M.; due same hour.

LAFAYETTE MAIL.—Closes daily (except Sunday) at 1 P. M. Arrives daily (except Sunday) at 11 A. M.