

The convict started—a flush passed o'er his features, and then, as they relapsed into their former rigidity, he shrugged his shoulders with an air of melancholy, and almost contemptuous incredulity.

The judge repeated his words, and picking up something from the table before him—

"Here," said he, "is the bullet which shot Count Friedrich T—," (Franz shudderingly averted his gaze) "and here the carbine whence it was projected," and he showed how exactly the ball fitted the muzzle of the gun. Then taking in his hand a pistol—

"Count Franz T—," he added solemnly, "here is the pistol you employed, as it was found last night, buried in the mud of the pond, where you had thrown it. Not only this bullet cannot, by any mortal means, be adapted to it, but—it is now as it has been for fifteen years, undischarged!"

At these words the convict's stony immobility gave way—he rushed forward with a cry so harrowing that the very murderer Johann shivered at the sound; but ere he could reach the pistol held out to him by the magistrate's hand—ere he could hear the latter's concluding words—"You are free, Count Franz T—," he had dropped upon the floor in a fit.

For months after his release from prison, Count Franz T— lay on a bed of sickness, wandering between reason and insanity; and when he acquired a perfect mastery of the truth, and knew that, although guilty of the moral crime of the *will*, he was innocent of the act of his brother's death—it was to consecrate what remained to him of life and energy to the work of expiation. He retired to the Convent of M—, and took orders and the habit of a Franciscan.

Two words will explain the circumstances of Count Friedrich's murder; Johann, when the Count refused his escort through the wood, followed him, meaning to kill him and steal the diamond necklace whereof he knew him to be the bearer. Franz, goaded on by jealousy and revenge, had dogged his brother's steps to and from the chateau of their aunt, with the same fell purpose. Both fired at the self-same instant, and the Count's pistol hung fire; and when, after casting it from him, he sprang from the thicket, actuated by sudden remorse, and threw himself on his brother's corpse, the real assassin, fearing discovery, fled.

The Lady and the Russian Emperor.

Letters from Petersburg, dated July 20, 1851, give an account of the following very mysterious occurrence. The Czar may have been very deeply interested in the fair Englishwoman, and himself the hero of the attempted elopement:

Towards the middle of last month, says the writer, the arrival of the Hon. Mr. R—, an Englishman of high connections and great wealth, who was accompanied by his wife and her sister, Lady Helen B—, promised to give great eclat to the season, since it had been announced that the hon. gentleman had come for the purpose of giving a round of fetes, for the magnificence of which he is so justly renowned in England. In due time Mr. R— was presented to the Emperor, who, on first seeing Lady Helen, was so much struck with her grace and beauty, that he bestowed on her those pointed attentions which are not alone a mark of respect, but also a more fervid feeling. Festivities commenced, and it was remarked that his Majesty went with more zeal into those enjoyments, but rarely stayed any length of time unless Lady Helen was present, when he would remain longer than even the most liberal observance of etiquette warranted.

About a week ago, July 13th, a state ball was given at the palace. Mr. R. and his ladies were invited; and soon after 11 o'clock repaired to the gorgeously directed saloons. Mr. R. who had observed the singular conduct of the Emperor towards his sister-in-law, had announced his departure on the day following, for although from the established moral excellence of his Majesty, he could harbour no feelings of distrust towards him in regard to Lady Helen, he found it necessary to silence the reports which seemed rapidly to be gaining ground. Their presence at the ball was their last appearance in the saloons of royalty, thereby rendering the event all the more interesting. The Emperor

is a fine man, as fine a one as you can pick up during a day's walk in any quarter of the globe, but on this night he looked really magnificent, as leading the lady of the Austrian Ambassador, he entered the saloons, where the crowd fell back to give way to the mighty one. As he passed Lady Helen, who was leaning on the arm of young Prince Worenschoff, he gave her a look so full of meaning as to cause her face to be suffused with blushes. On he went, the diamond-decked multitude blocking up the passage which had just been formed for him, eager to catch one more sight of him who reigned supremely over fifty millions of his fellow men, and whose will at home has never been questioned.

It was shortly after midnight, when Mr. R. after having been in search of his fair sister-in-law, was accosted by Prince Worenschoff, who asked him why Lady Helen had left so soon.

"Left so soon?" inquired Mr. R., why, where could she have gone to alone?"

"You sent a message to her," replied the Prince, requiring her to return home at once, and that you would soon follow. She seemed disappointed, but left since you wished it."

"When, where?" gasped Mr. R., scarcely able to master his agitation.

"I saw her cross the Newsky Perspective," rejoined the Prince, who had handed her to the carriage.

Mr. R. heard no more. Hastening down the magnificent marble steps of the palace he reached the square where several officers of the guard stood in close conversation, holding their chargers by the bridle. Vaulting into the saddle of one to the infinite surprise of the owner, he rode *ventre a terre* across the Perspective, where, on reaching the corner of the Promenade, he saw a coach driven swiftly down the street, after halting a moment to pick up a tall figure enveloped in a large military cloak. A few moments sufficed for Mr. R. to overtake the coach, and forcing the blinds down he saw his sister-in-law before him in company with the tall person above alluded to whose face however, was entirely covered by the collar of his cloak.

"Pull up," shouted Mr. R. to the coachman, but whether deaf or not, the fellow paid not the slightest attention to the command. "Pull up, or I'll shoot you," again cried Mr. R., at the same time drawing a pistol from his holsters; again he received no answer.

Presently the inmates of the coach, which went at a furious speed, heard the report of a pistol, succeeded by a heavy fall. The horses no longer lashed came to a stand still, and the next instant Mr. R. tore open the coach door and handed out his sister-in-law.

"Who are you, sir?" he asked of the tall person, who had remained motionless, but now left the coach at the opposite door.

There was no answer, but a shrill cry such as is only heard in the wilderness of Russia, and in the deserts of the Bedouins. It was instantly repeated from various quarters whence squadrons of horses and leaders of police came to the spot. A scene of indescribable confusion ensued. Mr. R. who had seized the mysterious stranger, was in act of pounding him to his heart's content when a deep voice whispered in his ear, "beware." At the same time a rush was made by the military towards the spot where Mr. R. and the tall stranger were standing; they were separated, and the Englishman saw his opponent no more. Lady Helen on being asked, could not give any clue as to who he was, since he had only just before the rescue by R. entered the coach, and had not exchanged a single word with her.

It was remarked by those who were present at the imperial ball that night, that the Emperor was absent for more than an hour from the scene of the festivity. When at last he re-appeared he seemed confused and excited; the news of the attempted abduction of Lady Helen had also meanwhile reached the saloon, and was received by his Majesty with a coldness which ill compared with the feelings he had heretofore evinced towards her. Early on the following morning Mr. R. made a formal complaint through his ambassador, but although every assistance was promised, the affair was shrouded in too deep mystery for even the Petersburg police, and no traces of the offender could be discovered.

Mr. R. and his fair companions *de voyage* left Petersburg, and have returned to England.

Singular Resemblance.

The following is translated from a late French newspaper.

A Correspondent at Vienna, mentions a singular fact which has created quite a lively sensation among the learned physiologists of Germany. The Countess D. for many years a widow, was the mother of twin daughters, between whom there was such a striking resemblance that in the family even it was necessary to resort to some artificial mode of distinguishing the one from the other. In features, in statue, in manners, in voice, in everything the resemblance was perfect. As the young ladies enjoyed a good reputation, and had moreover a fortune in prospect, they had been beset by crowds of suitors, all of whom were doomed to the disappointment of their hopes. One day, two Frenchmen, who had but recently arrived at Vienna, presented themselves at the residence of the Countess.

They were twin brothers, who likewise resembled each other so much that it was almost impossible to distinguish them. The two daughters of the Countess, who had been before remarkable for their cheerfulness and gaiety, became suddenly depressed and melancholy. Their hands were soon sought in marriage, however, by the young Frenchmen. The offers were accepted, and in the course of a month or two the parties were all married at the same time. In due time, on the same day, and at the same hour, the two wives presented their husbands each with a son—an event that seemed to complete the happiness of the two families. A year passed, and the two infants fell sick of the same disease, and at the same time, notwithstanding the utmost care of the most distinguished physicians, they both died on the same day and at the same hour in their mother's arms.

The mothers were alike inconsolable under their affliction, and having sought a change of scene in Paris, ineffectually, they at last both died, on the same day, of diseases engendered by excessive grief. At the last accounts, it was feared that the two brothers would sink under the weight of afflictions, and as they had never in their lives been separated, that they would yield up their lives together. These extraordinary circumstances, it is stated, have been made a subject of investigation in the German and French Academies.

Collecting Church Taxes.

The Liverpool Mercury tells the following: A limb of the law, in this town, was lately called upon, at rather an early hour in the morning, by a collector of church rates. The lawyer made his appearance at the door minus several of his upper garments, but he very politely invited the collector to walk in and take a seat. He protested that a man who did not pay his taxes must be looked upon with great suspicion, apologized for being out so often when the collector called, and expressed a hope that no one had seen the taxman enter the house. The collector replied that he believed no one had seen him enter.

This assurance appeared for a time to relieve the mind of the lawyer, who retired to an adjoining room. He soon reappeared with a fine razor and strop in his hand, and continued some seconds to sharpen the instrument. He seemed a little nervous, and after a few questions and answers, had passed between him and the collector, the lawyer said.

"Are you sure no one saw you come in?"

The collector, who began not to like the looks of the man of legal attainments, "Oh I'm quite sure no one saw me come in."

"Then," said the lawyer, drawing the razor across the strop savagely, "I'll take mighty good care no one sees you go out."

The collector became alarmed and looked about for a way of retreat.

"Stop till I get a bucket," said the lawyer. "I'll not have any dirt here, but I'll soon stop you from going out."

As he spoke, the lawyer retired, and began to shout to his servant to bring a bucket. The collector was in despair, and as soon as his supposed assailant turned his back he bolted out at the door, and never again troubled the lawyer for church rates.

INVITING TO EMIGRATION.—A gentleman who removed from Boone County, in Kentucky, to Missouri, writes back the following account of that country:—

"You very truly said that I had sought my fortunes in the land of Pikes; but like to the ancient Prophets and Kings, 'I sought but never found.' You wished to know what I thought of this country and the people thereof. As for the country, the land is as cheap as dirt, and good enough; but the climate is rainy, blowy, and sultry. The people die so fast here that every man has his third wife, and every woman is a widow. As for the people of Missouri, they are perfect Christians. They fulfil the Scriptures to the letter, where it says, 'let God be true and every man a liar.' Don't let this keep any back who wish to emigrate, for it is a fine country."

A NAME FOR TRAVELLERS.—An Englishman had hired a smart travelling servant, and on arriving at an inn one evening, knowing the stringency of the police regulations in Austria, where he was, he called for the usual register of travellers, that he might duly inscribe himself therein. His servant replied that he had anticipated his wishes, and that he had registered him in full form, as an "English gentleman of independent property." "But how have you put down my name? I have not told it you." "I can't exactly pronounce it, but I copied it faithfully from Milor's portmanteau." "But it was not there. Bring me the book." What was his amazement at finding, instead of a very plain English name of two syllables, the following portentous entry of himself:—"Monsieur Warrentedsolidleather."

THE YOUNG LADY'S SHORTER CATECHISM.

What is the whole duty of woman?

To dress, to sing, to dance, to play on the piano-forte, to gabble French and German, and to preside gracefully at the tea-table.

What is a man?

A thing to waltz with, to flirt with, to take to the theatre, to laugh at, to be married to, to pay one's bills, and to keep one comfortably.

What is life?

A polka, a schottische, a dance that one must whirl through as fast as possible.

What is death?

H'm—something that it's unfashionable to talk of, to whisper of, or to think of; so the less that's said about it the better.

"La, me!" exclaimed the old lady, "was there ever sich strong lye as this, before? I allers heern tell when lye would bear up an egg, 'twas strong enough to make soap; but mine here bears up six to once—what shall I do with it?"

P. S.—This is the same old lady who said she once set up all night long to see the moon full, but happened to get into a doze towards morning, when the aggravating thing up and full, and she lost all her fun.

QUOTING SCRIPTURE.—A country squire, having been appointed to the command of a military company some years since, invited the members to a colition. Previous to sitting down to the table, the worthy man thought it proper to make a speech, which he closed as follows:—"Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have, give I unto thee, as the Irishman said!"

TWO OR THREE REASONS.—"Hallo, Jack! I thought you were off in the cars, this morning!"

"Well I'll tell you Jim, there are two or three reasons why I didn't go. In the first place I've see I got left—"

"Oh, never mind! that'll do. You needn't give the other reason."

A dandy who wanted the milk passed to him at one of our taverns, thus asked for it:—

"Landlady, please pass your cow this way."

To whom the lady thus retorted:—

"Waiter, take the cow down there, where the calf is bleating."

Old Deacon Billings, a staunch temperance man, having accidentally swallowed a rousing drink of gin was asked how he felt after it—"Felt!" cried the Deacon; "why, I felt as though I was sitting on the roof of our meeting-house, and every shingle was a jewsharp."