

# THE TRIER O B S E R V E R.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1847.

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Forwarding and Commission Merchants, 109 French Street, Erie, and at 6th Street Canal Basin, also dealers in Groceries and Provisionals.

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Attorney and Counselor at Law, Prairie du Chien, W. T., practices in the counties of Crawford, Grant and Iowa, W. T., and in Clayton county, Iowa Territory.

**WANTED** in exchange for Goods, Wool, Butter, Cheese, and all kinds of Country Produce.  
H. CADWELL,  
June 6, 1846.

**HARDWARE.**—Shell Hardware and House Trimmings can always be had very cheap at the cheap store of S. JACOBSON & Co., November 21, 1846.

**CASH FOR TIMOTHY SEED.**—The subscribers will pay cash for good clean Timothy seed.  
B. TOMLINSON & CO.,  
July 1, 1847.

**LOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED.**—For sale at  
C. M. TIBBALS,  
May 1, 1847.

**MUGGERES** series of School Books, 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5, for sale at No. 111, French St., Erie, Pa., May 6, 1847.

**REMOVAL.**  
G. LOOMIS & Co. have removed their stock of CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, Fancy Goods, &c., No. 5, People's Row, State street, nearly opposite the Eagle Hotel, where they will be pleased to have their friends call as usual.  
N. B. A large addition to their stock in trade will be made in a short time.  
Erie, May 19, 1847.

**GLOVES.**—We have the best assortment that will be in this market of all kinds, including Stewart's self imported black and fancy Kid, fancy and variegated Silks and China Linen.  
WILLIAMS & WRIGHT,  
April 26.

## LIFE INSURANCE.

**THE TRIPLE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**, of St. Louis, Missouri, have made arrangements with the subscriber to secure to any person Life Insurance who may be desirous of procuring the same. This institution acts upon the mutual principle and affords inducements to persons to secure a competent to their families against contingencies and uncertainties of life, that none other in this country can. Policies granted, in every instance, make the insured stockholder in the company, for an amount equal to the premium paid, with almost positive certainty of a return of forty per cent. A gain it is only necessary that a small amount, equal to half the premium, should be paid in cash before the death of the insured, the proceeds, thereby making actual capital out of the individual's own liability. These are some of the advantages of this company over most others. Any person by calling upon the subscriber can be made fully acquainted with all the operations of the institution, who has made such arrangements that he will forward to the company all premium notes and obtain policies free of postage to any one wishing to insure. The business of the company is conducted in the most prudent and ordinary manner, the premium to be paid annually will diminish, and in time will be extinguished by dividends of profits. This is a peculiar advantage in Life Insurance, unlike fire insurance, in which the insured makes all over a country of varied character and healthfulness, and the life of one person is not dependent on that of another, as one piece of property in a city town may be on the edge of a precipice. A small sum, paid annually, may enable any man to procure a handsome provision for his family. Indeed, in most cases the sum thus expended would never be felt, while if sudden death should ensue before a company, by the mere fact of their surplus funds for future support and comfort is thus realized.

The following are some of the numerous instances of fortunate insurances:

The Equitable Society of London commenced the business of Life Insurance in England in 1762, without capital, and although the benefit at that time were but little known or appreciated, yet it now has over 500,000 members, with a capital of over fifty millions of dollars, and that in a country where the rate of interest is not more than four per cent, and the average of their surplus funds does not average three per cent. Whereas in this country six per cent can generally be obtained, so that the principal of accumulation would be much greater than in England.

The report of Amicable Insurance Company, London, and confirm this position, and a striking illustration of the value of old policy, we here give, by citing an example from the transactions of the said Society, to wit: The only capital was that of the accumulating premiums. It was in the year 1762, became one of the most successful and prosperous companies in Great Britain. Mr. Morgan, the late actuary of this Society, in his address to the members of the Society, in 1830, says: "Suppose a life of 35 to have been insured in the year 1762, in the sum of £1,000, at the annual premium of £30; in the course of thirty years, this sum, with interest, would amount to £10,000, and the interest of that sum, at the rate of 4 per cent, would have been £400, (exclusive of the addition) not only without expense, but with the advantage of receiving £27 as a gratuity at the end of the term."

Very many practical examples of the blessings of Life Insurance are continually occurring among all classes of our citizens. We have only room for the following, which occurred in the city of New York and its vicinity in the course of one year:

An infant in September insured his life for the sum of \$5,000. He died in December following, when his affairs were found to be in a state of insolvency. The sum of \$5,000 was promptly paid to his widow, left her in comfortable circumstances.

Another gentleman, who had been unfortunate in business, took out a policy for \$5,000. He died shortly after paying the annual premium, and saved his family from destitution.

A gentleman, residing in the State of Indiana on the 15th of August, took out a policy on his life for \$3,000—but one payment was made of \$102. He died on the 15th of September, and his widow received the sum insured, \$3,000.—She was so forcibly pressed with the advances of Life Insurance, that she received a receipt of benefit, &c. at the immediately effected an insurance in the sum of \$5,000 on her own life, for the protection of her family of young children.

A body of men, who had been employed in a mill in this city, through the persuasion of their employers, was induced to take a policy on his life, for the benefit of his wife and children in the sum of 1,000, at the annual premium of \$2.75. His wife, in consequence of his death, was reduced to a state of destitution. She had been made, and his widow in a few days after his death, received \$1,000; had it not been for this provision, she would have been left in this present predicament.

A young married man in the city of Rochester, in this State, on the 7th of August, 1845, effected an insurance on his life, in the sum of \$1,000, but one payment had been made of \$23. He died of a short illness on the 21st of February, and his widow, in the sum of \$1,000, received \$1,000, in the sum of \$1,000.

A farmer of Dutchess county, State of New York, took out a policy on his life for \$1,000, on the 18th of July, 1845, for the benefit of his family. The first payment of \$23 was made, and he died very suddenly, from an attack of apoplexy, on the 29th of the following January. His family received \$1,000 in a few days after.

A gentleman of this city, in the receipt of an income from his wife's estate, to continue during her life, but would cease at her death, very prudently took out a policy upon her life, in the sum of \$5,000, at the annual premium of \$102; in the first payment of \$23 was made, and he died of a short illness on the 21st of February, and his widow, in the sum of \$5,000, received \$5,000, in the sum of \$5,000.

A merchant in one of the Southern States had a debt due him of \$5,000. Knowing that its ultimate payment depended on the continuance of the life of his debtor, he took out a policy on his life, in the sum of \$5,000, at the annual premium of \$102. He died of a short illness on the 21st of February, and his widow, in the sum of \$5,000, received \$5,000, in the sum of \$5,000.

A gentleman of New York became security for his friend in the sum of \$3,000, by endorsement on his papers. He had the prudence to effect insurance on his life for that amount only; one payment of \$23 was made. This was done on the 3d of July, and he died the 18th of September. The Company paid him the \$3,000, which he applied to the payment of his endorsement—thus by this insurance he was released from his liability, which otherwise might have put him in a serious inconvenience.

Instances made by a husband for the benefit and use of his wife, where the annual premium is under \$100, will not be subject to the claim of creditors upon his estate at his decease, so long as he made for the benefit of his wife or children.

The extravagance and indifference of the husband will not be allowed to sweep away this provision for the benefit of his wife and children.

Insurance for life, or from year to year, or for a single year may be had.

CARSON GRAHAM,  
Erie, June 12, 1847.

STEWART'S celebrated *Yump*, for table use. See what the thing you read at the "N. Y. Store," No. 4, Chesapeake MORTON & Co. Erie, May 22, 1847.

ROCERIES.—The subscribers have just received a fresh supply of Groceries, consisting of Tea, Coffee, Sugar, Spices, &c., &c., which will be sold at their usual low prices.  
I. ROSENZWEIG & Co.,  
No. 1, Fleming Block, Erie, Pa.

PARIS Kid Gloves—A beautiful assortment, White and Colored, selling cheap at No. 3, Chesapeake, by  
MORTON & Co.,  
Erie, May 22, 1847.

## THE IRISH MOTHER.

They shall hunger no more.—*Revelations vi. 16.*

BY WM. H. C. ROSSNER.

I HEARD the lament of a poor Irish mother,  
As wailed by the forms of the famished she kept;  
The wail, wailed features of sister and brother,  
Who bashed by the drops she had uselessly wept;  
Oh! sweet was her lay for the burden it bore—  
"They shall hunger no more."

While Winter's rude wind through each cranny was sighing,  
The last blackened crumb to my feet bore I gave;  
I opened my veins when my wailing was dying,  
Aroused by a mother's wail instinct was I;  
The lips of my darling are wet with the gore—  
She will hunger no more.

Food flung by the fox-hunting lords of the nation,  
With prodigal hands, to their hounds, would subside  
In many a hovel the pangs of starvation,  
And thankfulness waken, that pomp never knew:  
Poor babes! I regret not that anguish is o'er—  
You will hunger no more.

It rained me the flesh of their loaves was consuming,  
It rained me to hear their low moans night and day—  
No brand on the desolate hearth-stone illumined  
Their couches of cold, musty straw, with my ray;  
Now calmly they rest, side by side, on the floor—  
"They shall hunger no more."

Oh! dark is the cloud that impends over Britain!  
The wrongs of the wretched make barren her soil;  
That country with curses should ever be smitten  
Where perishing want is forbidden to toil;  
Where hunger kills more than disease or the sword,  
And where-headed *Sluth* finds a plentiful board.

The Camp and the Battle-Field,  
A TALE OF THE MEXICAN WAR.

*The Deserter, his Wife, and the Patriot Boy.*  
One seldom feels cold in Mexico, except when on the highest points of land, or, at any rate, some distance above the valleys. Once in a while we experience a blast or two of the wind that remind us of anthracite and flannels, and make us sigh for a more substantial covering than canvas; but, as a general thing, we enjoy spring without intermission. However, I have carried a blue nose on more than one occasion, and was once exposed to the mercies of a clever snow storm once. A full of snow here is a grand novelty. You can scarcely be anywhere at all without seeing mountains near at hand. All the land below the eminences is covered by verdure the year round, but the mountains, if worthy of the name, are snow-clad at the top. With tough, strong grass beneath their feet, and here and there an elegant flower, this produces a strange effect, inasmuch as the view presents a paradox of nature; but when snow falls and covers the green livered earth, one is wondrous stricken. Some days before the battle of Buena Vista, a few of us, mounted, started beyond the pickets for Encarnacion, which is thirty miles from the ground where the desperate action was fought. We went to reconnoitre, on a sort of liberty duty which allowed us to do pretty much as we pleased, provided the aim of our mission is accomplished. We were under the command of Major McCullough, and all my comrades, but two, were Texans. We only numbered thirty-five, but were a match for four times that number of Mexicans or any other foe.

It was on the first day of our moving that I saw a slight snow storm. The wind chopped down from the north and was as sharp as a razor—if the simile holds good—so that, although the prospects of seeing sport or doing good service to our cause was very slender. None of our clothing was in the happiest condition, but republics, we know, are ungrateful, and the men who fight their battles must be content with any fare that is offered. Accompanying us was a young lad of bright intellect—a *Mestizo*—who rejected in the purely Spanish cognomen of Miguel. We had taken him from his mother's cottage at Agua Nueva, with her consent, to act partially as a guide, as he professed, truly, to know the way for fifty square miles around. When he started with us, the poor mother, raising her eyes to heaven, and with elevated crucifix, prayed for the safety and return of her darling only son—when, weeping, drew her mantle over her head and entered her dwelling to count the minutes that elapsed during his absence. By rubbing two pieces of dry wood together, fire can be produced—but neither that nor warmth followed the frictional association of a couple of begrimed hands or Elson-like palms. We therefore were impelled to provide against Mr. Frost by fitting up a couple of huts, owned, or at least tenanted, by several peasant *leperos* whom we ejected for the time by paying with a small quantity of provisions for the luxury—and, by the way, a Mexican *lepero* is a thrilling sight. I have seen Milesian beggars, and heard of Italian lazzaroni. I have also witnessed the holiday pursuits of a free negro, and beheld the reckless indifference of the half-bred Indian to work; but none of these, by any means approach the *lepero* of this country. He never by any possibility thinks; he scarcely eats or drinks; I'm certain he knows nothing of the kind except by instinct. He moves like a locomotive building; floes from his eyes like an owl in daylight, or a Chinese opium-chewer, and evidently considers life a confounded piece of trouble and vexation. Allow him to dream and bask in the sun like a rattlesnake, and he is supremely happy and content. The wives of these men are slaves—utter slaves. I have seen them, with scarcely any clothing on, bear burthens that a New York cartman would be ashamed to task his horse with. These poor women employ their hard fate with the utmost complacency—toiling, drudging, rising health and rest, with a devoted resignation perfectly astonishing. I had rather be an *arrerio's* mule than a *lepero's* wife. Some of these vagabonds, who not too lazy, cuff and kick their better halves most energetically. Some of the women object to such demonstrations of affection, and with all the ferocity of a devoted spirit curse, and the strength of well-exercised muscles return the favor with companion interest.

In one of the huts, fifteen of us were stowed as compactly as bees in a hive. We had just finished a meal, (during which I had recourse to my powder-horn of mustard which has followed me from the time I first set foot on the right bank of the Rio Grande), and were scanning each others pleasant faces by the light of a brush fire, when the sound of voices from the outside spoke our ears.— They were male and female voices disputing in Spanish. "The usual number of *Madre de Dios*, and *Maladitos*," etc., were lavished without stint, and the dialogue was anything but complimentary to the parties engaged in uttering it.

"What the devil is that?" inquired McCullough of me. I repeated this question to little Miguel.

"Oh!" replied he, naively, "only a dispute about a real that one of the women has received somewhere."

"Somewhere," was the cue for a terrific shriek, which was followed by a rush against the half-blanker door of our shelter, and the entrance of a woman, who was pursued by a tall, muscular, litho *lepero*, with rage in his face and the demon in his eye. The woman was not strong, but delicate, and the lines in her face did not indicate coarseness or depravity. The man, who stood with his arms folded, watching us, did not sustain the character of a vagabond, despite his ragged beard, both of which were redundant.

"Miguel, tell us the meaning of this intrusion," said McCullough to a comrade who interpreted, and by the aid of whom the conversation was carried on.

"He accuses her of robbing and betraying him," said little Miguel, hastily.

"No!" said the woman, her eyes streaming with tears; "he has ruined both of us—he is my husband. Now, *senores*, he would rush upon death and destruction, and peril his soul by seeking you. It is not what the boy says that causes our dispute."

"So, Miguel, you have deceived us, or would have done so had the woman thought at it, eh? You forgot that I knew all that has passed, and understood nearly every word I spoken as well as yourself," said my comrade. "This person," continued he, turning to McCullough, who had passed over a tugging biscuit and a slice of fat pork, and who wore a sombrero and a Mexican officer's cloak for comfort—"This person is a soldier and no peasant. He is a friend of an spy."

"What are you?" inquired Mr. McCullough.

"A deserter, and a friend to the United States of North America," replied the man with a graceful inclination.

"Oh ho!" replied McCullough, knowingly; "perhaps you play the spy and double traitor. You cannot deceive us."

"I do not wish to deceive you," responded the man when this remark of our commander was made apparent to him; "I claim vengeance for insult, and will give you valuable information in order to achieve it."

"Where are you from?" was the next interrogatory put to him.

"I am a native of Saltillo. My name is Francisco Valdes. Miguel knows me, for I have often slept in his mother's cottage. My wife was wronged by one of my officers, and now that I have risked execution—the *garrote* or a firing party—what is worse; a resting place in the bowg's of a palm—she would have turned back." The poor woman buried her face in her hands and sobbed, while the man, with the most ferocious countenance that ever expressed human passion, raised both arms above his head and supplicated defeat and suffering, and the curse of "Father, Son, and Holy Ghost" upon the armies of Santa Anna. "I am from the regiment of Corcoran. Turn all your batteries upon that when you meet," he vociferated, "and I will leave my bones in the valley or on the mountain with pleasure."

"This is a fine story," muttered McCullough to me, "but I fear these serpents of adopting the utmost caution. He is a scoundrel—that is clear, or he would not lay violent hands upon a female, even if she had dishonored him." (Take charge of him and treat the woman well.)

Valdes was secure—that is, all chance of retreat was denied him, and then informed that we were scouts; that our destination was Encarnacion, some eighteen miles off; that we desired to get the number of Santa Anna's forces if we were there, and learn his intentions. Valdes replied, without hesitation, that Santa Anna was at Encarnacion; that he had nineteen thousand men; that his forces were to be placed between our own and Saltillo, and, by a well concerted movement of his immense powers, cut us to pieces and annihilate the entire body of Americans. No mercy was to be shown; the object was the total rout of Taylor. That Santa Anna was there we had before heard, and that his men numbered over twenty thousand was also rumored; but that he intended to give battle was what had not been told us ere this. When and how he was to do so remained to be ascertained more clearly. I shall never forget the expression of the little *Mestizo's* countenance as Valdes told his story. It was a mixture of shame, courage, contempt, and lofty patriotism. The woman did not seem to care so much for the national or political consequences of her husband's defection, as for the disgrace that would attach to him personally. But the boy looked wild with anguish, while ever and anon he clutched at a small knife he wore in his breast, as if he would be delighted to plunge it to the hilt in the deserter's heart.

"You have but to ride five miles to convince yourselves of the truth of what I have told you," said Valdes, suddenly, when he had vainly waited for an intimation that our commander placed confidence in him.

"Up and away then, boys," cried McCullough, "Place Miguel, Valdes, and the woman on two mules, which must be found here-

abouts, and watch them like lynx. If there is a single movement made which looks like either showing a clean pair of heels, or a face under that now worn, down with the culprit."

The air, raw and cold, was all the clearer, and the starlight (it was new moon, consequently we had but little moonlight) spread about a species of visible gloom that had the effect of giving a mysterious tone to every object. The scenery in this quarter is wild and rugged; there are more ravines than bushes, and more passes and angles, gorges and slopes, than spears of grass. At one moment we were plunging into what appeared a dark abyss, completely covered by crooked, gnarled, dwarfed trees; at another we trooped along upon a fine level bit of table land, the ground as easy to the tread of our animals as a carpet.

"The mule has fallen," cried the boy, as the so-called sure-footed creature upon which he and the woman was mounted stumbled forward upon its knees. It was up again in an instant, and journeyed on. In about ten minutes the mule slipped and fell again.

"I know, his foot is injured," said Miguel, and he must have broken if we remain on him. Let us dismount and ride behind some one."

"Very well," my comrade replied, who, with myself, had special charge of the Mexican trio; "we must wait until we get upon a decent spot."

We were then entering one of those infernal passes which ran up to a sort of corral table land, arriving at which we found ourselves pretty near Santa Anna's advanced guard, of whose presence there were unmistakable evidences. From the platform of the pass, down each side, were a series of shelves or slaty projections, as near as we could perceive, and it was over forty yards distance to any spot that looked like a bottom. Scarcely had we gained the top when the mule slipped the third time, and the boy fell upon the ground like a sack of wheat, while the female kept her seat, it appeared, easily. I thought the boy was stunned, and jumped down to the ground to render him assistance, when he rolled away like a cloud of mist before the sun, and slid directly over the precipice.

"Mr. G— a determined suicide!" called out one of the men, as we all preceded over to see the result of a piece of daring as unexpected as it was frightful. The boy bounced from projection to projection, using his legs and arms to break the fall, and struck below, as he took good care to inform us, unhurt.

"He made the mule stumble by galling his knee," said Valdes, with a tone of contempt, as if he thought we ought to have known it, "and is off to inform the pickets of your approach. He can do it in five minutes, too. You should have shot the young villain instead of bringing him along. He could have been of no service, with me here as a guide; and had we both been inimical to your interests, one would not, as you may have supposed, been an antidote to the other's poison."

The fellow spoke the truth. We did not like the idea of backing off through the last pass we had traveled, because it was the very route; and worst we had encountered on the road; and the Texans were taught, by eight or ten years experience in fighting these people, that we should fare very slenderly in case of a skirmish while defiling in such a recessly position. "Information and a trifle in the way of fighting," is the scolding precept of McCullough's men, so that after the propriety of either going back or forward had been debated about five minutes, it was decided to "go on."

"Buena!" exclaimed the woman, in a delightful tone, as we recommenced the journey towards Encarnacion.

The man grated his teeth and commanded her to be silent. She called him "An *Doni*, no!" (a devil), in a voice almost pitched to a scream, so intense was the excitement under which she labored, and I fancied I could hear the tongue smack with a glue sound against the roof of her mouth. We got into the road, and in a very tolerable position, as we heard the peculiar sounds of horse's hoofs on the earth. We formed in the road in the shape of a shape of a V, the two points in the direction of the enemy, the woman behind the bottom. The Texan's knives were lobbed in their sheathes, and fire-arms were all ready. We were completely prepared when the guard came in view. We might have been mince-meat for all we knew at that moment, for we were entirely ignorant of the strength of the opposing party. It might have been 200 or 500, but I proved to be only about 60 well-armed, gaily-dressed cavalry. They raised a shout when they beheld us, and dashed on, waving their weapons, raising in their stirrups, and "taking on airs," as McCullough said, like so many embryo heroes. Their officer gave the word "hallo!" and they suddenly drew up. "En-ego!" he bellowed, and the lead from their carbines rattled about our heads like water from a shower bath.

"Now boys, at them!" cried McCullough, and (to speak plainly) we "let drive."

But they were not to be frightened off.—Down they came upon us, and, as they arrived, they closed up, and when the stream gushed out, filling the pitcher in a second or two, Sanbo fell back, with all his whites displayed in wonder.

"What you call that? Pum mos' when you no tech 'em. Dat beats me."

Sanbo hobbled off with his pitcher, brooding over the mystery.—*Cin. Atlas.*

DANDIES.—What is more hateful than puppy-dog dandies stepping like a wax doll on wire, and talking as if the English language was too vulgar to be spoken. We heard, says the Newburg Telegraph, one of them thus address his companion:

"Folks speak this mawking. Water how the thermometer stands to-day. Such a voluptuous atmosphere is most delicious. I say, Patsy, bring me a most delightful punch an' ch' cigars, willy ou?"

wound in the shoulder, "I'm done, for a fortnight at least. But let us look about and see to the condition of the vanquished. I heard that day's voice during the fray, I'm certain."

"What Miguel?"

"Yes, and he was fighting like an American too."

This was, to me, startling information.—The boy's mother had placed him, with many instructions, in charge of myself and another, and if he were not on the spot when we again sought the camp, what would be her pains and reproaches. I called our commander aside, and begged of him to permit me to search for Miguel's body. That permission was accorded, and I commenced my task with a heavy heart. My search did not last long. The brave boy—for such I must call him—had really fallen, and his body lay in the very centre of the road, so mutilated that I scarcely knew it except by the size. The features, what could be seen of them, wore a look of stern defiance, and the eyes, which were not closed, were even in death, indicative of hatred and revenge. A ball had entered the brain by piercing just in the centre of the forehead, and he must have died instantly on the receipt of it. With shudder I placed the body across my horse, and mounted to ride back to where we had started from. Valdes was delighted by the result of the skirmish, and declared, again and again, that he had told us the exact truth concerning Santa Anna's contemplated movements.

Suffice it to say, we reached Agua Nueva, and carried the mangled body of Miguel to his mother's tomb. I had anticipated a great outcry, and despair of the nicest kind, but was disappointed. I shall never forget the woman's look as, after listening to our story of her son's death, and kissing his mutilated brow, she directed a glance of satisfaction and pride towards heaven, and cried in a voice clear as a seraph—"Thank God, he died for Mexico!" Need I say that I honored her for that?

Valdes and his wife were taken to headquarters. His information did much towards giving us the battle of Buena Vista.

His wife frantically rushed into the midst of the fray at that eventful action, and was never heard of after.

"Santa Anna's despatches say so"—*Eds.*

A PARISIAN DREAM.—In our last, "Neal's Saturday Evening Gazette," we gave some account of the numerous luxuriant effects of a young Parisian *lianne* offered for sale by auction. The death of two young persons excited great interest among the luxurious and frivolous Parisians. The French correspondent of the *Atlas* says,