ERIE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

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...LUME 24. ERIE, SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1853. NUMBER 9.

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Select Poetry.

INDOLENCE.

Indolent! indolent! yes, I am indolent,
So is the grass growing tenderly, slowly;
So is the violet, fragrant and lowly,
Drinking in quietness, peace and content:
So is the bird on the light branches swinging,
Idly its carol of gratitude singing,
Only on living and loving intent.

Indolent! indolent! yes, I am indolent!
So is the cloud overhanging the mountain;
So is the tremolous wave of a fountain;
Uttering softly its eloquent psalm;
Nerve and sensation in quiet reposing,
Silent as blossoms the night dew is closing,
But the full heart is beating strongly and calm.

Indolent! indolent! yes, I am indolent!
If it be idle to gather my pleasure
Out of creation's uncoveted treasure,
Midnight and morning, by forest and sea;
Wild with the tempest's sublime exultation;
Lonely in autumn's forlorn lamentation;
Hopeful and happy with Spring and the bee.

Indolent! indolent! are ye not indolent?
Thralls of the earth, and its usages weary,
Toiling like gnomes where the darkness is dreary;
Toiling, and sinning, to heap up your gold;
Stifling the heavenward breath of devotion;
Crushing the freshness of every emotion;
Hearts like the dead, that are pulseless and cold!

Indolent! indolent! art thou not indolent?
Thou who art living unloving and lonely,—
Wrapped in a pall that will cover thee only,
Shrouded in selfishness, piteous ghost!
Sad eyes behold thee, and angels are weeping
O'er thy forsaken and desolate sleeping
Art thou not indolent?—Art thou not lost?

Choice Miscellany.

THE DOUBLE VENGEANCE; OR THE MEXICAN GAUCHO.

In one of the skirmishes which were so frequent between the contending parties during the Mexican war of independence, Villa Senor, a captain in the Spanish service, was made a prisoner by Christino Vergara. The latter was a gaucho, who had come from Chili, and plunged into the struggle with all the fire and fury so characteristic of his race; and it was only after enduring all the rudiments of torture that savage fancy could invent, that the unfortunate captive regained his liberty. Twenty years or more passed away when the captain, who travelled into other lands, returned to Mexico, while Vergara, obedient to his instinct for the chase, was living at Palas Mulatos, a village buried in the forest, about a day's journey from San Blas, which, as most readers know, is a not unimportant port on the Pacific.

I was staying in the neighborhood, enjoying the refreshing charms of shade and verdure, when my travelling companion, Ruperto Castanos came hurrying in one evening with excited looks, crying out that Villa Senor had returned and that he had unfortunately let him know that Vergara lived at Palos Mulatos.

"Well?" said I, in a careless tone.

"Well!" he answered; "don't you see that as Palos Mulatos is not far off, either the Spaniard or the gaucho will be a dead man in the course of a few hours?"

"I see something more," I replied; "and that is, if you wish to repair your blunder, we had better go and sleep to-night in the cabin of your friend, the gaucho Vergara."

This was just what Ruperto desired, so we ordered our horses and set off. As we rode along, my companion communicated to me many particulars concerning the man we were going to visit. He still preserved in his domestic life much of the ferocity and vindictiveness of character which had formerly made him feared and hated, and made him implacable enemies in this otherwise peaceable neighborhood. When he came first to reside at Palos Mulatos, he had brought with him a wife, a grown-up son, and two young daughters. The youth had picked a quarrel immediately on his arrival with a hunter well known in the village, and got himself killed for his pains; but a few days later the hunter himself fell by a ball from Vergara's rifle. Saturnino, the hunter's only son, promised his dying parent to avenge the blow, and though he had appeared to forget, yet the neighbors said that sooner or later there would be a terrible duel between the young hunter and the old gaucho. "Such manners astonish you," added Ruperto, as he concluded; "but what can you expect when civil war breaks out anywhere? Family wars are sure to follow close upon it. This time, however, we have a chance of separating the combatants."

Deeper and deeper we rode into the forest, the route becoming at last a mere path winding in and out among the trees. Suddenly we emerged on a grassy plain and galloped briskly across it, well pleased at finding ourselves in a clearing; but all at once we were stopped by a broad and deep brook, and drew up to find means of crossing. "We are arrived," exclaimed my companion, pointing to a few houses that stood on the opptsite side. "That is Palos Mulatos."

It was a calm and pleasant sight: the houses were sheltered by overhanging trees, and the whole aspect of the place was one of sylvan joy and contentment. But how to get at it was the difficulty; and while Ruperto was swearing at the disappearance of the bridge which he remembered as having formerly spanned the stream, a man appeared on the further side, who told us that it had been carried away by a flood, but that there was another bridge half a league higher up, by which we could reach the village in another half hour. "Besides that," he went on, seeing our hesitation, "there is another way.—You see that network of lianas yonder; that is also a bridge—one made by the good God, and the people of the village use it every day; but I warn you, it is not safe for horsemen."

I was tired and impatient to arrive. I therefore dismounted, and giving the rein of my horse to Ruperto, who immediately set off for the bridge, I made my way to the network pointed out by the stranger, which on approaching I found to be a natural suspended gallery, formed by the interlacing of numerous climbing plants that here grew thickly on each side of the brook, and threw their wild arms in every direction. It was a singular spectacle, exciting to the imagination, but suggesting doubts as to the prudence of trusting one's self to so frail a support. However, I ventured, after a brief pause, and had scarcely advanced a few paces, when a sudden shock made me stumble, the bridge oscillated violently, and when I had recovered my footing, I saw a man burst hastily from the opposite end and hide himself in a thicket. I hesitated, but only for a moment, and in a few minutes had crossed the brook, and reached the outskirts of the village.

There was not more than about a dozen houses, miserably constructed, and one of these, standing at the foot of a magnificent palm tree, was pointed out to me as the dwelling of Christino Vergara by a young girl who sat at the door of one of the huts, weaving a wreath of purple campanulas into the long dark tresses of her hair. I had soon delivered my message, and announced the speedy arrival of Ruperto—a piece of intelligence which the *gaucho* received with great satisfaction; but when I added that I should be cautious of passing a natural suspension bridge two at a time, his eyes sparkled, and with a strange tone he cried—"Two at a time!"

"Yes," I answered; "some one was on the bridge at the moment I crossed; and perhaps being afraid of recognition, he ran over so hastily, that I came near pitching into the water."

While speaking I had time to cast a glance over the group among which I found myself.—The countenance of Vergara expressed an ill suppressed impatience. His wife, an old woman bent double with age, and one of his daughters, stood behind him in seeming indifference; but not so the eldest daughter, a girl of remarkable grace and beauty—for, as I spoke, her attention appeared to be suddenly roused, and she turned to me with a look of energetic supplication. I took the hint, and proceeded to remark carelessly that the fugitive of the bridge was perhaps a robber, who wished to avoid an encounter with an armed passenger. The *gaucho*, however, replied with a gesture of incredulity; and some further explanation would perhaps have been called for had not the arrival of my companion at that moment created a favorable diversion.

While Ruperto took the *gaucho* to tell of the unexpected arrival of Villa-Senor, the eldest doughter, Liana flower, as she was called, walked slowly out at the door, and coming up to me as I paced up and down on the grass in front of the cabin, asked, in a trembling voice—"Who was it you met on the bridge—an old man or a young one?"

"I don't know," was my reply. "I saw a shadow only, which disappeared at once in the thicket. But why this question?"

"Because," she rejoined, with a mingled pride and timidity that really charmed me—"Because what you saw was, perhaps, a young man whom I love, and he runs the risk of death. You understood my terror, and tried to remove my father's suspicions after having roused them: thanks."

"But you," I asked—"do you run no risk?"

"O! as for me, my father would kill me if he ever knew the name of him I love."

The young girl seemed to bid an exalted defiance to death, but there was something in her words that made me shudder; and I thought involuntarily of the hunter's son, who had sworn a mortal hatred against Vergara. What other could so excite the *gaucho* against his own daughter? The idea made me anxious, and I could not help watching Liana-flower, who, after throwing a quantity of brush-wood on the cabin fire, had placed herself in the light opposite the door, where she could be seen from a distance, and went through various pantomimic movements, now altering the arrangements of her dress—now standing still in a fixed attitude. Presently, with her pitcher on her head, she advanced carelessly toward the brook, and I was comparing her with my recollections of the classic models of antiquity, when suddenly she uttered a cry of alarm, the pitcher fell from her hand, she seemed for a moment ready to rush forward, then slowly stooping, pretended to be picking up the fragments of the pitcher. The cause of this strange movement was explained by my seeing the young girl whom I had first accosted, going towards the bridge, her hair bound with the wreath of campanulas. She was doubtless a rival, and could come and go unchallenged, while Liana-flower's movements involved a double danger.

Poor girl! I went feigning to help her pick up the broken earthenware "Go and warn him," she said, as I stooped, in an imperious, yet broken voice, "that I'll have him poignarded by father, and myself afterwards, if he speaks to that girl."

"He: whom do you mean?"

"Saturnino."

"Saturnino!" I repeated in amazement.—"What! the daughter of Christina Vergara loves Saturnino Vallejo?"

"Yes, I love him; and now you know that his life is at stake as well as mine, if I speak to my father.—Go, I entreat of you. God will reward your compassion. You will find Saturnino on the hanging bridge."

I obeyed, but with considerable misgivings. There might be danger, if not from a human enemy, at all events from some prowling quadruped, and I went forward with all the caution of a naturalist studying the habits of wild animals without the protection of the bars of a menagerie. I stopped at times to listen; but not a sound met my ears; and then I thought that if Saturnino were playing false he would not give a very agreeable reception to any one who came to interrupt his *tete a tete* with another. However, I was determined to perform my errand. I crossed the bridge, peeped and searched everywhere, listened, but nothing appeared to reward my pains. There was only the melancholy gloom of the forest.

Liana-flower was watching my return with feverish impatience. Notwithstanding my ill success, I kept up a good countenance. "Did you find Saturnino?" she asked abruptly, coming to meet me.

"I have done what you wished," I answered, hoping to escape further questioning by the evasion; but a woman in love is doubly quicksighted.

"You saw him then? How is he?" she said.

This time I was obliged to hesitate. Liana-flower turned pale. "Ah!" she cried; "it is false—you have not seen him."

A terrible thought—Saturnino's infidelity—took possession of the young girl, with an emotion only suppressed on her part by a most vigorous effort. It was clear, however, that her fiery temprament would provoke a storm; and my feeling was something like that of one who watches the slowly burning match of a loaded mine. She went into the cabin, while I mentioned the circumstances to Ruperto.

"*Caramba!*" he exclaimed. "A double *vengeanza!* Saturnino and Villa-Senor! Two good reasons why we shall have to go without supper this evening."

Here we were interrupted by a cry of fury, and the *gaucho*, rushing from the cabin, cried—"Ruperto! you are my guest and friend, and you will help me to avenge the honor of my name.—That Saturnino has disgraced my daughter—she herself declares it. But the villain is not far off. To horse, to horse!"

I, also, was included in the appeal, and though tired and hungry, I professed my readiness to assist. The horses were soon saddled, and we were on the point of setting off when I saw Vergara; in addition to the lasso attached to the saddle, wind round his body a thong which had a large heavy ball covered with leather fastened at each end. They were the well known *bolas* in use among the *gauchos*, and more to be dreaded even than the lasso.

We directed our course first to the suspension bridge, where Vergara dismounted and set himself to seek for a trial—to interrogate the soil, so to speak, with all the penetration of an Indian. After a while I left my saddle and took part in the search; and after straining my eyes to no purpose, I picked up a bouquet composed of wild flowers, bound together by one of the odoriferous rushes, named *chintule*, growing thickly on the margin of the stream. My first thought was to throw it away again, but considering the circumstances, I showed it to Ruperto, who had remained with the horses. "A bouquet!" he said, on seeing it. It is doubtless a symbolical message for Liana-flower. She must have it at every hazard."

It would be difficult to convey it to her, as we were then rejoined by the *gaucho*, who now felt sure of the route to be followed. However, as we were to pass through the village, I kept a little behind the other two, and on passing the open door of the cabin, where I saw Liana-flower sitting by the fire in a crouching position, with her *rebosa* wrapped round her head, I contrived to throw the bouquet so that it fell at her feet.—A slight shudder passed over her as she stooped to pick it up; then putting spurs to my horse, I plunged into the forest at a swift gallop.

On we went, following the *gaucho* though the darkness, striking our heads against the branches or stumbling over the inequalities of the path.

A sudden turn, after half an hour's riding, brought us to a cabin, overshadowed by a group of gigantic palms. The *gaucho* reined up suddenly at the door, against which he knocked hastily, at the same time calling out—"Hollon, Berrendo; are you asleep?"

"Who's there—and why this uproar," said a voice, after a pause.

"Tis I."

"Who's I?" demanded the voice again.

"Cristino Vergara,"

At this time the door opened, and a man not less savage in aspect than the *gaucho* stepped forth. He was dressed in leathern garments, and was altogether a striking specimen of the Mexican hunter. "Is Saturnino at Petmar?" asked Vergara impatiently, as soon as he appeared.

"He ought to be. But why this question?—Does the son of Vallejo appear to you to be one too many in the world?"

"He does."

This laconic and terrible reply seemed not to surprise Berrendo. "Well," he answered Heaven help him. You have a good night for it.—Perhaps you will find to-morrow that you have snared two enemies instead of one"

"What do you mean?" inquired the *gaucho*

"I mean that I spied and old officer who was once in your cluches, drinking at the pond—the *Laguna de la Cruz*—and remembering his cursed features, and that his name was Villa-Senor, my first movement was to cock my rifle—"

"*Caramba!* your first movement was a good one," interrupted Vergara.

Berrendo went on—"But I altered my mind, thinking that a shot would alarm his companions, if he had any; and seeing that he let his horse graze, and laid himself down to sleep, I took a better method I made a *quemada*: I set fire to the thicket round the pond in four places; and now the Spaniard will have a merry wakening. As I am alive, you can smell the smoke already, coming down on the wind!"

"Well done!" cried the *gaucho*. "I see the hand of my old comrade. What do you say to the expedient, Ruperto? We are rid of Villa-Senor, and have only to look after Saturnino. He, at least, won't escape us. Let us be off, then, to the Palmer."

Away we went again into the woods, riding in Indian file, one behind the other, the rout becoming more and more difficult. Presently we came to a number of diverging paths, down one of which Vergara rode to examine some suspicious traces. While waiting his return, I expressed my doubts as to the part we were playing in the affair. It looked very much like abetting a murder, which, if truth were spoken, it would be best to prevent. Ruperto shared my sentiments to some extent. He could not abandon his old companion in arms; but he pointed out to me that if I wished to carry out my views, I had only to follow one of the paths to which he pointed. "Go along there for a short distance," he said, "then get off, tie up your horse in the bushes, and go forward on foot. Walk with the moon in your face and your shadow behind you, and you can't fail to arrive at the Palmar. If before we do, so much the better. I'll make an excuse for your departure."

I thanked Ruperto for his advice, and set off on the route indicated. In due time I had secured my horse, and was pushing my way on foot through the tangled wood, a difficult task at any time, but doubly so by night and to a stranger.

At length, to my great satisfaction, I came to a clearing. It was, doubtless, the Palmar I was in search of, and as a measure of precaution, I kept in the shade, and advanced slowly towards a hut that I saw at a little distance. An old woman sat at the door, looking up at the moon, and singing a plaintive melody. It was the Saturnino's mother, waiting for her son's return.—She ceased her song, and started at my approach; but I quieted her fears, and soon made her comprehend the danger of a meeting between the *gaucho* and Saturnino. My communication created a whirl of hopes and fears. Perhaps her son would stay out till morning; perhaps the fire would prevent Vergara's approach, and so frustrate the perpetration of his long cherished hatred—in short, she spoke as most mothers would in similar circumstances.

Having accomplished my duty, I was retracing my steps, when the old woman cried in a tone of alarm—"Jesus Maria! there he is!" and she ran with all the speed she was capable of to saddle a horse that stood in the rear of the hut. But all her efforts and prayers for the safety of her son were in vain; for when the young man heard that Liana-flower had been the cause of the rupture of the tacit truce that existed between him and her father, he seemed suddenly to be crushed by the weight of some poignant grief. "It was at her request," he said mournfully, "that I went to the bridge. Why did she signal me to go away? I obeyed her order, and that is the crime which she wishes to punish with death.—No, no—she does not love me."

I tried to give a more hopeful color to his thoughts, while his mother, looking all around with a terrified air, besought him to fly, in the name of all the saints. Only for a moment did he seem inclined to yield, and he put one foot in the stirrup; but withdrawing it again immediately, he threw away all his weapons, save the knife in his girdle, and stood motionless, as it were courting the threatened danger.

All at once I saw him shudder, as if from an electric shock, and at the same instant Liana-flower burst into the clearing, her dress torn, her hair streaming, and pale as a corpse escaped from the tomb. Breathlessly she flew into Saturnino's arms, crying—"God be thanked, I have come in time! I thought you unfaithful, Saturnino, and wished your death. But now I know——"

Life and hope came back into the young man's eyes as she spoke and drew the boquet from her bosom. "This," she sad, holding it up—"this brought me back to life. This white floripondo told me that in your eyes I was the most beautiful; these campanulas taught me that she who saw them was only the pretext for your coming near our hut: the majoram spoke of your torments; and the chintule explained everything—I know that you love me; and now, will you not fly? My father is seeking your life."

Passing in a moment from despair to the wildness of joy, Saturnino seized the young girl round the waist, sprang into the saddle, and was off with the speed of an arrow. At the same moment Vergara and Ruperto leaped into the clearing. No sooner did they catch sight of the fugitives, than the gaucho, spurring his horse in pursuit, flung his lasso with such dexterity as to catch Saturnino in the noose. With a tremendous effort the young man stopped his horse, and quick as thought cut the thong in two with his knife before his antagonist could drag him from the saddle. Again did he fly with the maiden on his arm, and was close to the wood, when the gaucho, unwinding the balls with which I had seen him equip himself at starting, he chaunted two lines of the well-known air—

"De mi lazo t'escrapas,
Pero mi dis bolas—quando"—

"You may escape from the lasso, but from the balls—never"—and whirling them round his head, sent them whizzing through the air.—They went true to their mark, and twisted round the legs of Saturnino's horse, and the animal fell heavily to the ground with the helpless lovers. Vergara drew his dagger. Two leaps more would have brought him upon them, when the report of a rifle was heard, while a wreath of smoke crept from a thicket near the spot The gaucho fell, and all became silent.

Ruperto, who had taken his station by my side, galloped to the wood whence the shot had come; but speedily returning, he said, in air of sombre resignation—"It is not my place to punish Villa Senior: God has permitted him to avenge himself."

What a singular tragedy was this which I had been so unexpectedly called on to witness. Extremes of joy and sorrow were its termination. Four days afterwards I was on the way to San Blas with Ruperto, and had reached the top of the hill from which Cortez had caught sight of the western sea three centuries earlier, when we saw a group—a man and four women—following a wagon heavily laden with domestic utensils and furniture. They were Saturnino and Liana-flower, with their mothers and sister, united by the result of the events which I have narrated, and were migrating to the fertile prairies of Sonora, there to forget, in the peaceful pursuits of agriculture, the events that had sent them forth from the forest of Palos Mulatos.

A HARD CASE.—It is an old saying that nothing cuts like truth. We recollect of hearing or reading, many years ago, a capital story of a man, who, on his return from a public meeting, burst open his door in a rage, upset his children, kicked his dog, hurled his hat behind the grate, and paced the apartment back and forth with the ferocity of a chained tiger.

"What is the matter, my dear?" said his wondering wife.

"Matter!" roared the angry husband, "Matter enough! Neighbor B. has publicly called me a liar!"

"Oh, never mind that, my dear," replied the good woman; "He can't prove it, you know, and nobody will believe him."

"*Prove* it, you fool!" roared the madman more furiously than before, "he did *prove* it!—He brought witnesses, and *proved it on the spot!* Else how should I be in such a d——l of a passion!"

The argument was a poser.

The Amazon.

The Amazon is one of the great rivers of the world—broader than the Mississippi—larger than the Oregon and St. Lawrence combined—more navigable than the Hudson or Thames, flowing through a richer country than that drained by the Nile or the Ganges, and affording such facilities to commerce as no other stream in the world is possessed of. For upwards of four thousand miles it sweeps through plains fertile in every product of a tropical clime, with branches and tributaries—like the Negro and Ucayale—that exhaust the resources of an almost fabulous tract of land, teeming with riches and undeveloped resources. Its mouth gives a fitting premonition of its vast magnitude, stretches for a hundred and eighty miles from bank to bank, seeming like a perfect and harmonious portico to an old temple. Its depth is stated to be from thirty to forty fathons fifteen hundred miles from the mouth, vessels from four to five hundred tons can navigate nearly its whole extent. The tide is perceptible for six hundred miles up its current, and the descent of its waters is only about six inches to the mile. Two hundred different streams, with numberless branches flow into it, intersecting the country that lies along its course like veins and arteries in the human body

The imagination fails at the first effort to comprehend and take in the idea of a river whose outlet is on the Atlantic, but whose sources are thickened with the ashes of Cotopaxi and riled with the filth of Bogota, Quita and La Plata; and while sending some of its branches far into the north of Ecuador and New Granada, pushes others still more distantly towards the South of Brazil and the lowest boundaries of Bolivia—a stream that skirts another shore and robs another coast more than three thousand miles from that which is rightfully its own, and which promises, in the fullness of time, to bear on its bosom riches vaster than those of Ormus or India.

The grandeur and capacity of the Amazon is little known. The countries in which it takes its rise and through which its waters flow are but dimly and indistinctly described. Some of them have been closed by despotism, like that of Francia; and others have attracted the notice of but few travellers and that notice nothing more than casual and shadowy. But still we know enough of the river and of the lands that line its banks to feel assured that a great and uncomputed inland trade is about to be opened to the world; a trade more varied and valuable than the Danube or the Ganges, or the Niie, or the St. Lawrence; a trade only inferior in magnitude and importance to that of the Mississippi. Brazil, New Granada, Equador, Peru, and Bolivia are most directly approached by the tributaries of the Amazon. Commerce on the Pacific is confined to the limited products of the western slope of the Andes, and the few articles that are with difficulty transported across them detract little from the riches of the eastern as they add little to the wealth of the western side.

Already those countries that lie along the Amazon, beyond the territories of Brazil, have solicited the commerce of the world, freed their ports, and even offered large premiums to those sreamers that should first visit them. The spirit of enterprise which they have displayed cannot prove other than contagious, and we expect before long to see the rich products of their territories swept down the waters of the Amazon, for transhipment to our own and foreign shores, thereby increasing, not only the wealth of South America, but also adding to that of the world. Cinnamon, cocoa, vanilla, pines, coffee, rice, maize, plantains, lemons, limes, oranges, with many precious woods and articles of value abound there! But manufactures and the products of high civilisation do not abound. Who shall make the exchange for which our South American friends are so anxious, and which cannot but prove immensely profitable?

New Orleans is nearer to the mouth of the Amazon than any other city of magnitude, and it is in that respect better qualified to avail herself of the privileges that only wait to be plucked and the fortunes that need only be accepted, than any other city If her merchants have only the foresight, and her capitalists the enterprise to avail themselves of the opportunity, they may more than compensate her and themselves for other opportunities overlooked and other occasions slighted

We do not assume a knowledge of the intricacies of trade, nor a close acquaintance with the needs of commerce, but we do see a golden field in the distance and hear voices calling upon us for aid and assistance. We see and hear and long to witness the initiation of measures meet for the occasion. Our steam marine is increasing. Why not still further increase it by one vessel running to the mouth of the Amazon, and there meeting the "El Paraguay" that has already gone to plow its waters with the paddle, startle its forests with the shrill whistle, and at every puff of the engine add something to the civilization and wealth of the world? Might not one profitable stoppage be found at Havana or Kingston, another at St. Domingo, and a third at the mouth of the Orinoco? Would not a commerce of these places defray the preliminary expenses, until trade was made to grow by the means afforded it?

It seems to us that New Orleans has an immediate and direct interest in these matters; that she is the one to take the initiative and inaugurate a good as grand as it is profitable. And with these views we shall not feel content until the enterprise of our city has begun to war with the waves of the Spanish Main, and urge new links of communicatian between the Amazon, the Orinoco, the Windward Islands and the mouth of the Balise.—*New Orleans Crescent.*

A PRECOCIOUS YOUTH.—We were rusticating a few days since at a farm house, says a western editor, and invited a young lady to favor us with a tune on the piano. Her music book being in an adjoining room, her brother, a young gent of some fourteen summers, was requested to go for it. After the lapse of a few minutes he returned and placed an egg on the music stand. On being asked what that was for, he replied that it was the "lay of the last minstrel," and that the composer was singing in honor of her production in the fowl-house. The next train brought us home.

One of Fanny Fern's Best.

It is only a little pauper! Never mind her. You see she knows her place, and keeps close to the wall, as if she expected an oath or a blow.—The cold wind is making merry with her thin rags. You see nothing of childhood's rounded symmetry in those sunken limbs and pinched features. Push her aside, she's used to it; she won't complain, she can't remember that she ever heard a kind word in her life. She'd think you were mocking if you tried it.

She passes into the warm kitchen, savory with odorous danties, and is ordered out with a threat by the portly cook. In the shop windows she sees nice fresh loaves of bread and tempting little cakes. Rosy little children pass her, on her way to school, well fed, well clad and joyous, with a mother's kiss yet warm on their sweet lips.

There seems to be happiness enought in the world, but it never comes to her. Her little basket is quite empty, and now faint with hunger, she leans wearily against the window ... a lovely lady who has passed in. She is buying cakes and *bon bons* for her little girl as if she had the purse of Fortunatus. How nice it must be to be warm, and have enough to eat! Poor Meta! She has tasted nothing since she was sent with a curse in the morning, to beg or—steal, and the tears will come; there is happiness and plenty in the world—but none for Meta!

Not so fast, little one! Warm hearts beat sometimes under silk and velvet. That lady has caught sight of your little woe-begone and shivering form. Oh! what if it were her child?—and obeying a sweet maternal impulse she passes out of the door, takes those little benumbed gers in her dainty gloved hand, and leads the child, wondering, shy, and bewildered, into fairy land

A delightful and novel sensation of warmth creeps over those frozen limbs—a faint color tinges the pale cheek, and the eyes grow liquid and lovely, as Meta raises them thankfully to her benefactress. The lady's little girl looks on with an innocent joy, and learns for the first time how "blessed are the merciful."

And then Meta passes out with a heavy basket and light heart. Sure the street has grown wider and the sky brighter! This can scarcely be the same world! Meta's form is erect now! her step is as light as a child's should be. The sunshine of human love has brightened her pathway! Ah, Meta! earth is not all darkness—bright angels yet walk on the earth. Sweet-voiced Pity and heaven-eyed Charity sometimes stoop to bless. God's image is only marred, not destroyed. He who feeds the ravens, bends to listen. Look upward, little Meta!

FEMALE WOMEN.—We respect, admire, and love a female woman. We admire her in the beauty of her person, her moral presence, and her position; we respect her simple truthfulness and innocence, and we love her as the embodiment of the highest charms and sweetest attributes of humanity. But a male woman, who can bear? We cannot read of monster meetings in which women perform the leading parts; of lectures on the subject of marriage, to promiscuous audiences, by female tongues; and of the perambulating female spouters who go about the country, without an involuntary emotion of disgust. Many of these women are mothers, who have families of tender age at home, and husbands who should have tender heads. Home duties are forsaken, and the misguided mistresses go about teaching other people their duties! What comfortable wives they must be! What kind and assiduous mothers! How they must hallow that home that is too small to hold them! Gods of war! We would as soon live with a hyena, or a steam engine. Don't come this way, we beg of you.—*Springfield Republican.*

IMPORTANT IF TRUE.—The Rev. J. J. Roberts, a native of North Carolina, who has been residing some years in China, writes a remarkable letter to a friend in California relative to the Chinese rebellion He says: The chief leader in this affair turns out to be, as I learned at Hong Kong, a man whose sir name is Hung, name Saw Chuen He came to Canton and studied Christianity for several months, some five or six years ago And instead of raising a rebellion with the design of upsetting the government, he seems rather struggling for religious liberty, and is upsetting idolatry. He is a man of no extraordinary appearance, about five feet four or five inches in height, well built, round faced, regular in his features, rather handsome, about middle aged, and of gentlemanly manners. While here he applied himself to the study of the scriptures, daily committing them to memory; and maintains a blameless deportment. He requested to be baptised, but left for Kwangsi before we were fully satisfied of his fitness. When he first came to us he brought some peices of poetry and other essays, which he had written respecting the Christian religion, the knowledge of which he professed to have derived, first, from a tract received at one of the examinations in Canton, and secondly, from a vision he had while sick, which he said corroborated the doctrines learned out of the book, and hence he believed in the true God, and came to canton expressly to be instructed, and to learn the will of the Lord more perfectly from his own word. * * * I am informed that about 100,000 are now numbered on the side of the chief; that he is popular among the people, treating them with respect, generosity and kindness.

☞ A man in Ohio, indicted for for stealing bacon, went to a lawyer and told him his case, and the lawyer advised him to settle, as the proof was so strong against him. "No," said the man; "I've a right to a trial by Jury, and you defend me and I'll pay you for it." The lawyer did defend him; and although the proof was full against the man, yet he obtained a verdict of acquittal, and walked out of Court as large as life.

The lawyer was astonished that his client got the case. The next day the attorney asked the man how under heaven he got the verdict.—"Look here, "Square," he replied, winking very slyly, "I'll tell ye how it was done, but you musn't say any thing about it." The attorney promised secresy. "Now, 'said the man, "*eleven of that jury had a part of the bacon.*"—The lawyer's doubts were at once cleared up, and he saw through the mystery.