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MISCELLANY.

Paraguay.

Public attention has been called to Paraguay by the late message of the President, and by the news that the Brazilian Government is preparing to invade the "inland Japan of America." The history of that country (says a writer) has, in some respects, the charm of romance mingled with the marvellous, whether we regard the flourishing communities founded and peacefully governed by the Jesuits, or the tyranny by which Francia crushed the land, and concentrated in his own despotic personage the "State" with tenfold more truth than ever Louis XIV. centred in himself the power of France.

In order for a right understanding of our difficulties with Paraguay, and the causes of Brazil's imbroglio with the same country, let us examine the past condition of this the earliest Spanish community founded on the affluents of the mighty Rio de La Plata.

In 1518, De Solis, the Spanish navigator, entered the large stream now known as the River Platte. Majellan, in 1519, sailed into the same river, but not finding it a strait voyaged southward and discovered that entrance to the Pacific, which still bears his name. The discovery of the fertile and delightful upper country, which extends on either side of the River Platte, was reserved for old Sebastian Gabot—or Cabot—that English-born Venetian who discovered Labrador, and seems to have entered Hudson's Bay. In 1526, he sailed under the auspices of a company formed at Selville, to trade with the Moluccas via the newly discovered strait of Majellan, but the mutiny of a part of his crew forced him to set the rebels ashore in Brazil, and finally to give up the voyage to the Pacific. He entered the La Platte, explored to some extent the Parana, formed temporary settlements, and sent home an account of his discoveries. The merchants of Seville refused to support him, but he found in the King a patron altogether preferable.

He explored the Parana and then descended it to the Paraguay, which latter he ascended as far as the river Vermejo, where he was attacked by the Paraguas, a warlike tribe, whom he attached after a severe battle. From these Indians he received gold and silver ornaments, which they obtained from Peru. Cabot immediately sent Geo. Barlow, an Englishman, to Spain, to inform the King that he had found the road to the mines of which Ayolas had spoken, and of which Cabeza de Vaca, who had traversed from the shores of America. But while Barlow was in Spain, in 1529, he learned that Pizarro had actually plundered Peru of silver, [illegible] (the Rio de La Platte) [illegible] from the ornaments [illegible] was to be the [illegible] settlement in this portion of [illegible] Don Pedro de Mendoza [illegible] tination and [illegible] but that [illegible] who [illegible] cers, "up stream" on an exploring expedition. This individual ascended to a certain point and engaged with the Indians, the victory resting with the Spaniard. Immediately after the battle, he erected a fort, which he called Assumption from the day on which the engagement took place. Ayolas was afterwards slain, when on his way to Peru, and Mendoza having died, the Spaniards deserted the lower settlement, came to Assumption, and elected their own Governor. Thus, says an old account, they were all called together "in the form of a republic," and here begins the history of Paraguay, with Irala for its Governor, (1538.)

The natives were more civilized than those of the Pampas. They cultivated corn, mandioca, sweet potatoes and cotton. They spun and wove the cotton. A conspiracy or two caused a sound castigation to be administered by the Spaniards, who finally healed all wounds by marrying Guarani wives and adopting the Guarani language. Thus sprang up a race which to-day composes the chief part of the civilized population of Paraguay; a race of which an old Spanish writer in 1612 wrote: "They are commonly good soldiers, and of great valor, inclined to war, skilful in the management of all kinds of arms, excellent riders, and, above all, very obedient and loyal subjects of his Majesty. The woman are generally of noble and honorable sentiments, virtuous and beautiful, endowed with discretion; industrious and well skilled in all kinds of needle work, in which they are continually engaged."

The King of Spain, to recur to the first "Republic" in America, did not entertain the notion of an independent colony of Spaniards, and sent out Cabeza de Vaca to assume the government, with the title of "Adelantado de Rio de la Platta." Vaca landed at St. Catharines, in Brazil, and thence pushed across the country to Assumption, where his office was acknowledged; but in a few months he was deposed, and sent back to Spain, under false accusation of mal-administration. Irala was afterwards confirmed in power by the King. Under one of his successors, the necessity of a port at the mouth of the river was so felt that a colony, in 1580, nearly a half century after the establishment of Assumption, was begun at Buenos Ayres.

Up to 1776, all the Southern Hispano-American countries, except Chili, were a part of the great captaincy of Peru. At that time, the Vice-Royalty of Buenos Ayres was formed, which included the whole of what is now known as the Argentine Confederation, Paraguay and Uraguay.

In the meantime, the colony of Paraguay had become flourishing. A large part of it was the field where the Order of Jesus had full sway in carrying out their wonderful system of religio-worldly policy. Villages, plantations, churches and schools, sprang up in the wilds of Paraguay; vast herbs were reared amid the forests which cover the undulating lands that stretch away from the vast rivers. The effects of systematic industry were seen on every hand. Reading and wording, singing, praying and dancing, were certainly evidences of a happy and contented state of existence. But their life was not that of unbroken quiet. Battles with heathen tribes, contests with avaricious Spaniards, who feared neither God nor man, and above all the terrible wars waged against the Reductions, as they were called, by the Brazilians, who traversed immense tracts of wilderness to enslave the Indians, tended to keep both teachers and taught in a condition not to be envied. At length, when the power of the order founded by Ignatius Loyola had excited the whole Roman Catholic world, Charles III, by a decree, drove them from their inland retreat, where they had fondly supposed they were as firmly established as their lordly rivers which thence swept their watery treasures to the ocean. They left Paraguay amid the grief of their 100,000 pupils, which stood ready to do battle for their spiritual leaders, but the self-abnegation which has ever characterized the order in its far-reaching schemes, was never more manifest than when they earnestly entreated the Indians to lay down their arms and submit without a blow to the forced bereavement of their teachers.

The result proved that, however beneficial the sway of the Jesuits might have been to the Indian tribes, it was not to make a people of them. The settlements fell into decay. In our years even during the expulsion of the Jesuits—the number of cattle fell from nearly a million and a-half to little more than 150,000. In [illegible] years the Indians who [illegible] numbered 130,000, were reduced by death, emigration and other causes to [illegible] the Missions became [illegible] ept.

In 1810 the first revolutionary movement in the River Platte [illegible] provisional government [illegible] river, refused to acknowledge its authority. The Junta resolved to enforce it, and sent an army of invasion against the Paraguayans, which was soundly flogged by the latter. Paraguay then, in 1811, declared its own independence of Buenos Ayres, and in 1816, along with all the other River Platte provinces, formally declared its separation from Spain. Previous to this, Paraguay organized its government, which consisted of a president and four "assessors," elected by a Congress. The acting Secretary of this Junta of Assessors was one Don Joseph Gasper Lodrigues de Francia—the life and soul of the Administration. In 1814 Francia succeeded in getting himself nominated Dictator for three years, and twenty-four months afterwards he was confirmed as Dictator for life. Then commenced that wonderful insulation from the rest of the world which has astonished every one, while it has elicited the approbation of a few. Among the latter is Mr. Carlyle, who has written one of his most characteristic essays on Dr. Francia.

Francia proved himself a most unscrupulous tyrant. He filled the prisons with those whom he suspected of being opposed to him; he meted out torture, banishment and death, with no sparing hand. He nearly exterminated the old Spaniards and the clergy, and arrogated to himself all the powers of the Pope.

He almost annihilated the commerce of the county by his exclusive system; foreign merchants were detained against their will, or expelled from the country at the pleasure of the Dictator. Naturalists like Bonpland were imprisoned, and the completed non-intercourse was maintained with the surrounding countries. The army was the mainstay of the Dictator, through it is not among the less curious inquiries concerning this remarkable man, how it was possible to maintain his influence over an army who pay consisted of had beef!

The suspension of foreign trade had, however, the useful result of making the inhabitants, who depended too much upon the spontaneous productions of the forests, (timber and *mate,*) and of their roving herds, turn their attention to agriculture and other industrious pursuits.

In 1820, the ravages of the locusts destroyed the growing fields. The Dictator ordered the people to sow a second crop. The result was a double crop, to the surprise of the old farmers, who never dreampt of such a thing in the same year.

But an end was put to this state of affairs by the death of Francia in 1840. He was eighty-five years of age, and for nearly thirty years of age, and for nearly thirty years had ruled over Paraguay with an iron hand. Seven or eight hundred persons were in the prisons at the time of his death—some of whom had been loaded with irons for twenty years, without knowing the cause of their arrest; and a list of fifty persons to be shot was found among his papers. The Actuary of the Dictator kept the knowledge of Francia's death secret for several hours, and then communicated with some of the officers in Assumption. They soon sent the Actuary to prison, and a general congress was summoned, which, in March, 1841, elected two consuls for three years, one of whom, Don Carlos Antonio Lopez, is the President of Paraguay, at the present time, and whose high-handed measures toward Brazil and the United States will, doubtless, soon result either in material satisfaction to both nations, or the chastisement of Paraguay.

A Hard Witness.—The following dialogue, which occured several years ago between a lawyer and a witness, in a justice's court, not a great many thousand miles from this place, is worth relating.

It seems that Mr. Jones loaned Mr. Smith a horse, which died while in his (Smith's) possession. Mr. Jones brought suit to recover the value of the Horse, attributing his death to bad treatment. During the course of the trial a witness (Mr. Brown) was called to the stand to testify as to how Mr. Smith treated horses.

Lawyer—(with a bland and confidence invoking smile) "Well, sir, how does Mr. Smith generally ride a horse?"

Witness—(with a very merry twinkle in his eye; otherwise imperturable)—"A stradd[illegible] I believe, sir."

Lawyer—(with a scarcely perceptible flush of vexation upon his cheek, but still speaking in his smoothest tones) "But, sir, what gait does he ride?"

Witness—"He never rides any gate, sir. His horse ride all the gates."

Lawyer—(his bland smile gone and his voice slightly husky)—"But how does he ride when in company with others?"

Witness—"Keeps up, if his horse is able; if not, he goes behind."

Lawyer—(triumphantly, and in perfect glee)—"Now does he ride when alone, sir?"

Witness—"Don't know—never was with him when he was alone."

Lawyer—"I have done with the witness."

[illegible]

THE ERRING DAUGHTER.

BY AUGUSTA HERBERT.

"But mother, *why* may I not marry Charles Hastings? I do think it's cruel of you to refuse your consent, when you know how much I think of him. I'm sure you don't seem a bit like my own kind mother. What *does* make you so set against Charley?"

"I have not the least ill-will against Charles, far from it; I am very anxious to see the young man prosperous and happy But he is not a man who could make my daughter happy. She has taken a feverish fancy to his handsome face and his large seal ring, and I have no doubt that she believes her heart will break as she bids him a final farewell—but, Alice, your mother has lived more years than you have, and has seen many broken heart healed, many floods of tears dried, and you will certainly see the day in which you will thank me for forbidding this union, and breaking off your intimacy with the young man in question.—You did very wrong not to apprise me long ago of what was going on. It might have saved you both much disappointment."

"But, mother, what have you against Charles?"

"I have already told you that he has not been properly brought up. He has no education, nor has he the force of ambition to seek for one. He has a violent and unreasonable temper, and many ill-bred and ungentlemanly ways. In short, he is not by nature or education such a person as could possibly satisfy the heart of a refined and sensitive woman, such as *I hope* my daughter is becoming. Submit to your mother's judgement, my child. Has she not always guided you in the path of peace and happiness?"

Allie knew she had so guided her, but in her present mood, she didn't want to say so. She therefore muttered some ungracious things about people who have married to suit themselves, always being so unreasonable when other people want to do the same thing.

The mother took no notice of this behavior, thinking that Allie would, of herself, soon see how ungrateful and disrespectful she had appeared, and come and ask forgiveness. This had been from childhood her usual course; But Allie was changed by the blind passion that had taken full possession of her. Mrs. Heath had no adequate idea of the strength of her daughter's feeling for Charles Hastings. If she *had* been aware of the control that, by magnetism or some other means, the reckless, though attractive-looking young man had acquired over Alice, she would have felt like hastening with her from the circle of his baneful influence. As it was, she did not worry at all. She felt grieved for the sorrow which her daughter felt, but consoled herself with the idea that it would soon pass. Her child had never disobliged her, and she did not dream that she ever would do so. What, then, was her astonishment as well as alarm and distress, when Allie was one morning missing from her chamber and from her home. Her bed had not been touched. Upon her pillow was a note directed to Mrs. Heath. Hurriedly tearing it open, the grief stricken parent read that her only child, her darling daughter, who, in her imagination had been incapable of such wickedness, had deserted her to elope with Charles Hastings. They would be back, the note said, as soon as they were married, and mother must try and forgive them. She was so good, they were sure that she would forgive them when she knew they were really man and wife, and so *ought* to love each other.

Mrs. Heath sat down and had a battle with herself. When she arose, it was with the determination to make the best of a bad affair. She set the servants immediately to work, to fit up a chamber for the young couple, for she at once understood that she was to have them both to take care of. As for Charles Hastings ever earning *his own* living, much less that of his wife, she was not so sanguine as to admit such a thought for a moment.

When the bride and groom arrived—which they did before night—they found their pleasant chamber ready for them, a good supper awaiting them, and a kind though very pale mother, to receive them. [illegible] when she wished them joy, her lips and tears were not turned into [illegible] be the usual bridal smile.

[illegible] "My dear old lady," said [illegible] must be patient for a [illegible] manner. [illegible]

Alice [illegible] you wouldn't give her [illegible] wouldn't give her [illegible] the only thing we [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] son-in-law only by requesting him and his wife to sit down to supper. Twenty hours of uninterrupted intercourse with Hastings had not made him any more interesting or attractive in the opinion of Allie. Sad to relate, now she had him, in spite of mother, fate, and all the world, he did not seem, by many degrees, so desirable an object as he had seemed the day before. Already she was beginning to see him with her mother's eyes—already she was beginning to feel that her mother's propheey would prove true.

And it was not two years—it was hardly a year and a half—before there was a divorce by mutual consent. Charles being exasperated beyond all control by Allie's exhortations to go to work, to find some—almost any honest—business, to try and be somebody. And Allie was disgusted to loathing by Charles' want of all the elements of soul which go to make the true man.

Bitterly, bitterly, was the foolish disobedience of the erring daughter punished, and deeply did she repent. Her mother tried every means in her power to improve Charles and to create harmony between him and his wife; but finding all effort to be worse than useless, she finally gave up to their desire for a divorce, thinking wisely that people who live together but to render each other miserable, had far better be apart.

There are unpleasant memories now between the mother and the daughter, but no hard feelings. They live once more in peace, if not in perfect happiness. And it is whispered that Allie is learning now, in a practical way, that there is a vast difference, between the blind and fiery infatuation which some call love, and the deep and tender truth of the real, heaven born passion. Daughters, trust the heart of your mother. It is the truest and best of the hearts of earth.

The Best Scholar.—In every school there is one who is called the best scholar. Teachers and pupils have no difficulty in deciding who is entitled to this honorable distinction; and when we once heard the pupils of a school exclaim, as a bright-eyed boy entered the room, "Here comes Frank; he is the best boy in the school," we thought, "What a good introduction to a new teacher?" After becoming acquainted with the scholars, we found that they had told the truth. Frank was the best boy in the school, and will no doubt become one of the best men in the city. Think of it, boys. "The best boy in school." Who would not be proud of such a title? It is worth more than millions of dollars. But perhaps some scholars will say, "We can't all be the best." This is true; but you have a right to *try*; and the one who will try the hardest will succeed, for there is power in that little word try. Frank could not be the best boy in the school if he did not try. If you cannot be the best be careful and not be the worst. Every school has one boy who is worse than any other scholar. We pity him; we pity his parents, his brothers and sisters. What a disgraceful title—"The worst boy in school!" He will no doubt become one of the worst men in the community. Let every boy who reads this resolve to be "the best boy in school."

Quaint and Curious.—Some plodding genius has discovered, while spending his own time, that the word Time itself, when artificially transposed or metagramatized, will form the following words: *mete, emit, item.* And, if the afore-named and its anagrams be placed in the following quadratic position, they will form what may be termed an anagramic palindrome:

TIME
ITEM
METE
EMIT

This word, Time, is the only word in the English language which can be thus arranged, and the different transpositions thereof are all at the same [illegible] Those words thus [illegible] may be read either upwards or downwards.

The English words *time, item, mete,* and *emit* [illegible] and of the Latin ones, (1) [illegible] (2) [illegible] to be measured, (3) [illegible] (4) [illegible]

[illegible] The following table of the number of [illegible] to a bushel [illegible] our readers [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] of sand they keep life in a starving [illegible]

[illegible] falling into the [illegible]

The Wife's Appeal.

Come near me, let me lay my hand
Once more upon thy brow,
And let me whisper in thine ear
Love's last and fondest vow.
The lips that breathe these trembling words
Will soon be cold in death,
And thy dear cheek can feel no more
Their warm and loving breath.

I go from thee; God only knows
How I have longed to stay—
How I have shudered thus to tread
The lone and shadowed way.
Faith tells me that I soon may know
The joys the blessed find,
And yet I falter when I cast
A lingering look behind.

I see thee bowed before me here,
In bitterness and tears,
But I can leave thee something still
To light thy weary years.
Young tender forms will cling to thee
Perhaps will miss my tone,
And though they may not share thy grief,
Thou wilt not feel alone.

Fold them still closer to thy breast,
And soothe their childish woe,
And cheer the many lonely hours
The motherless must know.
The world with all its hopes and joys,
Will sometimes make thee glad,
But they must linger round a hearth
All desolate and sad.

And O! when time shall calm thy grief,
Perchance the hour may come,
When thou wilt win another form
To share thy heart and home:
When thou wilt welcome to thy board
A younger, fairer face,
And bid thy children smile on her
Who takes their mother's place.

But think not, could I speak to thee,
That I would frown or blame,
Though they should love the stranger one,
And call her by thy name;
For they will speak to thee of me,
My memory is their trust,
A word, a smile, a look like mine.
Will call me from the dust.

Yet make my grave no place of tears,
But let the dear ones bring,
To cheer their mother's lonely home,
The blossoms of the spring.
And even there, thou too, may'st kneel,
And softly press the earth
That covers her whose face once gave,
A brightness to thy hearth.

Then will the forms of early years
Steal softly to thy side,
And for an hour thou can'st forget
Thou hast another bride.
She may be all thy heart can ask,
So dear, so true to thee,
But O! the spring time of thy love,
Its freshness was for me.

May she be blest who comforts thee,
And with a gentle hand,
Still guide the little trembling ones
Who make our household band;
She cannot know the tenderness
That fills their mother's breast,
But she can love them for thy sake,
And make them more than blest.

Yet keep one place, one little place,
From all the rest apart,
One spot which I will call "a home,"
Within their faithful heart;
And in the holy hour of dreams,
When spirits fill the air,
With tender eye and folded wing
I'll softly rest me there.

May God forgive this erring love
That is to mortals given,
It almost woos my spirit back
From happiness and heaven.
And yet I feel it will not die.
When this frail life is o'er,
But watch till all my loved ones come
Where we shall meet to part no more.

Vegetables.—In all cases where it is at all practical, let your plants be mulched. It is perhaps the best antidote to the excessive heat of the season. Stir the soil as frequently as may be; for it not only softens it, but in various ways, mitigates the effect of drought. Take an early occasion to thin out all crowded plants. We are apt to neglect this important matter from a natural reluctance to destroy anything in itself valuable. But let us remember that each superfluous plant is, in effect, a hurtful weed.—Transplant leeks, lovages, celery, cauliflowers, pepper and egg plants. Sow snap-beans once a fortnight for a succession, and flat Dutch cabbage for fall and winter use. But by all means get the start of the weeds, and keep it.

Idleness.—What a waste of time it is for one man to spend half his life in idleness, when, by following out his talents and dispositions, he would, at the same time, acquire respect for his industry and independence. Whatever [illegible] honest, [illegible] and profitable in the [illegible] following it, we grow [illegible] towards the sun, full and straight. A rill that runs with its wind goes smoothly and swiftly on. But [illegible] anxieties, [illegible]

[illegible]

A Remarkable Conversion.

When a young man, I was distinguished in the community where I lived for wickedness and profanity. I married, however, strange as it may seem, a young woman of most exemplary piety, and we at once moved into our humble house, full of anticipations of happiness so common with the young.

As the first day of our residence in our new abode drew to a close, the supper table being removed, my wife, without saying a word, placed a little stand by my side, laid, a little Bible upon it, and sat down on the opposite side of the hearth, in evident expectation that I would conduct family worship! What could I do? I was in a manner spell bound, I could not disappoint her. She knew nothing of my profanity and wickedness. And yet how could such a wretch as I kneel before Almighty God and utter words of devotion? Yet I did? I read and prayed. But O, as I took the name of Jehovah upon my lips, asked for blessings in the name of Christ, and made confession of sin, a sense of my guilt and hypocrisy stung my soul. I rose from my knees one the most miserable of men! I succeeded, however, in partially recovering my self-possession by aid of a secret determination, on no consideration, to yield to a repetition of the act, and thus tried to dismiss the matter from my mind. Another day rolled by—another sunset came. Again the tea table was spread and removed, and before I was aware, there at my side was the same stand, and upon it the same dreaded Bible, and my wife seated before me in silent expectation of the evening devotions. According to a well-known law of practical morality, having yielded once, I found myself less capable of refusing now, and once more I read the word of God—once more I kneeled, and with profane tongue invoked Divine blessing. A new horror fell upon me!—a dread, like Uzzah, I should perish for the crime of laying godless hands upon the sacred ark. The sins of a lifetime, and those of no common dye, stared me in the face, and as they "revived, I died." My soul and Satan took the part of the wife of Job, and bade me "curse God and die."—And I was half minded to heed the injunction.

Morning came, but brought with it only a deeper and more oppressive sense of guilt. I opened not my lips, but could think of nothing but the gall of bitterness I had drunk—the bands of iniquity which held me. I had heard of God with the hearing of the ear, but now mine eyes saw him and I abhorred myself in dust and ashes.

At length another, the third evening, drew nigh, and I well knew that again the inevitable table, with its sacred furniture, would be placed beside me, and the fascination of my wife's presence and look of assured expectation would assail me so that I could not look up. I could say nothing, but could endure my anguish no longer. As I sought no aid from Heaven, Satan voluntarily offered his, and I took it. My mind was made up—I resolved on suicide. A rope hung from a tree in the orchard with which I proposed to terminate, as in mad delirium I fancied, the increasing and now intolerable horrors of my soul.

We took our third, and to my mind, last supper together. I lingered in the room until I saw the dreaded moment was at hand when, without a word, I could not have mastered my emotions to speak, I withdrew. I hastened to the orchard. Every step increased my anguish, Satan—my reason seemed to reel. I missed the rope, and found myself in the wood land. On I ran, until overpowered by emotions, my limbs gave way, and I fell prostrate upon the ground. How long I lay there I know not, but an eternity was crowded into that period! A horror of great darkness passed over me in view of vileness and guilt before God. [illegible] terrible judgement, and the [illegible] that [illegible] me.—But mine [illegible] Guide, opportunity. The darkest [illegible] The darkest hour [illegible] thickest of the darkness. But when [illegible] seemed [illegible] unopening [illegible] broken. There was Jesus, in all [illegible] Jy. I saw [illegible] and live and live. I [illegible] of [illegible] from the [illegible] I [illegible] heavenly [illegible] Satan [illegible] Jesus [illegible] Heaven [illegible] with old [illegible]

[illegible] flow down his cheeks [illegible] heaving rain upon [illegible] forsaken [illegible]