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Punishing a Desperado.

A SCENE ON THE RIO GRANDE.

After the splendid triumph of the American arms on the glorious fields of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, the victorious force hurried across the Rio Grande and occupied the Mexican town of Matamoras. But, unfortunately, these were not the only invaders, for, marching with the valiant soldiery, or following rapidly in their rear, came another host, of small merchants, of desperadoes, of gamblers, and every variety of reckless adventurers, including swarms of assassins and thieves. Any one can readily imagine the confusion, affrays, and mortal rencounters which resulted from such a heterogeneous aggravation of inflammable human atoms.

Among the numerous professors most erudite in the history of the four queens, as also the most deeply learned in the *arcana* of hair triggers, were three brothers by the name of Allen. Their art and dexterity, backed in each emergency by the bowie-knife and revolver soon rendered them notorious, and promised, in a brief period, to break every bank in the vicinity.—Men of the highest courage trembled at their approach, and even officers, wearing the uniform of bravery, accorded to their desperation an external courtesy and respect which belied the contempt and hatred of their hearts.

At that time there was a brilliant saloon kept upon for public amusement and private profit, by one Fernando Ross, a wealthy but avaricious Spaniard. The dealer at the monte table was his daughter, Maria, a young girl possessed of that wild bewitching beauty which so often distinguishes the fascinating females of her nation, and, notwithstanding her unfavorable and doubtful situation as a principal in the genteel gambling-house, she bore a fair fame for virtue as well as intelligence. Indeed, report said, with whose truth I am unable to affirm, that she detested the position, and filled it only from the compulsion of parental authority. At all events, she presided over the cards in all the evolutions of fickle fortune with the rarest grace of manners, and the utmost honesty of conduct. As might be logically inferred, such various and evident attractions combined to render the establishment a place of general resort for the *elite* of the army, and all the most accomplished connoisseurs of chance; and to insure the exclusion of the plebeian class, the rule had been fixed that the lowest bet on the board must amount to [illegible] dollars.

[illegible] a fine clear night, at the full moon of [illegible] the three brothers Allen, having [illegible] counters of all the inferior banks in Calekeso [illegible] their pockets full of gold [illegible]

[illegible] paper covered [illegible] close it with a sudden scene, determined [illegible] one or fear, if the latter alternative should become necessary. The apartment was crowded with juvenile lieutenants, who lost their money and their hearts with equally fatal facility, and I am sorry to record it, but the fact is nevertheless certain, that not a few epaulets of older and more exalted rank glittered in the gorgeous illumination of the silver chandeliers, and manifested symptoms of homage before the starry smiles of the beautiful and bewitching Maria.

With that rude, elbowing impetuosity, which more than anything else marks the soul of the thorough-bred ruffian, the bold, bad brothers made their way to the monte table. To say the truth, they found little difficulty in doing so, as the throng hastily retreated at their advance, with as much trepidation as if they had been Libian lions fresh from the desert. Everybody fell back from the board to a safe distance, and left the contest alone to the three fraternal gamblers. Even the lovely dealer turned mortally pale at their appearance, and her fairy fingers quivered nervously as she shuffled the painted cards.

I have stated that all the previous players withdrew from the table, but the generality of the remark must be qualified by a solitary exception. There was one stranger, that had arrived in town the evening before, who maintained his stand without so much as glancing at the intruders. No observer could look upon this person and fail to be struck with the singular prestige of his countenance and carriage. He was a tall, rather slender-shaped man, some fifty years of age, straight as an arrow or as an Indian, with very handsome features, entirely destitute of wrinkles, and extremely youthful in their aspect, scarcely indicating half his years. His visage, gestures, and all his demeanor, seemed grave, dignified, and almost grand, and exhibited a certain air of touching melancholy which heightened the interest of his faultless form and face. His eyes were small, penetrating, and of a yellowish brown, and literally gleamed like diamonds beneath brows of majestic dimensions, that looked alive with noble thoughts. His dress was plain black, and displayed a strong contrast with the gay colors, rich ruffles, and barbaric ornaments of the triune Allens.

The latter at the outset, staked a thousand dollars each on the queen of hearts, and lost, while the stranger, having deposited a like sum on the ace of spades, proved to be a winner.

"By heaven! that trick was foul swindling!" exclaimed the eldest brother, in tones of brutal insolence.

"The cyprian and her paramour are confederate thieves!" cried the second Allen.

"We must teach them righteousness at the mouth of the revolver!" added the third.

Maria trembled so violently that the cards dropped from her agitated hands.

The gaze of every beholder was instantly riveted on the visage of the stranger, whose piercing eyes flashed angrily as he demanded in a tranquil but terribly distinct voice, though little louder than a whisper:—

"Gentlemen, do you intend to accuse the lady of unfair dealing, or me of profiting by her partiality?"

"Who the devil are you, that bandy words with me, the boys of Arkansas, the bravest among the brave?"

"My name is Thomas Jefferson Dugan," answered the other, in the same low, thrilling accents, without any sign of emotion, save the added flashing of the yellowish brown eyes. "I am from the State of Virginia the proverbial chivalry of whose sons is never falsified by any act of mine."

"Do you mean this to be a threat?" cried one of the brothers.

"You may receive it as such, if you feel so disposed," replied Dugan, without betraying any emotion. "I intended to convey the idea that when I am insulted, or my rights are outraged, I am ready to demand, or exact, that satisfaction claimed by gentlemen throughout the world."

"You will fight?" cried the elder brother in astonishment.

"All three if necessary!" was the cool response.

"Wait till we break this infernal cheat of a bank, and you shall be accomodated to your heart's content!" said the eldest Allen, with a fiendish frown.

Again the young girl, with quivering fingers, threw down the four leading cards; again the trinity of wicked brothers risked their money, and this time on the king of clubs; but the luck still ran against them, and they lost, while the stranger won his bet of fifteen hundred on the queen of diamonds.

"The she-rogue has played us false, and we will rake the table!" vociferated the Allens, springing to their feet, and drawing their bowie-knives to execute their menace, *vi et armis*.

But quicker than their motion—quick as the lightning's leap—was the action of Dugan; for, bounding four yards backwards, he covered the heads of the two boldest desperadoes with a Deringer in each hand, which had been ready cocked in his pocket, and shouted:

"Villains! stir a muscle if ye dare and the devil shall have his own!"

At the moment the bystanders interposed, and an arrangement was effected for an immediate interview of honor between Dugan and the eldest brother. The parties, attended by a swarm of excited spectators, proceeded forthwith to the bank of the Rio Grande, opposite the site where the city of Brownsville now stands, and were placed in position by their respective seconds.

It was the hour of midnight, and the great meridian moon, like the magic lamp of the purest chrysolite, brimming over with celestial glory, gave a luster nearly as vivid as that of day, and ineffably more chaste, more enchanting, more divine—such as the sweetest smile of an angel, the most holy light of heaven.

Half a minute, or less, before the death signal, Dugan exclaimed, in a calm, clear voice:

"Assassin and swindler! I will not kill you, for you are not fit to die; but I will cripple your [illegible] for life, or my right hand shall [illegible] reputation, have been [illegible] which should [illegible] be known to the [illegible] of a gentleman!"

The word was given, and with its last echoes the weapon of the brave Virginian roared on the night air, and the bullet shattered the other's arm at the precise point indicated, while the murderous duelist had not time to pull his trigger, and the remaining Allens, shrunk from a similar earnestly proffered ordeal.

Since then, the victor has been a resident of the Rio Grande, and has engaged in a dozen other encounters, but always with the same wonderful heroism and forbearance. Strange, valiant, mighty-minded man! During a life of almost sixty summers, he has fought a hundred fearful conflicts on the wild frontier, and every one, had he so chosen, might have been fatal to his antagonists; but yet no weeping widow, no pale mother, no moaning orphan, from all the graves of the perished past, comes to haunt his dreams, and lay the accusation of a bereavement at his door.

Memory.

The Boston Transcript gives the following abstract of a lecture on Memory, by Ralph Waldo Emerson, which was admirably suited to bring out the lecturer's latent stores of intellectual wealth:

As a proper preface to the lecture, one or two reminiscences of youthful days were related.—The speaker referred to the reverential pleasure with which he heard at that time of America's most eloquent divines. It used to be the fashion in company for one after another to detail as many of the brilliant passages of the famed preacher's discourses, as they could recollect.—An impression of awe was produced upon Mr. Emerson by the exactness of memory of a certain person, who could correct the citations of his friends.

In another instance, Mr. Emerson, was on board a packet, for a twelve days passage to Charleston. For two days he remained quiescent, as those unacquainted with sea are apt to be when first commencing the intimacy. He mentally repeated during that interval successive lines from Milton's Lycidas, until he found the whole poem was in his possession.

Some animals have stronger memories than man, such as dogs and horses, while others, like tigers and beasts of prey, have less power of remembering. They continually beat against the bars of the cages confining them without heeding the injuries they constantly receive.

The first great quality of memory is tenacity. Unlike the daguerreotype, instead of receiving the impression of the image, the image itself is ineffaceably stamped into the plate. There it remains until called up for future use. This accessibility is the second important element in a good memory.

Rapidity of remembrance is the distinguishing feature of noted men. Thus Burke, Grattan, Curran and Webster owe their distinction to the ability to illustrate at the instant weighty propositions by pertinent anecdotes or facts. When they were heated, it appeared as though they could narrate all they ever knew. It is this mental attribute that makes the improvisatore. Shakspeare and Wordsworth might have improvised their poems, instead of committing them to paper, had they been endowed with it. All famous mathematicians have speed of memory to a remarkable degree. They only perform in their head what anybody can do slowly, and on the slate.

There are various processes of remembering, but the process which marks superiority is that of cause and effect; where knowledge has been methodically arranged, and is immediately available. School girls are frequently stuffed with nursery rhymes, and snatches from fashionable poetry which they retain with so much ease, and wear so loosely, as to be almost marvellous; but these acquirements only appear pitiful to the old scholar, whose attainments are for service.

As instances of prodigious memories, the cases of Themistocles, the Athenian statesman; of Lucius Scipio, who could tell the names of his whole army, were cited. Bonaparte, though he could not retain a single Alexandrine line of poetry, would never forget his army returns.—Grotius was once present at a review of troops, when he was asked by the prince of Orange if he could repeat the names he had just heard at the call of the muster roll. He went through the list. Frederick the Great knew every military post in his kingdom, the cannons in the public arsenals, and the place of every bottle in his cellar. Sir Thomas Browne had an Egyptian memory in vastness.

When we see an individual whose memory keeps pace with our own it excites no notice; but if he can remember what we cannot, we look upon him with respect. It is inexplicable where the fragments of information, which come to hand when they are wanted, are kept. Nobody has yet been able to turn himself inside out quickly enough to decide the problem.

One striking provision of the memory is that beautifully forget what should not be remembered. And though the general rule has been enunciated by the authority of Quintillian that the recollection is in proportion to the genius yet a defective memory is not demonstrative proof of a lack of genius. Sir Isaac Newton, when questioned as to a past discovery of his own, hesitated and was confused; yet he could invent a reason on the spot, if demanded.

Some things everybody remembers. A creditor is in slight danger of forgetting his debtor, and mankind generally keep an insult fresh.—Old Ben Johnson used to say it was hard to forget the last kick. It is stated that the boundaries between towns were formerly established by whipping a school boy on the site.

The memory is alive. It retains its power during sleep. A night's passivity of physical activity frequently explains difficult and tangled questions. Thomas Moore, the poet, wrote on a certain occasion a poem, which he carried about in his memory for several days before copying it. He occasionally made a mental introspection to see if the verses were still retained. Poets usually have retentive minds.

Memory depends upon the insight. If this latter quality be strong and penetrative, then the mind will possess a corresponding degree of retentiveness. Dunked man are to be hated.—If you would know how short the memory of most people really is, read the popular works of to day one year from this time, and you will be regarded as a perfect Sphinx of information.

Memory like music, annihilates time. It exists in a wild state in children. It connects ancient with modern existence, and enables the individual to live worthily on the earth. Memory is, in fact the measure of personal identity.

We sometimes imagine that our thoughts are new, because we cannot tell how they have been fixed in the intellect. But there is very little newness under the sun. Much of the science of the present time has its roots far back in the past. Layard's researches at Nineveh exhumed a civilization of more ancient date than the Ninevite.

MYSTERIES OF A LUMP OF COAL.—For years no one supposed that a piece of soft coal, dug from its mines or bed in the earth, possessed any other quality than being combustible, or was valuable for any other purpose than as fuel. It was next found that it afforded a gas which is also combustible. Chemical analysis proved it to be made of hydrogen. In process of time mechanical and chemical ingenuity devised a mode of manufacturing this gas and applying it to the lighting of the buildings and cities on a large scale. In doing this other products of distillation were developed, until step by step, the following ingredients or materials are extracted from it: 1. An excellent oil to supply lighthouses, equal to the best sperm oil, at lower cost. 2. Benzole—a light sort of ethereal fluid, which evaporates easily, and combined with vapor or moist air, it is used for the purpose of portable gas lamps, so called. 3. Naptha—a heavy fluid, to dissolve gutta percha, India rubber, etc. 4. An oil excellent for lubricating purposes. 5. Asphaltum, which is a black solid substance used in making varnishes, covering roofs and covering vaults. 6. Parrafine—a white, crystaline substance, resembling beeswax, which can be made into beautiful wax candles, it melts at a temperature of 110 degrees, and affords an excellent light. All these substances are now made from the soft coal of Kentucky, and manufactured by a company at Clovesport in that State. They have twelve retorts in operation day and night, consuming eight or ten tons of coal every twenty-four hours. One can hardly realize, as he takes a lump of heavy, smutty coal in his hand that he holds concentrated therein all these different ingredients chained within, and which a little heat properly applied will liberate. [North American.

WHITEWASH FOR OUT-BUILDINGS.—Take a clean barrel that will hold water. Put into it half a bushel of quicklime, and slack it by pouring over it boiling water sufficient to cover it four or five inches deep, and stirring it until slaked. When quite slaked dissolve it in water, and add two pounds of sulphate of zinc, and one of common salt, which may be had at any of the druggists, and which in a few days will cause the whitewash to harden on the wood work. Add sufficient water to bring it to the consistency of thick whitewash.

To make the above wash of a pleasant cream color, add 3 lbs. yellow ochre.

For fawn color, add 4 lbs. umber, 1 lb. Indian red, and 1 lb. lamplblack.

For gray or stone color, add four lbs. raw umber, and 2 lbs. lamplblack.

The color may be put on with a common whitewash brush, and will be found much more durable than common whitewash.

The Wife at Home.

It is only within the circle of her domestic assiduity that we can judge of the true worth of a woman, or make a correct estimate of her forbearance, her virtue, and her felicity. There are displayed all the finer feelings of which the pure heart of woman is susceptible. It is in the midst of trial and suffering, misfortune and anguish, that the nobler traits of the true wife are displayed in all their characteristic grandeur. Adversity only increases the ardor of her attachment: and the constancy and intensity of her devotion are such as no changes or chances can estrange or subdue. There are no recriminations to drive love away; violence to alienate the heart; no neglect to impel to desperation.—All is love, kindness, and persuasion. Oh, what is more sweet, more calculated to enhance the value of domestic relationship, than for a man, cast down, worried, almost driven to despair, to turn his footsteps away from the busy world and mingle with the loved ones at home?—to have a place where feeling and sympathy are manifested; where glance responds to glance, and heart to heart—where the sweet musical voice of one nearest and dearest to the soul, life inspired, yet unobstructive in its counsel, sends him forth again, with a stronger shoulder to stem the tide of adversity.

Few secrets are so important as that of knowing how to make home happy. Beauty of features is not necessary. Ordinary features, when lit up with the sunbeams of sensibility, generally excite the same passions which they express; and the winning attraction of their smile invests them with peculiar charms, like the variegated hues with which a brilliant rainbow tints the gloomy clouds. The proud and dangerous [illegible] of genius is not necessary. Let a woman possess what is infinitely more valuable—good common sense, and intellect sufficient to direct it in the most appropriate manner to all the practical purposes of life. Let there be truthfulness and integrity in her nature, strengthened by a thorough course of mental discipline, and it will not fail to give beauty and power to her thoughts and character. It does not consist in the ready flow of conversation, captivating in its vivacity, brilliant in its fresh conceptions, charming in its polished sentences, dazzling in its witticisms, and instructive in its solidity.

True, these qualifications, combined with those constituted to render home happy, may make a woman the embodiment of all which the most noble and imaginative heart could wish or desire; but they are not essentially necessary. A woman with ordinary features and ordinary abilities may make home very pleasant and agreeable. And whenever [illegible] who—no matter how boorish or bewitching—puts on her smiles like her ornaments, and dresses her mind, like her person, for company, in painted colors, fictitious charity, and pinch back benevolence?

The true secret of making home happy is to *have the heart in the right place*; to have the charity to over-look foibles; to learn to forgive and to forget, and never to be too proud to make concessions—ever, as it were, intuitively, with a blind man's instinct, detecting those thousand little things that evince, in silence, a devotion and affection unspeakable.

But, above all, the wife should possess that genuine piety which leads her to forget herself in seeking the glory of God and the happiness of her fellow-beings. The useful attainments of life should be blended with the higher accomplishments; and the attractive amenity of her manners should spring less from the polish of intercourse than from the inborn sweetness of her disposition. She must be a woman true to herself, her nature, and her destiny—one daring to break away from fashion and the allurements of pleasure, and to seek her happiness in the path of duty alone. She must be sensitive in her organization, ardent in her feeling, whole-souled in her attachments, calm and gentle in her wisdom, tender in her sympathy; firm, yet not ostentatious in her piety—a woman self-possessed, having the tranquil air of one conscious of her own moral strength, and of the existence of impulses and feelings too sacred to be lightly displayed to a world which has nothing in common with them, and which, therefore, in the ark of love at home, gush forth, like a leaping fountain, in all their fulness and their glory. She can be strong in the very reserve and shrinking delicacy of her character, and, even while appearing to waver, diffuse a tranquillizing influence over all around her, like the falling of the pure, soft light, felt but not heard, swaying all by the magic power of her love. The pains the wife took to charm the husband before marriage should be doubled afterwards. From that period they become a world of their own. The tie that binds them should be immaculate strength—impossible to be withered by the false refinement of vitiated society.

To a husband wearied with toil, dejected in body and spirit, there is nothing so sweet as a look, a word, an act of kindness dictated by a good disposition. It is like dew on the flowers; like water to the parched lips of a weary traveller over Asiatic death; like the soft, cool hand of friendship on the forred brow of the convalescent.

How rich a man must feel in the consciousness of possessing a woman's love that cannot be wearied or exhausted, that cannot be chilled by selfishness, weakened by unworthiness, nor destroyed by ingratitude—a love that rises superior to the afflictions of misfortune, leaping from the heart of a woman, who, when all the world forsake him, will be all the world to him.

[Family Herald.

A western paper says that there is a man out here, who has moved so often that whenever a covered wagon comes near his house, his chickens march up, fall on their backs and cross their legs, ready to be tied and carried to the next stopping place.

The following contains the alphabet:—John P. Brady, give me a black walnut box of quiet a small size.

ADVERTISING.—People are said to shrink from such a heading in a newspaper—because, of course, newspaper men will advise people to advertise—just as a facinating dry goods clerk will bow and smile and "yes," when waiting upon some tempting belt. But aside from the justice of such a supposition oftentimes, it can be shown, we think, interest out of the question, that there is no business which will prosper as well without advertising as with it. It is a principle as immutable as any other stamp of nature that publicity is a necessary and indispensable precedent to patronage. Publicity does not necessarily come only through the public prints. It may come through long years of patient waiting and toiling; but it comes then, as we say, "at the death." Publicity quite often comes through some special knack or bump some people have for getting known themselves and getting everything known with which they are in any way connected. This last, however, is not now-a-days, the most reputable way to look up patronage. People look suspiciously upon all sorts of "sugar loafed lot" orations. The most effective, the most durable, and the quietest and least troublesome way to command the attention of people, is through the public prints. Each day thousands of people wake up, finding themselves troubled with a want of some kind. They have an undefined sense of wanting often. They take up the paper at or before breakfast, and they scan its whole face, and here and there they sort or pick out something which they want. They naturally go where they see the article advertised.

It has come to be now-a-days, that the requirements of civilization are being more and more properly classified. Thus a couple of hundred years ago, every man was his own banker, never thought of depositing his money anywhere, or of the idea of getting his promise to pay turned into cash. The idea passed out of fashion and the idea and institution of a bank came in to fill the vacancy. So with advertising. A few years ago, when newspapers were a good deal scarcer and dearer than they are now, very few people comparatively advertised. Consequently, people did not expect to find a summary of all their everyday wants in the daily, or rather, as they then were, the weekly papers.—But that regime has been discarded in this our day. Everybody almost either takes or reads the daily papers. It is as much a habit well nigh, as breakfasting. Merchants and traders have found out this prevalent practice and have at once tacitly and practically agreed that the papers are only proper [illegible] for us to [illegible] our efforts at publicity.

[illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]