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[From Hood's Magazine.]

A PLEA FOR THE BETRAYED THAT THEY BECOME NOT THE DESERTED.

"And now he urges the disparity of our ranks."

Are you a man? if such you be, repair,
Fully, at once, the wrong that you have done:
Drive not a gentle creature to despair,
Break not her heart, because her heart is won.
If she was fond—the fondness was for thee!
If bountiful—the bounty was thine own!
Forsake her—and remorse thy lot shall be;
Save her—and peace shall fill thy spirit's throne.
These are not times the People will look on
While heartstrings ground beneath the hoofs of pride:
Be false—when pander, parasite, are gone,
God's and all good Men's anger will abide,
And brand thee for a fickle, dastard thing
Who, in a Virgin's breast, hath left a Viper's sting.

Be frank, and principled, and *truly* wise;
For wordly views, refuse not to be just:
The *callous-hearted*, and the *coarse*, despise!
And in thy better feels put thy trust:
They will endure, to comfort and sustain,
Henceforward, as their promptings are obey'd,
And mostly then, when earthly gauds are vain,
In sickness, or in death, to bring you aid.
Conscience is only *noble* when sustain'd
By pure humanities, and virtuous deeds;
The more the rank by which it is profan'd,
The deeper on itself the vulture feeds;
For it is Vulture-fang'd or Halcyon-bright,
As each man, by his kind, shall do, or not do, right.

Heed not the Formalists—the Proud once—heed
The voice of nature, and the might of truth:
Since thou hast made a trusting bosom bleed,
Be thine, with constancy, its pangs to soothe.
Doth not that bosom's anguish form a spell
Constraining thee to cherish and protect?
Would'st thou for pomp's ephemeral sake do well
That spell to break; that bosom to neglect?
Wed her!—and love her, all the more for this;
She trusted thee, where trust like her's was fate!
Consuming torment—or enduring bliss—
As thou art treach'rous to so fond a Mate;
Or, prompt to quench the mis'ry of her heart,
By holy, happy rites which pledge ye ne'er to part.

THE TILLER OF THE SOIL.

BY DAVID L. ROACH.

A hardy sun-burnt man is he,
A hardy sun-burnt man;
No sturdier man you'll ever see,
Though all the world you scan.
In summer's heat and winter's cold,
You'll find him at his toil—
Oh, far above the knights of old,
Is the Tiller of the Soil.

No weighty bars secure his door,
No ditch is dug around;
His walls no cannon bristle o'er,
No dead lie on the ground.
A peaceful laborer is he,
Unknown in earth's turmoil—
From many crushing sorrows free,
Is the Tiller of the Soil!

His stacks are seen on every side,
His barns are filled with grain;
Though others hail not Fortune's tide,
He labors not in vain.
The land gives up its rich increase,
The sweet reward of toil;
And blest with happiness and peace,
Is the Tiller of the Soil!

He trudges out at break of day,
And takes his way along;
And as he turns the yielding clay,
He sings a joyful song.
He is no dull, unhappy wight,
Bound in misfortune's coil;
The smile is bright, the heart is light,
Of the Tiller of the Soil;

And when the orb of day is crown'd
With gold the Western sky,
Before his dwelling he is found,
With cheerful faces by—
With little laughing duplicates,
Caresses will not spoil:
Oh, joy at every side awaits
The Tiller of the Soil!

A hardy, sun-burnt man is he,
A hardy, sun-burnt man;
But who can boast a hand so free,
As he, the Tiller, can?
Nor summer's heat, nor winter's cold,
The pow'r has him to foil—
Oh, far above the knights of old,
Is the Tiller of the Soil!

GIVE ME THE HAND.

Give me the hand that is warm, kind and ready;
Give me the clasp that is calm, true and steady;
Give me the hand that will never deceive me;
Give me its grasp that I aye may believe thee.
Soft is the palm of the delicate woman;
Hard is the hand of the rough-sturdy yeoman;
Soft palm or hard hand, it matters not—never;
Give me the grasp that is friendly forever.

Give me the hand that is true as a brother;
Give me the hand that has harmed not another;
Give me the hand that has never foresworе it;
Give me its grasp that I aye may adore it.
Lovely the palm of the fair blue veined maiden;
Horny the hand of the workman o'er laden;
Lovely or ugly, it matters not—never!
Give me the grasp that is friendly forever.

Give me the grasp that is honest and hearty,
Free as the breeze, and unshackled by party;
Let friendship give me the grasp that becomes her,
Close as the twine of the vines of the summer.
Give me the hand that is true as a brother;
Give me the hand that has not wronged another;
Soft palm or hard hand, it matters not—never!
Give me the grasp that is friendly forever.

[From the Western Citizen.]

SLAVERY.

Away with this blot on our nation's proud honor;
Away with this scourge from the land of the free;
Away with this fiend, till our nation's proud banner
Shall wave, pure and spotless, o'er land and o'er sea.

Away with this monster—away with this demon;
Away with this fiend from fair Liberty's shore;
And on our bright nation forever let Freedom
Her life-giving influence unceasingly pour.

Away with this fury, this vile man-tormentor;
Away with this sev'rer of all human ties;
Away with this peace-breaker, foul pain-inventor;
Away with this causer of crime, sin and vice.

Away with the breeder of strife and dissension;
Away with the demon from this our fair land;
Away with this fiend which surpasses extension,
And from this republic erase his foul brand.

Away with this tyrant—away with this monster;
Away with this fiend from America's plains;
Far away from our country we'll drive the usurper,
And o'er our bright nation let Liberty reign.

Then away with this blot on our nation's proud honor;
Away with this scourge from the land of the free;
Away with this fiend, till our nation's proud banner
Shall wave, pure and spotless, o'er land and o'er sea.

SCENES IN THE WILDS OF MEXICO.

THE MEXICAN HORSE-TAMER.

CHAPTER IV.—BENITO COVA.

It was scarcely light when I got up the next morning, feeling no trace of the previous day's fatigue, and hastened to the room (*asistencia*) in which the rosary had been recited. Don Ramon, his daughter Maria Antonia, and the chaplain were already assembled there. I was then able to admire the young girl's beauty which I had only guessed at the evening before. The rebozo which concealed her face during the prayer fell in negligent folds over her shoulders. Her dress consisted of an embroidered shift with short sleeves, which, notwithstanding the folds of the rebozo, only partially concealed the bosom and shoulders by its lace trimmings. A silk petticoat, fastened by a sash of scarlet China crape round her waist, which had never been imprisoned in stays, displayed the outline of her hips, and by its shortness, left to all its freedom, in an open worked stocking, a little foot with a high instep—one of those tiny, arched feet that appear made only to wear satin and tread on wool. Although Maria Antonia was properly speaking, only a peasant's daughter, the Andalusian blood had preserved its distinction in her; and the donna most proud of the purity of her race would not have her graceful features, nor the whiteness of her hands. When I entered she was playing with the golden tassels of a man's hat, which announced that we were going to ride.

Horses were awaiting us in the yard. Chocolate was served up, and we set off to meet the *recogida*. As we left the yard, Don Ramon, with the eye of a master whom nothing escapes, perceived in the toril the bull I had seen operated on the day before and asked why it was there.

'It is the bull of the majordoma,' replied Martingale, whose office kept him behind us.

We turned round the wall of the enclosure, and reached a thick wood, which extended to some distance. The *recogida* was to come that way, and we halted on the outskirts of the wood. A canopy of thick vapor hung over the summits of the trees, the forest was wrapped in darkness and the profoundest silence. This silence was soon broken by shrill yells, still in the distance; a hollow sound was heard, the earth shook, the noises came nearer and louder, the vaqueros rushed impetuously into the plain from every issue of the wood. We had but just time to get on one side. A compact column came rushing behind them, with a thundering noise, roaring, neighing, and flying distractedly before twenty other horsemen, who brandished their lassos in the air. These horsemen fell desperately into the midst of this torrent, knocking down laggards, rushing upon the refractory, looking in the clouds of sand raised by this tempest of animals, like mad men. Our horses reared under us, excited by the tumult. The chaplain, throwing his hood over his shoulders, was the first to set us the example, and followed the stream. Maria-Antonia, worthy to be the daughter of a Hacendo, and the future wife of one of these Centaurs, loosened the reins of her horse, and followed the chaplain, whilst the long tresses of her hair fell over her shoulders. She then appeared in all her savage loveliness. Don Ramon next yielded to his impatient horse, and I was forced to join the cavalcade. In a few minutes we reached the barriers of the toriles which closed in the imprisoned flock. For some minutes an inexpressible confusion, the most formidable tumult that can be imagined, took place.—Fearful bounds shook the paling; a crescendo of neighing and bellowing was re-echoed by the woods. At last the tumult lessened, powerless rage became calmer, and the herradero was commenced. Tripods, loaded with wood, had been lighted at the entrance of the toriles; and irons placed on these fires soon became red hot, and the vaqueros, after having rested a moment, prepared to commence their troublesome and dangerous business.

I do not know if it was chance alone which had led Maria Antonia close to a vaquero, who, after distinguishing himself above the rest, was pausing to take breath; this vaquero was none other than Benito. The ill-humour which had altered his physiognomy the day before was replaced by an expression of fearless nobleness, which struck me for the first time. The haughtiness of Spanish blood was in him allied to the savage energy of the Indians. An olive complexion, a rather scanty beard, the slightly waving hair which adorned his brow, a figure, upright and supple as a bamboo, revealed in him the mixture of two races. Benito soon perceived the young girl who trembled beneath his fiery glance. Antonia's face almost immediately was overspread by a deep crimson, but chastely covering her rebellious tresses and naked shoulders with their robozo, she remained immovable. I took thenceforth a deeper interest in this silent and passionate dialogue between the hard and inflexible vaquero and the intrepid Amazon, who seemed to possess nothing of womanhood but its modesty and beauty.

Two sumachs, laden with clusters of flowers, spread their shade a few feet from the two enclosures; a roughly-erected stand was placed beneath their foliage. Don Ramon asked to whom they were indebted for this improvised gallantry.

'To Benito Goya,' replied Juan, touching his hat.

Don Ramon frowned, as if he disapproved of this homage, offered not to him alone; but he seated himself, nevertheless, on the stand by the side of his daughter and the chaplain; I preferred liberty of movement, and declined the place offered me.

The vaqueros rode round the toriles. When their practised eyes detected a horse, a bull, or a heifer, not marked by the iron of the hacienda, their lasso swung a second in the air, and never failed to hit the intended animal, even in that forest of horns and heads. The crowd opened before the animal as it was pulled out of the enclosure. A second vaquero then approached, carelessly threw down his lasso, suddenly pulled it up again, spurred his horse, and before it could oppose any resistance, the horse, or bull, violently dragged in two opposite directions, fell heavily on the sand for want of power to balance itself. In an instant the burning iron hissed against the flesh, a little smoke curled above the flanks of the animal, who, shaking with pain, freed itself from the hands, and galloped into the wood or plain, bearing the mark of his owner. We were quickly enveloped in dense smoke, in the midst of which we indistinctly saw the wild animals struggling on the ground, and amidst them the bronzed faces of the vaqueros and the glimmer of the red-hot iron. From time to time everything was thrown into disorder by an unbroken colt carrying away the vaquero, and struggling in vain against the pain of his burn and the strength of his rider.

I have already mentioned that the vaquero's danger commences at the moment of breaking the horse. This is the way in which it is done. When the colt has been thrown down and marked, he is either kept on the ground or allowed to stand, according to the resistance he makes, and a leathern bandage is thrown over his eyes. The animal, deprived of light, generally allows himself to be saddled and girthed pretty quietly. A horse-hair rope is tied above the nostrils, so as to form a specie of snaffle called *bozal*, and a bridle. The vaquero, having assured himself that the saddle will not slip round, puts on his long spurs, and, according to the position of the horse, allows him to spring up with him, or jumps suddenly into the saddle, and raises the leathern bandage. The horse hesitates a moment, but soon the sight of the savannahs over which he is used to roam at liberty, the odour of his native forests, the weight which oppresses him for the first time, wring from him a neigh of fury.

He hesitates no longer. He first endeavours to shake off the saddle, but the girth makes a deep furrow in his belly.—He tries to bite his rider's legs, but the bozal which compresses his nostrils is roughly pulled in an opposite direction. He endeavours to rid himself of his rider by curvetting violently, and kicking out behind; he stands almost upright on his hind legs, in order to throw him off by a furious bound forward. Vain efforts! Hitherto immovable in his saddle, the vaquero has remained passive; he now, in his turn, attacks. The spurs, driven in as far as the groin, wring from the animal a hoarse cry of pain and astonishment. Mad with useless rage and offended pride, the furious horse throws himself back upon his haunches, takes a gigantic leap forwards, and stops suddenly; but the vaquero instinctively throws back his body, and maintains his bust in most perfect equilibrium. His spurs ring once more against the horse's sides, and the beast sets off without stopping, the rowels entering his sides, and the *cuarta* bruising his croup. After this run the horse's breath hisses through his nostrils, compressed by the snaffle, his flanks reek with steam and blood. When he has vainly endeavored, in the excess of his rage and terror, to dash himself and his rider against the trunk of a tree, he finds he is conquered, and obeys the impulse of the body, of the spur, or of the voice. In a word he is tamed. The vaquero takes breath, lights a cigar, and throws his damp saddle over the back of another horse.

I inquired of Don Ramon whether no accident occurred in these equestrian struggles.

'Yes, they occur from time to time,' he replied almost with an air of satisfaction. 'For example, there is the Endemoniado, which my rascals have taken good care not to bring to the herradero.'

The vaqueros all exclaimed at this, and one of them excused himself affirming that no one had seen the beast.

'What is this Endemoniado?' I asked Don Ramon. I remembered hearing Cayetano pronounce the word the previous night.

'It is a horse which has only been mounted twice; and my vaqueros do not dare to mount him a third time.'

'Why so?'

'The first who mounted him was torn to pieces; the second had his skull crushed against that lopped tree, you see out yonder.'

'Why did you not have so dangerous an animal killed?'

'Oh! as they are my vaqueros and my horses these affairs are all in the family; horses and vaqueros have a perfect right to kill one another without my having any fault to find.'

A shout of approving laughter greeted the singular profession of impartiality, which these men, who valued their lives so cheaply, thought very facetious. But the gaiety did not last long. At the sight of a man dragging along a horse with great difficulty, a profound stupefaction succeeded on those rude faces the smile excited by the master's joke. The man was Cayetano, the horse the Endemoniado. An air of ferocious satisfaction rendered still more hideous the countenance of the ex-smuggler, who appeared like a sinister phantom amidst those whose labours he had recently come to share under a fictitious name. I instinctively stood aside, not to be perceived by Cayetano, without, however, losing sight of him. A slip-knot, which he had contrived to tighten round the extremity of the horse's upper-lip, by its painful pressure compelled the Endemoniado to obedience. This swollen lip testified the resistance of the horse, who perfectly deserved his name. It was a bay, with white spots on the joint next to the foot,—an infallible sign of a vicious disposition. His eye, half hidden by a tuft of hair which fell over his face, shone with sullen brightness. His ears were pointed forwards, his long mane hung in disorder, and his hard, sharp hoofs produced a metallic sound on the stones every time he sprung towards Cayetano, who drove him back by a heavy blow of his leaded whip. In a word the aspect of the horse was still more fearful than that of this terrible guide.

'Your vaqueros will thank me for bringing them this noble animal, will they not?' said Cayetano, addressing himself to Don Ramon, whilst a hideous smile distorted his face, 'especially as it is not without trouble, for I have been pursuing him these two days.'

'I was astonished at not seeing you here,' said Don Ramon. 'Come, my boys, which of you is going to mount the Endemoniado? For the honour of the hacienda, this horse must not go and boast to his comrades that he has frightened you all.'

No one replied to this challenge, for no one dared to attempt what was impossible. Whilst the hacendero looked round him with displeasure, Cayetano seemd to be looking for some one he could not find. Suddenly at the sight of Benito, who had returned almost unconsciously to the stand, and was intoxicating himself with silent contemplation of Antonia,—

'Senor don Ramon,' he exclaimed, 'here is one who will not refuse to mount the Endemoniado in the presence of this company.' And he gave a fierce glance at the young man, who instantly returned it.

'If you think,' said Benito, advancing towards Don Ramon, 'that I ought to allow myself to be killed for the honour of the hacienda, I am ready Senor don Ramon, to do whatever you command.'

Like the dying gladiator saluting Cæsar, Benito bent gracefully before the hacendero. The latter on meeting the supplicating look of his daughter, hesitated.

'I have no right,' he exclaimed, 'to order you to let yourself be killed for me; but if you like to venture, I give you full and entire permission.'

'I will mount the Endemoniado,' replied Benito.

'If you should feel afraid however,' said Cayetano, with a scornful sneer, 'I will mount him for you.'

'Every one in his turn,' replied Benito. 'It was settled yesterday that you should strike the first blow with the *garrocha** at the bull Don Ramon is going to lend us.'

'And the last stroke with the sword, if you desire,' answered Cayetano, with a loud laugh.

'Not so if you please,' exclaimed; 'I lend you a bull to amuse yourselves with, not to kill Don Ramon.'

Preparations now began for saddling the Endemoniado—no easy task—for in order to saddle him it was necessary to keep him on his legs; and, as if he had guessed the project of the vaqueros, he began to kick out furiously. A lasso was passed under the fetlock of the left hind leg, and fastened tightly to the breast leather of the horse, so as to press the thigh against the belly. The right front leg was bent by the same means, and thus kept in equilibrium, the horse was condemned to immobility. Benito seized his heavy saddle by the pummel, and threw it over the back of the horse, who shook and trembled when his loins felt his burden, and the large wooden stirrups rebounded against his sides. The girth was violently tightened under the belly, and the vaquero seated himself on the sand to fasten his spurs on his feet. At this moment I glanced towards the stand. Maria-Antonia was motionless; but her large black eyes, immoderately opened, sparkled in her now pale face, and the agitation of her bosom betrayed her agony. Don Ramon himself seemed frightened, and once I hoped he was about to recal the permission which exposed the intrepid young man to almost certain death; but he said nothing. When Benito had fastened his spurs, the bands which kept the horse's legs were loosened, and the leathern bandage tied over his eyes. Yet though held by the rope which twisted his lip, the furious leaps of Endemoniado prevented his being mounted. He was forced down on his knees, and two vaqueros, each biting one of his ears, kept him thus a second. Benito sprang on the horse's back.

'Let him go,' he exclaimed, in a firm voice.

The two vaqueros jumped immediately back, whilst the Endemoniado started up as if moved by some secret mechanism. Owing to the leathern bandage that blinded him, he at first stood on his legs trembling, with upturned nostrils. Benito availed himself of this short respite to seat himself firmly in the saddle, leant forwards, and raised the bandage that covered the Endemoniado's eyes. Then commenced a truly admirable struggle between the man and the beast.

Frightened at the sudden light which dazzled his blood-shot eyes, shaking his tangled mane, which stood erect with rage, the fiery animal neighed terribly, and bounded towards the four points of the compass, as if to scent the wind. Benito, without seeming shaken by these impetuous bounds, still kept on the defensive, roughly kicking away the beast's mouth, as it tried to bite his legs. The foiled Endemoniado reared suddenly on his haunches. In vain the spurs, running into his groins, made him roar; instead of falling on his legs, he threw himself violently on his back. The specta-

* A spear, armed with a very short head, surrounded at its beginning with a pad, which prevents its wounding the bull mortally.

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