

LITERATURE.

[From the Yankee Blade.]

AN INCIDENT IN THE CAREER OF ROSAS.

Despotic, cruel, and blood-thirsty, as the republican dictator of the Argentine Confederacy ever proved himself to be, yet there were some redeeming traits in his character that many a christian monarch never possessed. One of these traits was his love of justice, or rather his natural disposition to deal justly with all; for, as to love, it is a matter of extreme doubt, if Don Juan Manuel Rosas ever loved anything except blood, and Donna Manuclita, his only child.

It is of one of his acts of justice that I would tell you; an act which was performed in the Buenos Ayrean capitol, only two years before the tyrant's overthrow, and expulsion from the country.

It was a calm, quiet evening, at or near the hour of nine, that a very handsome young man stood beside a girl of more than mortal beauty, scarcely sixteen years of age, under a venerable old willow near the western extremity of *el Plaza de Victoria*, and the two conversed together in almost a whisper, as they spoke their last despairing adieus.

Permit me to introduce them very briefly, and then we will listen to their speech.

Don Eduardo Marviza Brava, a noble young fellow, a native of Ensenada, and possessed of a small estancia about two leagues from Buenos Ayres.

Dona Illiria Silveretta, a most magnificent creature, and the only child of one of Buenos Ayres' richest citizens.

And now for their last sad greeting.

"Alas, Eduardo, there is no hope," speaks the maiden, despondingly. "O, no, no; my father, deaf to all my tears, prayers and entreaties has sworn that within ten days I shall wed this vile libertine wretch, Don Servia, made respectable in my father's eyes only by his vast wealth. Otherwise he would despise him, as a miscreant like him deserves to be despised."

"I know that you are lost to me forever, dear Illiria," speaks the young man in a voice eloquent of mental anguish. "Bad as he is, Don Servia is respected for his wealth; your father holds him as a favorite, and even the Captain General sanctions the union; so that there is nothing left for us but submission to a fate that we cannot avoid."

"Yet do not bid me to forget you, Illiria—angel mine; for that is beyond my power.—Permit me to love, to worship you, though adverse fate may separate us forever. I will ever cherish you—"

His speech is cut short by a rough grasp laid upon his right arm—another upon his left, and the next moment, Don Eduardo is a prisoner to two of Rosas' myrmidons.

"*Dios Vos guarde!*" exclaims the lover, as he is hurried away; but Illiria hears not, heeds not the invoked blessing, for she sinks fainting into the arms of Don Servia, who bears her towards her father's proud mansion, muttering to himself as he passes along the street—

"So, so, my pretty child, you're talking and listening to love speeches in the dark, with that beggarly rival of mine. But he will cross my path no more, and as for you, Senorita, I shall soon teach you that it is not quite proper to hold converse with an outlawed beggar in the public streets, even though you do love him."

Two days later, at an hour before noon, a grey-haired woman, in the humble garb of poverty, is kneeling at the feet of the stern Buenos Ayrean Dictator, in his gorgeous palace, three miles to the westward of the city.

"O, my child! my lost child! Give her back to me, Senor Rosas, or I shall go mad!" shrieks forth the frantic woman.

"Your child, Senora?" inquires Rosas, in a low, encouraging tone, as he raises her very gently from the marble floor, and places her in a seat beside him. "Who are you, good woman, and this lost child whom you seek at my hands?"

"I am a poor *lavaradeira*, Senor, and my precious lamb has been stolen from me by some vile thief. O, Senor, you are powerful, you

can command them to give her back to her heart-broken mother, or I shall die, I cannot live—"

"Nay, nay, Senora, be calm and tell me all the story of your loss coherently," interrupts Don Rosas in a soothing tone; and then he sits there very patiently, and listens, while the poor washerwoman informs him that four days since some person went to her house while she was absent, and informed her daughter, a child under fourteen years old, that her mother had fallen down in a fit in the street, and having been carried into a house in a distant part of the city, had sent for her to come to her bedside instantly. The unsuspecting child went with the stranger, since which time she has not been heard from.

"Have you applied to the magistrates in the city?" inquired Rosas, when the woman had told her story.

"I have, Senor Governor, but they can do nothing for me."

"Have you ever seen any one talking with your daughter in the streets—any man, I mean?"

"No, Senor, I have never—ah, yes, I recollect now. Ten days ago, a gentleman conversed with her for a few moments near our door, and when he passed on, he left a half ounce in gold in her hand."

"Do you know who that man was?" inquired Rosas, in a voice of startling emphasis.

"Si Senor, 'twas the rich Silversmith, Don Augusta Servia."

For full five minutes Rosas sits there without uttering a single word, apparently lost in a deep study; then he asks the woman another question.

"Did those who were present when the stranger came for your child, hear him mention any street or number to which he was to conduct her?"

"Si Senor, there were three persons—my aged and crippled father, and two young girls of Ida's age. All recollect that he mentioned *el Calle Yndependencia*, No. 57."

"Bueno!" exclaims the Dictator, rising from his seat. "It is sufficient. You will come with me, Leonora," and ten minutes later, the red carriage of Don Rosas is whirling the more than Emperor, with the poor washwoman beside him towards the city.

"You have recently purchased the house, No. 57, *Calle Yndependencia*?" inquires Rosas, of Don Servia, as he enters his magnificent jewelry establishment, within five minutes after the red carriage gains the city.

"I have, Senor Governor," replied Don Augusta.

"I wish to look at your house Senor—perhaps I may purchase it."

"It is not for sale, your Excellency."

"No matter—they say 'tis a beautiful house and I will look at it."

"Very well, Senor—I will accompany your Excellency, and show you—"

"No, Don Servia, that is not at all necessary. Give me the keys, and I shall find my way," and the hand of Don Augusta Servia trembles as with the palsy, as he places the keys in that of Rosas.

"This is most strange," speaks the baffled Dictator, as an hour later he stands there in the hall of Don Servia's uninhabited mansion, beside the sobbing mother of the lost child.

"I was so sure of finding her here! But it seems impossible that any place could have escaped our search. Every room and closet has been—"

Suddenly the strange man pauses in his speech, and beckons one of the ten soldiers standing about the door to approach.

"Juan, you will take two of your comrades and hasten to Don Servia's *relojeira*.—Tell Don Augusta to come hither with you immediately; and hark—bid him bring the other key belonging to this mansion as he values his life."

A space of—it may be twenty minutes elapses, and Don Servia enters between the two soldiers, pale as a shrouded corpse; and quivering with abject fear, he holds out a single key to Rosas.

"No, Senor," speaks the haughty Dictator, folding his arms and drawing back a step—

"No, Don Augusta, you will fit that key to the lock where it belongs, yourself."

"For a few moments the rich jeweler hesi-

tates, but the fierce flashing eyes of the Buenos Ayrean tyrant are fixed upon him with a fascination that he cannot withstand, and trembling like an aspen, he traverses the corridor with reeling steps, approaches the wall next the outside of the building, presses his hand upon a particular spot which slides back beneath his touch, revealing a brass plate with a key hole in the centre, into which the key is fitted, and the next moment a door which has appeared but a portion of the solid wall swings back on its hinges, and discloses a small chamber dimly lighted by a single window, high above the floor, while in the middle of the semi-dungeon we behold the lost girl, seated in and strapped fast by her arms and ankles to a large rocking-chair, and almost dead from four days confinement in that horrid position, together with hunger, thirst, and the treatment to which she has been subjected by the human fiend who stands there self-convicted before Don Rosas, now most terrible in his quiet, suppressed wrath.

"Dog! hell-hound! accursed, damned scoundrel!" at length hisses the enraged Dictator as the poor child, released from her bonds, is placed in the carriage of the Buenos Ayres' Governor, with her almost distracted mother, with instructions to the driver to make all possible haste with them to the hospital.

"So, this is the rich and chivalrous Don Augusta Servia, on whom I have lavished my friendship, at whose urgent request one of my bravest officers has lately been shot; at whose solicitation Don Eduardo has been thrown into prison; he to whom Don Enrique Silveretta would have sacrificed his only child—*Maldito!* you shall see, Senor, that such infernal acts as yours can find a fitting punishment. Away with him to the plaza, soldiers," and before 30 minutes had sped by, there was a spectacle exhibited in the Grand Plaza of Buenos Ayres, so horrible that even now a cold chill comes over me as I think of it. And yet there are thousands of men, women and children, crowding every street, lane and passage, leading from the plaza, to feast their eyes upon that terrible punishment inflicted upon the more than fiend, by the dreaded tyrant of the Rio de la Plata.

In the very centre of the plaza, we behold the wretched man elevated high in the air, upon the empaling stake, whose sharp point has been driven through and through the length of his body.

For more than five minutes the tortured wretch writhes there in the most horrible convulsions, flinging his arms wildly about, and uttering the most unearthly yells, until at length the excruciating torture seems to pluck his felon soul forth from his still palpitating body in one wild, superhuman, long drawn-out shriek, ringing out on the sultry air like the last despairing scream of a damned spirit, and the miscreant hangs there upon the stake, dead.

Three days have gone by since this terrific episode of blood in the checkered life-drama of Don Rosas; and forth from the Church of San Martinus, comes a most gorgeous array of officers in brilliant uniforms, ladies in robes of snowy satin and lace, and flashing back the sunlight from diamonds and sparkling gems, and there next the more than regal suit of Rosas, comes the gallant Eduardo Brava, not an hour since wedded to the glorious creature leaning on his arm.

You behold Don Eduardo dressed in the rich showy uniform of a colonel in the Argentine Army, and you may hear his blushing bride, the gentle Illiria, murmur—"Oh, Eduardo! I am so happy."

VINDICATING THE DIGNITY OF THE SEX.—A young girl who serves at a coffee stand in New Orleans, has been fined five dollars by Recorder Genois, for throwing her arms around the neck of a gentleman customer and kissing him, against his will. The Recorder deserves the thanks of the male sex generally. In these times of Bloomerism, woman's rights' conventions, &c. manhood must throw itself upon its reserved rights, and appeal to the laws of the land if necessary in their defence. The rage of the ladies for kissing is well known—but it is now happily restricted, as a general thing, to their own sex. If allowed to break through this barrier, no good-looking man will be able to walk the streets in safety.

A few Practical Questions Answered.

Why is rain-water soft? Because it is not impregnated with earths and minerals.

Why is it more easy to wash with soft water than with hard? Because soft water unites freely with soap, and dissolves it instead of decomposing it, as hard water does.

Why do wood ashes make hard water soft?

1. Because the carbonic acid of wood ashes combines with the sulphate of lime in the hard water, and converts it into chalk.

2. Wood ashes convert some of the soluble salts of water into insoluble, and throw them down as a sediment, by which the water contains more parts.

Why has rain water such an unpleasant smell, when collected in a rain-water tub or tank? Because it is impregnated with decomposed organic matters, washed from roots, trees or the casks in which it is collected.

Why does water melt salt? Because very minute particles of water insinuate themselves into the pores of the salt by capillary attraction, and force the crystals apart from each other.

How does blowing hot food make it cool? It causes the air which has been heated by the food to change more rapidly, and gives place to fresh cold air.

Why do ladies fan themselves in hot weather? That fresh particles of air may be brought in contact with their faces by the motion of the fan; and as every fresh particle of air absorbs some heat from the skin, this constant change makes them cool.

Does a fan cool the air? No; it makes the air hotter, by imparting to it the heat of our face; but it cools our face, by transferring its heat to the air.

Why is there always a strong draught thro' the key-hole of a door? Because the air in the room we occupy is warmer than the air from the hall; therefore the air from the hall rushes through the key-hole into the room and causes a draught.

Why is there always a strong draught under the door and through the crevices on each side? Because cold air rushes from the hall to supply the void in the room caused by the escape of warm air up the chimney, &c.

If you open the lower sash of the window, there is more draught than if you open the upper sash. Explain the reason of this. If the lower sash be open, cold external air will rush freely into the room, and cause a draught inwards; but if the upper sash be open, the heated air of the room will rush out, and of course there will be less draught inwards.

By which means is a room better ventilated, by opening the upper or lower sash? A room is better ventilated by opening the upper sash, because the hot vitiated air, which always ascends towards the ceiling, can escape the more easily.

By which means is a hot room more quickly cooled—by opening the upper or lower sash? A hot room is cooled more quickly by opening the lower sash, because the cold air can enter more freely at the lower part of the room than at the upper.

Why does the wind dry damp linen? Because dry wind, like a dry sponge, imbibes the particles of vapor from the surface of the linen as fast as they are formed.

Which is the hottest place in a church or a chapel? The gallery.

Why is the gallery of all public places hotter than the lower part of the building? Because the heated air of the building ascends, and all the cold air which can enter through the doors and windows keeps to the floor till it has become heated.

OYSTERS.

The enemies of the oyster are many, and all of them go about seeking what oyster they may devour. First comes the sea-crab, who sets himself on an oyster, and drills a little round hole in his back and makes poor oyster's back ache, which causes him to open his mouth to take a long breath, when the villainous crab runs a 'stinger' down his throat, and poor oyster is in the sea-crab's stomach. On the sea shore, bushels of shells are found perfectly riddled with holes by the crabs. Sometimes the