

panels, saw, within a yard of me, Martin Seco, in one hand the rifle of my poor friend, and in the other a lighted candle, although he had made to me so many apologies, about two hours before, for not having another in the house. As he approached, he handed it to a boy in whom I discovered Pedrillo; and then the light flashed upon two other men, in one of whom I recognised the ostler, and in the other, our acquaintance of the noon, with the patch on his face, and wearing the green velvet jacket and sombrero. This worthy had a pistol in one hand and a knife in the other. The patrona was also there, with her wolfish eyes and enormous *Basque queue*.

Outrage and assassination were impressed on the hard lines of all their cruel savage visages; and I perceived at once that, without a vigorous effort I was lost—that my life was forfeited; and all the anticipations of newspaper paragraphs, “a mysterious disappearance” in the Times and Military Gazette, flashed upon my mind. I had youth, a noble profession, many kind friends, my regiment and home, “the best expectations,” as old dowagers say, on one hand; a horrible and sudden death—a lonely scene of unknown butchery, on the other!

I cocked the lock of my rifle, and resolutely removed the barricade from the door.

“Take time, Juan Rose,” said the patrona.

“Hold your tongue, old perra; I know well enough what I am doing,” growled the personage in green, whom I now knew to be that terrible outlaw, who since the Carlist war, had laughed at the carabinieri and alguazils, and kept all Malaga, the Sierra de Mija, and the Vega of Granada astir and in terror.

Including the patrona, and the treacherous young rascal Pedrillo, I had five desperate enemies, and only two bullets at their service.

“Let us prove whether the Ingleses asleep before we enter,” said the patrona, knocking at the door gently, and placing the candle behind him.

“Knock again,” growled Juan Rosa.

A smart blow was then given; but still I made no reply. Then they again applied his hand to the latch; but before he could open the door, I fired right through the slender panels, and shot him dead by one bullet, knocking over the ostler by the other, which he received through his neck and shoulder.

Clubbing my rifle, I then rushed out; and charging them in the smoke, and confusion, dealt Juan a tremendous blow with the butt end, which levelled him beside the two ruffians who lay bleeding in the narrow passage. Escaping a pistol shot from Juan but receiving two desperate cuts from the temerarious patrona and the wasp Pedrillo, I reached the end of the passage, spring through the common hall, and found the outer door fastened. By main strength I tore it open, and reached the external gallery, over which I dropped, though it was fully twelve feet from the ground; and, just as I did so, the boy Pedrillo fired one of Juan’s pistols after me, but I escaped it, and ran down the mountain slope, loading my rifle as I went, and driving a bullet home in each barrel.

Gray morning was spreading along the east, and the red flush of the coming sun was brightening behind the dark towers of Gibril-Faro, and sparkling on the lattices of Malaga. The aromatic plants were putting forth their sweetest perfume, and the light foliage of the sugarcane, the cotton-plant, and the citron tree, were shaking off the heavy dews of the night. The air was clear and cool; after the uneasiness of the past day, the sleepless night and its terrors, the fresh dewy atmosphere revived me, and dashing down the lonely mountain side, I reached a little pueblo, and reported the whole affair to the officer who there commanded a party of the Carabineros of Antequera.

An hours examination before a magistrate, who swore me across my sword as the particulars, was all the judicial inquiry ever made; we sailed next day and reached Portsmouth after a fine run, and without any other mishaps; but I shall never forget that terrible night among the mountains of Antequera, Martin Seco, his wife’s toil, and the horrors of *La Posada del Cavallo*.

A sergeant and twenty troopers galloped away to the posada, which they found completely deserted by all its living tenants; but they hung the body of the patron upon a tree, burned the house to the ground, and conveyed the mangled remains of poor Jack Hall to Malaga, where they were interred next day with all the honors of war, in that corner of the Campo Santo which is appropriated for the burial of strangers; and there the marines of the Blanche fired three volleys over the grave where as noble a heart as Her Majesty’s service possessed was committed to the earth of Spain.

IRON STEAMER OF TWENTY SEVEN THOUSAND TONS.

—The monster steamer now building on the Thames, below London, is expected will be finished by midsummer next. She is to be commanded by Capt. Harrison, one of the popular officers of the Cunard line, who was lately entertained at a dinner given by some of our citizens. After a trial trip, it is now the intention of her owners to send her with freight and passengers to this country, and if she makes the speed which is anticipated of her she will continue to run on this route. Mr. Brunel, the constructor, and Captain Harrison, contemplate great speed in her. The latter talks about crossing from

land to land in less than a week. The advantages in point of safety and speed of the largest sized steamboats has been fully established the last fifteen years. The increased strength of the machinery, consequent upon the increased size of the vessel to be propelled, admits of a degree of power against a heavy sea which a smaller vessel cannot possess, and which, by enabling the larger vessel to employ full steam through all weathers, shortens a voyage over another, even where other things are equal, and the relative power is the same.

The proportions of this enormous craft are so vast, and altogether so far beyond anything now afloat, that it is difficult to realize her immensity without putting her capacity into various aspects. In the first place, this steamer is made of more than 7000 tons of iron, which is metal enough, if made into T rail of the most common patterns in use, to lay a single track railroad from Salem to Portland or to Newport,—and by the way, these two named are the only harbors we believe she can get into, if she had on board the whole 10,000 of the United States army, with their arms and equipments; and this is no more than her capacity to transport.—Now, again, she is just of nine times larger tonnage measurement than the largest line of battle ship, and that is the 140 gun ship *Pennsylvania*, of our navy; but to the eye this monster would not look so many times larger. This is owing to her sharp model, and for the same reason that one of our clippers of upwards of a thousand tons will carry no more burden than one of a kettle bottom of half the tonnage. But more wonderful still, she is built in seventeen principal sections, each with bulk heads and water tight, so that if she should come by any falling out to seventeen separate conclusions, each one would be afloat, and each might be safe, if the sections themselves respectively kept whole.

She has also, in the way of propulsion, both screws and paddles, which in the long run is more than equivalent to a man having two bootjacks—left and right foot. Her exact figures and particular features are as follows. They are taken from the State of Maine (Portland paper):—Length, 684 feet; breadth, 83 feet; depth 58, number of decks, 4; measurement, 27,000 tons. She is to have both screw and paddle engines; the nominal horse power will be, screw 1,900, paddles 1,000. Cylinder of screw engine, 4 feet; diameter of cylinder, 84 inches; stroke, 4 feet; cylinders of paddle engine, 74 inches; length of stroke, 14 feet 6 inches. Each engine room will be 40 feet long. The screw propeller will be 23 feet in diameter. The paddle wheels have been fixed at 58 feet diameter. Draft of water loaded, 28 feet; draft of water in ballast, 18 feet.

The masts are five in number—ship rigged.—The steering apparatus consists of two rudders with power sufficient to bring her round. The after rudder is to be placed like an ordinary ship’s rudder; the screw will work forward of this rudder; ahead of the screw is to be a second rudder, in form something like a common rudder. The engines will be placed in different parts of the ship, entirely independent of each other. The vessel will have ten boilers and five smoke pipes.

The boilers are to be placed longitudinally, and each can be used alone; one hundred fires will burn under them. The vessel will have two paddle wheels in the usual manner, but the paddle engines are to be on the disconnecting principle, so that one or both of the paddle wheels may, if desired be put in independent motion. Her deck is to be flush; the floor perfectly flat.

This steamer is built into a set of square iron boxes or compartments, encased with a double shell of iron plates, the inner one, three-quarter inch iron, forms the inner skin, or hide. Outside this is an outer skin of one inch iron plates. The outer and inner plates will be joined to each other by longitudinal webs or girders formed of plates and angle iron. There will be seventeen of these webs on each side of the ship, thus joining the outer and inner skins by means of a number of water tight cells, of such extraordinary strength that they give a rigidity never before communicated to any vessel. Besides these small cells, forming the wall, as it were, of the ship, she is being built in seventeen sections—the midship section being first built up to its full altitude, and the iron decks laid—the other sections, fore and aft, being successively built in like manner and jointed to the preceding section.

The Portland people are fully alive to the superiority of their superb harbor over most others on the Atlantic coast. The press of that city just now indicate that every effort is being made there to secure a visit from the mammoth steamer. They have convinced David Bellhouse, Esq., agent of the Canadian Steam Navigation Company, and Capt. Harrison, that the steamer can get in their port at all times, find good anchorage, and have plenty room to swing. Mr. Bellhouse went to England in the America on Wednesday, under the auspices of the Grand Trunk Railway Company, with reference to the matter of the mammoth steamer.—*Bost. Cour.*

MY CRUELTY TO MY RELATIVES.

BY ALF. A. SIGMA.

I had an aunt coming to visit me for the first time since my marriage, and I don’t know what evil genius prompted the wickedness which I perpetrated towards my wife and my ancient relative.

“My dear,” said I to my wife on the day before my aunt’s arrival, “you know aunt Mary is coming to-morrow; well, I ought to mention a rather annoying circumstance with regard to her. She’s very deaf; and although she can hear my voice, to which she is accustomed, in its ordinary tones, yet you will be obliged to speak extremely loud in order to be heard. It will be rather inconvenient, but I know you will do everything in your power to make her short stay agreeable.”

Mrs. S. announced her determination to make herself heard.

I then went to John T.—, who loves a joke about as well as any person I know of, told him to beat my house at 6 P. M., on the following evening, and felt comparatively happy.

I went to the railroad depot with a carriage the next night, and when I was on my way home with my aunt, I said—

“My dear aunt, there is one rather annoying infirmity that Anna has, which I forgot to mention before. She’s very deaf; although she can hear my voice to which she is accustomed in its ordinary tones, yet you will be obliged to speak extremely loud in order to be heard.”

The carriage drove up—on the steps was my wife—in the window was John T. with a face as solemn as if he had buried all his friends that afternoon.

I handed out my aunt—she ascended the steps.

“I am delighted to see you,” shrieked my wife, and the policeman on the opposite sidewalk started.

“Kiss me, my dear,” howled my aunt. I looked at the window—John had disappeared. Human nature could stand it no longer. I poked my head into the carriage and went into strong convulsions. Suddenly “Did you have a pleasant journey?”

went off from my wife like a pistol shot, and John T.— jumped to his feet.

“Rather dusty,” was the response in a war whoop, and so the conversation continued.

In the course of the evening my aunt took occasion to say to me—

“How loud your wife speaks—don’t it it hurt her?”

I told her that all deaf persons talked loudly and that she was getting along very nicely with her.

Presently my wife said—

“Alf how loud your aunt talks.”

“Yes,” said I, “all deaf persons do. You are getting along with her finely, she hears every word you say.”

Elated by their success at being understood, they went at it hammer and tongs, till everything on the mantel piece chattered and I was seriously afraid of a crowd collecting in front of the house.

My aunt, being of an investigating turn of mind was desirous of finding out whether the exertion of talking so loud was not injurious to my wife. So—

“Doesn’t talking so loud strain your lungs said she, in an unearthly hoot.

“It is an exertion,” shrieked my wife.

“Then why do you do it?” was the answering scream.

“Because you can’t hear if I don’t,” squealed my wife.

“What?” said my aunt, fairly rivaling a railroad whistle this time.

I began to think it time to evacuate the premises; looking round and seeing John gone, I stepped into the back parlor, and there he lay, flat on his back, with his feet at a right angle to his body, rolling from side to side, and a most agonized expression of countenance, but not uttering a sound. I immediately and involuntarily assumed a similar attitude, and I think from the relative position of our boots and head, and our attempts to restrain our laughter, apoplexy must have inevitably ensued, if a horrible groan from John, gave vent to in his endeavour to suppress his risibility, had not betrayed our hiding place.

In rushed my wife and my aunt, who, by this time comprehended the joke, and such a scolding I never got before.

I know not what the end would have been, if John, in his endeavours to appear respectable and sympathetic, had not given vent to such a diabolical noise, something between a groan and a hoarse laugh, that all gravity was upset, and we screamed in concert.

I know it was very wrong, and all that, to tell such falsehoods; but I think that Mrs. Opie herself would have laughed if she had seen Aunt Mary’s expression when she was informed that her hearing was defective.

A TOUGH WITNESS.—Prosecuting Attorney—“Mr. Parks state, if you please, whether you have ever known the defendant to follow any profession.”

“He’s been a professor ever since I’ve known him.”

“Professor of what?”

“Of religion.”

“You don’t understand me, Mr. Parks. What does he do?”

“Generally what he pleases.”

“Tell the Jury, Mr. Parks, what the defendant follows.”

“Gentlemen of the Jury, the defendant follows the crowd when they go to drink.”

“Mr. Parks, this kind of prevarication will not do here. Now state how this defendant supports himself.”

“I saw him support himself against a lamp post.”

“May it please your honour, this witness has shown a disposition to trifle with the court.”

Judge—“Mr. Parks, state, if you know anything about, what the defendant’s occupation is.”

“Occupation, did you say?”

Counsel—“Yes, what is his occupation?”

“If I ain’t mistaken, he occupies a garret somewhere in town.”

“That’s all, Mr. Parks.”

Cross examined—“Mr. Parks, I understand you to say that the defendant is a professor of religion. Does his practice correspond with his profession?”

“I never heard of any correspondence or letters between them.”

“You said something about his propensity for drinking. Does he drink hard?”

“No, I think he drinks as easy as any man I ever saw.”

“One more question, Mr. Parks. You have known the defendant a long time; what are his habits—loose or otherwise?”

“The one he’s got on now, I think, is rather tight under the arms, and too short waisted for the fashion.”

“You can take your seat, Mr. Parks.”

FROM MEXICO.—Dates from Vera Cruz to the 22d ult, and the city of Mexico to the 19th, have been received at New Orleans. The aspect of public affairs are far from encouraging. Dissatisfaction, disorder and danger pervade the country. Alvarez has resigned the Presidency and Comonfort has succeeded him; nevertheless, internal disturbances have occurred in various directions, which the government had been compelled to put down by force; though such is the weakness of the new administration, that almost any good pretext for raising the standard of revolution would probably overthrow the government immediately. But nothing would be gained; for any other administration could with the same ease be overthrown, in the present unsatisfied and unprincipled state of the public mind. And it is, therefore, not without reason, that the apprehension is expressed, that these constant difficulties will end in the dislocation of the republic, and its division into numerous independent States, like those of Central America.

Some filibusteros had landed at Mazatlan for the purpose of taking possession; but had found the government forces too strong for them. They were routed and taken prisoners by the Mexican troops and sent to San Blas.

DID THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS COMMIT SUICIDE?—

At an inquiry held before Mr. Wakeley on Friday into the circumstances attending the death of a person who had suffered from an affection of the pulmonary organs, the disease to which the late Emperor of Russia’s death was attributed, the coroner, in remarking upon the case observed, “In the case of the Emperor Nicholas, his death was put down to paralysis of the lungs and bronchitis; which according to the symptoms described was known by us medical men to have been impossible, and to have been stated only to deceive the public mind. The official document describing the Emperor’s death stated that at the last he took leave of his family with a firm voice, a proceeding physically impossible if he was suffering from the disease stated in the certificate of death. The belief, therefore, on the minds of the medical men in this country was, that the Emperor was poisoned; and that is my own opinion—not, at the same time that he was poisoned by those about him, but that he committed suicide.”

LOSS OF THE STEAMER PILOT.—This fine steamer was lost at 12 o’clock on Tuesday night, a short distance below Digby Light. She had left for this port, on her return trip, but a storm coming on, she attempted to return, when she struck on the rocks, and has become a total wreck. The passengers and crew were safely landed. The Pilot belonged to John Walker Esq., of this city, and was partially insured.—16