

she exclaimed. 'My child! my Katharine! We shall be happy again.'

Her exclamation was prophetic. That the baron obtained leave to visit her frequently was natural, after the favour he had conferred; that he should be charmed with the lovely Katharine was equally natural. The recovery of lady P——, the wooing and the marriage which took place at the end of the year followed also as matters of course. The fateful picture was restored to its place in Wahlen's library, till the marriage of his brother in law, who claimed it as the representative of the family. To compensate himself for the loss, the baron had his fair young wife painted in the same costume, and always insisted that she bore a striking resemblance to the some time Queen of England.

From the Memoranda of a 'Laclede Ranger.'
OFFICERS' DRILL IN SANTA FE.

SANTA FE, November, 1846.

I had just finished the interesting operation of washing dishes this morning, and was building a fire preparatory to entering into the process of cooking dinner, when J—— stalked into the room.

'Your turn for cooking to-day, is it?'

'Yes.'

'What are you going to have for dinner?'

'Can't afford to have dinner to-day; going into extras; have beef soup at four o'clock, if these old bones will cook by that time.'

'Beef soup! I might dine with you.'

'You are welcome, but we haven't got much bread cooked. I must go to work and cook some.'

'Oh, never mind, I'll bring a *slap-jack* in my pocket. I want you to go with me up to the Plaza.'

'Anything going on up there to-day?'

'Yes, there will be lots of fun; there is to be an officers' drill, and Capt. W. is to be drill officer, and he is going to take all those green ones of Price's regiment through the manoeuvres.'

'Is he! Won't that be rich, though—just hold on a moment until I get this green wood burning, and I'll be with you.'

In a few minutes we were in the Plaza, where we found quite a number of privates gathered together to criticise and laugh at the performances.

In the centre of the square the officers were collected, waiting with rueful faces for the arrival of Capt. W. They looked, and I suppose felt, something like a schoolboy with a thrashing in prospective, for although an officer may know ever so well how a movement should be made, it is quite another thing to do it in the ranks.

Capt. W. soon made his appearance and gave the command—'Fall into line, gentlemen.'

'Humph!' ejaculated a green-looking private near me; 'he calls them *gentlemen*; I used to be a gentleman once, too. Capt. H. called me *Mr. R*—when he wanted me to volunteer in his company, but now it's nothing but *R*—, *d*—n you, move up,' something of that kind.'

The command 'right dress!' was now given, and Capt. W. walked to the right, and, shutting one eye, looked down a line which much resembled in *out-line*, a calf's hind leg.

'Fall back on the left! eyes right! right dress!'

Some wag of a private suggested, in rather a loud tone of voice, to 'draw a chalk line, and let 'em toe it.'

'Begin on the right, and count off by fours.'

'One, two, three, four, five, six—'

'Hold on!' said the Captain to No. 5; you are No. 1 of the second set of fours.'

'An I?' said the Missourian, with mouth and eyes wide open. 'I'm the fifth from the corner, anyhow!'

'Attention! by the right flank! right face! forward—march!'

This command was executed in a remarkable manner, some turning to the right, some to the left, and some standing still, looking first at one hand and then at the other, as if trying to find out which way right was. One tall six-footer, who was on the extreme left, wheeled to the left and commenced marching off on his own hook! He didn't find out his mistake until the laughter of the lookers on caused him to look around, and he saw the company marching on the other side of the square. He unjointed his neck, and, dropping the step *militaire*, he hurried back to his place in double quick time.

'Keep step, gentlemen, keep step.'

'I say B——,' said one 'grass-eater' lieutenant to another in his rear, 'them's my heels you're treading on.'

'Lieut. G——,' said the military Cap. F.——, without turning his head, to a little, fierce-looking officer behind him, 'I would be very thankful to you, sar, to keep off mine heel, sar.'

'I beg your pardon, Captain,' said G——.

'You ish wery excusabal, sar,' returned the polite Captain, without turning his eyes from the front.

After performing several manoeuvres the command 'On the right into line!' was given.

'Now, gentlemen,' said Captain W——, 'you are all in the same position you were when you counted off by fours—but Lieut. L—— what are you doing in the front rank when you belong to the rear?'

'Don't know, sir.'

'And you, Lieut.—— (six-footer a fore-mentioned) what are you doing there on the right when your place is on the left?'

'Don't know, sir—was in the centre a while ago.'

In fact, they were all jumbled up in glorious confusion.

In the meantime we privates were highly delighted with the exhibition of the 'awkward squad,' as some one christened them, and as the performance continued, various were the remarks elicited by the misdeeds of the actors in the square.

'Just look at old F——, will you' said one, 'some one has trod on his heel—his shoe is half off and he can't stop to fix it.'

'Thunder!' exclaimed another, 'there goes H——; his sabre has got between his long legs, and he is tearing up the ground with his sharp-toed boots.'

'And see yonder,' said a third, 'D——'s sabre strap hook has caught in the seat of little H——'s pantaloons; one is trying to make a right wheel and the other a left!'

At this moment a messmate came running up from the quarters, and, with a long face, informed me that the soup kettle had upset, and our *extra dinner* was knocked into a cocked hat. I left in a hurry to try and remedy the mishap.

From Graham's Magazine.
A WINTER'S NIGHT IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

'Twas night; and hoary Winter walked abroad,
Howling like hungry wolves amid the wild;
Moon there was none, and every star seemed awed,
And shrinking, trembled like a frightened child!

Through all the woods the dreary snow was piled,
Or like a shroud it lay, the ridged fold
Throwing the shape beneath—above beguiled
By Sorrow, swayed the pines; through wood and wold
The wild winds to and fro went sighing unconsol'd

A cabin stood upon the wooded slope—
From many a crevice fatal firelight streamed,
Making the blackness denser, like the hope
Which from the settler's broken spirit gleamed,
Only to show the dark!—then, where it beamed,
Died, leaving all its ashes on his hearth!
And now he gazed into the fire and dream'd
Of home, of native mountains wrapt apart,
The village and afar the large and steeped mart.

He saw the haze lay o'er the landscape green,
Where like a happy thought, the streamlet flowed
The fields of waving grass and groves between,
Afar the white and winding turnpike glowed—
The peopled coach rolled down the dusty road,
The shining cattle through the pasture grazed;
And all the air seemed trembling with a load
Of melody by birds and children raised:
But now, a voice—a groan—he startled—
stood amazed.

Hark! was't the wind which eddied round the place,
Or mournful trees by wailing tempest tossed?
Or was't a moan from that pale wasted face
Which from the bed gleamed like a sleeping ghost?
Or Hunger worrying Slumber from his post
Amid the little ones? He only heard
The heave of breasts which unknown dreams has crossed,
Such dreams as stir the lips, but make no word,
And heard his own heart beat like an o'er-wearied bird!

A noise—a tramp amidst the crisping snow
Startled his ear. A large imploring eye
Gleamed on the window with unearthly glow!
Was't the grim panther which had ventur'd night?
Or ghost condemned—or spirit of the sky?
To grasp the gun his hand contained no force—
His arm tall trembling and he knew not why

He open'd the door—there stood a shivering host,
While clung upon his mane a stiff and muffled cotee.

Oh death! who calls thy aspect terrible?
Is't he who gazes on the gentle maid
Wrapt in her careful shroud; for whom a knell
Steals over the village like a twilight shade;
And on whose breasts and in whose hands are laid
White violets and lilies of the vale,
'Gems which bloom downwards? Or like them arrayed,
Behold the child as its own pillow pale,
And hears the father's groans and mother's piercing wail!

Who calls thy aspect terrible? Do they
Who gaze on brows the lightning scoops to scathe?
Or darker still on those who fall a prey
To jealousy's unmotherable wrath?
Or they who walk in War's ensanguined path
And hear the prayers and curses of distress?
These call thy aspect terrible! oh death!
More terrible by far let those confess,
The frozen rider in that frozen wilderness!

From the New York Sun.
MEXICAN MOONLIGHT.

'Meet me by moonlight alone' can be practiced in Mexico with beautiful effect, we should think, judging from the following extract from an army letter, which was published not long since in a Southern paper. How could Gen. Cushing have fallen into a ditch and displaced his ankle (whether walking with a Senorita or not) beneath such a moonlight? But to the extract:

Perhaps you will not believe me when I tell you that I am writing this by moonshine—yes the beautiful bright moonlight of Mexico. Heaven help those in the United States who think they know what moonlight is. They know nothing about it. Moonlight in Mexico is moonlight—pure, beautiful, magnificent, beyond description. It is the essence of moon-day rarified. Every object stands out in bold relief—and so clear and pure is the atmosphere, that the stars and the broad unclouded sky seem within reach. I have enjoyed this enchanting moonlight a hundred times while sitting with my mess in front of our tent, or sometimes we take a promenade around the camp as far as the guard will permit us; and at other times pass on and wander through the beautiful streets of the city, and listen to the chatter of a thousand Mexican tongues, jabbering to one another across the streets. It is at such a time that we inhale the odor of the now ripening fruits, that grow so plentifully in this city—such as oranges, lemons, limes, figs, dates and almonds—and then that best of all fruit, the juicy peach, grows here to its greatest perfection. All these things combined will ever give a soldier some happy hours.

THE HABITS AND MANNERS OF THE MEXICANS.

"J. E. D." the well known Monterey correspondent of the N. Y. Picayune, thus writes about the habits and manners of the people of the "magnanimous nation."

The Mexican is never without his blanket, clinging to it with a singular and admirable tenacity of purpose; they are inseparable by night and day; through sunshine and storm, heat and cold, he clings to his blanket as his main stay through life. If friends desert him, if his mistress prove false, if the world frowns and looks cold on him, he can turn with confidence to his blanket and forget all beside in the warming embrace of his best friend—'Charity covereth a multitude of sins—so does a Mexican blanket, *tambien*; it is a cover for poverty and rags and a cloak of rascality. When the Mexican, exercising his national propensity for appropriating to himself other people's goods, 'bags' anything, his faithful blanket hides it; when he goes forth on some murderous errand with his deadly weapons in his girdle, his blanket conceals the keen glittering steel; it is his cloak by day and bed by night. A pair of leather breeches, coarse cotton drawers and shirt, stiff leather sandals and a *sombbrero*, complete the Mexican peasant's dress on ordinary occasions; his hair is generally somewhat long in front, tangled and shaggy, and rarely ever any beard or whiskers are seen upon his face. The country is infested with vermin—the men are alive with the most repulsive kind, while the heads of the women suffer some, their kindness and assiduity to each other notwithstanding. There is not a day in the calendar that the females do not hunt each others' heads, and this is not confined to the lower classes by any means. I have seen monkeys in a managerie perform the same operation, but really the Mexican women appear to derive quite as much satisfaction from the operation as the monkeys. I am not addicted to slandering people, and this is no slander. It is the misfortune of the people that such a curse is necessary.

In their manner of living, as well as every thing else, the Mexicans are far behind the age. Their dwellings are all rude and uncom-

fortable, from the cane *Jacale* on the banks of the Rio Grande to the rude, rough *Lenes* of *adobes* in the cities. In the poorer houses you see generally one comfortable bed, a pile of skins, a few saddles and bridles, a couple of benches, several cushions of the same material as their blankets, a crock with water, a meagre display of leather breeches, and a beggarly account of wearing apparel; on the walls a few rough daubs of saints and rude ornaments; upon the ground floor a number of naked children, or sometimes partly clothed, and any quantity of rubbish. You very rarely see a Mexican, either man or woman, sitting upon a chair or bench, even when they have them, a sort of natural propensity inducing them to *squat*, if I may be allowed the use of the word. They squat to eat, to work, at grinding corn, washing, cooking, and almost every thing else. A Mexican ranchero's wife has but little rest, for they grind all the corn for family consumption. They use no French cook books, and live very simply, their principal articles of food being beans, corn, tortillas, boiled beef or goat, and a sort of olla podrida of vegetables, every compound abounding with grease; coffee and tea they rarely get, but use chocolate instead. They eat but little in the morning or at noon—the lower classes I mean, their principal meal being at night. In the middle of the day, after the mid-day meal, every body takes a *siesta*. In a large town you may go through the streets from twelve o'clock till four in the afternoon and find hardly a door open and see scarcely a solitary person in the streets. At the expiration of that time they go to vespers, or say their prayers in their own domicils, and are on hand, for good or evil, for the rest of the day.

DEPTH OF THE OCEAN.

At the annual meeting of the association of Am. Geologists and Naturalists sitting in Boston, Commander Wilkes, U. S. N., made a communication upon the subject of the depth and the saltness of the ocean. The maximum depth has never been attained. Capt. Ross sounded 4600 fathoms, about 27,000 feet and got no bottom. There are great difficulties attending deep sea soundings. Experiments show that the great valleys of our ocean run at right angles to the range near our coast. The basins of the southern hemispheres dip and rise alternately from the equator towards the pole, causing very unequal depths of water. Capt. Wilkes hoped that some means would yet be discovered to sound by the means of the explosion of a shell. The mean temperature of the ocean is 39.5—in latitudes from 54 to 60 South, the temperature is the same at the top and bottom. It has been asserted, as the result of experiments, that the mean temperature of the Mediterranean is 55 degrees. Experiments were made by captain Wilkes upon the penetration of solar light. A pot painted white was let down into the water, and the point of invisibility marked—upon taking it out, the point of visibility marked, and the two were found to vary but a fathom or two. In water of 36 degrees the pot disappeared at six fathoms—in the Gulf Stream, at twenty seven fathoms—just outside of it, at twenty three fathoms.

WONDERS OF GEOLOGY.

More than nine thousand of different kinds of animals have been changed into stone. The races of genera of more than half of these are now extinct, not being at present known in a living state upon the earth. From the remains of some ancient animals they must have been larger than any living animals upon the earth. The *Mangatherium*, (Great Beast) says Buckland, from a skeleton nearly perfect, now in the Museum at Madrid, was perfectly colossal. With a head and neck like those of the sloth, its legs and feet exhibit the character of the Armadillo and the Ant-eater. Its fore feet were a yard in length and more than twelve inches wide, terminated by gigantic claws. Its thigh bone was nearly as thick as that of the elephant, and its tail, nearest the body, six feet in circumference. Its tusks were admirably adapted for cutting vegetable substances, and its general structure and strength were intended to fit it for digging in the earth for roots on which it principally fed.

THE NEEDLE.

How often have I blessed my needle for rescuing me from the temptations which assail the other sex! Bright and innocent little implement; whether plied over tasteful luxuries or gaining the poor pittance of a day; thou art equally the friend of her whose visions tend to wander amid the regions of higher abstractions and of her whose thoughts are pinned down to the treadmill of thy minute progress! Quiet rescuer from clubs and midnight revels, amid the minor blessings of woman's lot thou shalt not be forgotten! Still come, and let thy fairy wand shine on her; still lend an ambitious joy to the playthings of the girl; still move unconsciously under the glittering smile of the maiden planning thy triumphant results, still beguile the mother whose thought roves on her boy on the distant ocean, or the daughter watching by the sick bed of one who has hither toiled for her; still soothe the long dreary moments of faithful love; and though a tear sometimes fall on thy shining point it shall not gather the root of despair, since employment is thy power.—Mrs. Gilmer's Recollections of a Southern Matron.

SAYING NEW THINGS—A desire to say things which no man ever said, makes some people say things which no man ever ought to say.