

## SANTA ANNA.

The varied fortunes of this singular man approach more to romance than the field of history and fact. At one moment discarded by his people, and even exiled from Mexico, and the next fighting her battles and heading her troops with consummate skill. Now rich, now poor, now a voluntary exile, and once again leading the armies of the republic on the field of Buena Vista, and suffering one of the most complete defeats in the annals of warfare. We have met this man personally, and have "eaten salt with him." Near Havana, say a league from the city walls, lies the little village of Cerreto, and here some six years ago lived Santa Anna upon a plantation of his own. The character of the man may in some measure be inferred from the manner in which he passed his time at this West Indian home. From morning until night he was ever in the cock-pit fighting his game cocks, and betting upon the issues of the various contests. His wife, at that time, was young and beautiful, but like her lord, entirely given up to frivolity—her only pride seeming to be the display of a profusion of diamonds and other ornaments. Of late it has been rumored that Santa Anna is again about to return to Mexico, and that another overturn is about to distract this country of revolutions. Be this as it may, we herewith give a very exact likeness of the man in military costume, and a good likeness it is, presenting also the style of horse accoutrements universal among the officers and gentlemen of Mexico. Santa Anna is a fine horseman; although he has but one leg, the other is supplied by a wooden one, which he uses so easily and with so little embarrassment, that you would scarcely observe the defect.

There is one peculiarity about this Mexican hero that no one who has ever seen him has ever failed to note, and that is his eye; it is soft and plaintive in its expression as a woman or a child, but dark as the night. We have often thought how that man's eye belied his soul. His character is treacherous and cat-like; not without bravery, yet he has ever managed to retreat always in time to preserve his own liberty, but his enemies in battle have been forced to acknowledge his skill as a warrior and a general, as it regards the bringing of large bodies of troops into battle, or in taking advantage of any weak point in his enemy's movements. Santa Anna is said to have declared at Buena Vista: "I have whipped these Yankee devils twice to-day, and yet they will win the field in spite of me." This accorded with what Gen. Taylor said, which was, that if his men but knew it, they had twice lost the battle; but not knowing when to stop, they fought on and won the field at last.



VIEW OF THE NATIONAL HOTEL, AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

## A STRANGE COSMETIC.

The Thibetan women adopt a custom, or rather submit to a regulation, certainly unique in the world. Before going out of their houses, they rub their faces with a sort of black, sticky varnish, a good deal like conserve of grapes. As the object is to render themselves hideous, they daub their faces with this disgusting cosmetic till they scarcely resemble human creatures. The following was, we are told, the origin of this monstrous practice:

About two hundred years ago, the Nomekhan or Lama King of Anterior Thibet was a man of austere character. At that period, the Thibetan women were not more in the habit of trying to make themselves look ugly than the women of other countries; on the contrary, they were extravagantly addicted to dress and luxury. By degrees, the contagion spread even to the holy family of the Lamas; and the Buddhist convents relaxed their discipline in a manner that threatened a complete dissolution. In order to arrest the progress of this alarming libertinism, the Nomekhan published an edict, forbidding women to appear in public unless disfigured in the fashion above-mentioned; the severest punishments and the heaviest displeasure of Buddha were threatened to the refractory. It must have required no ordinary courage to publish such an edict; but that the women obeyed it was still more extraordinary. Tradition makes no mention of the slightest revolt on their part. The fair Thibetans vie with each other in

making themselves frightful, and she who is most offensively besmeared passes for the most pious; the custom appears to be considered as a dogma to be accepted. In the country the law is most rigorously observed; but at Lhass, women are to be met with who venture to appear with their faces as nature made them; but those who permit themselves this license are considered as women of bad reputation, and they never fail to hide themselves when they catch sight of an agent of the police.—*Huc's Travels in Tartary.*

## CHINESE ON FEMALE BEAUTY.

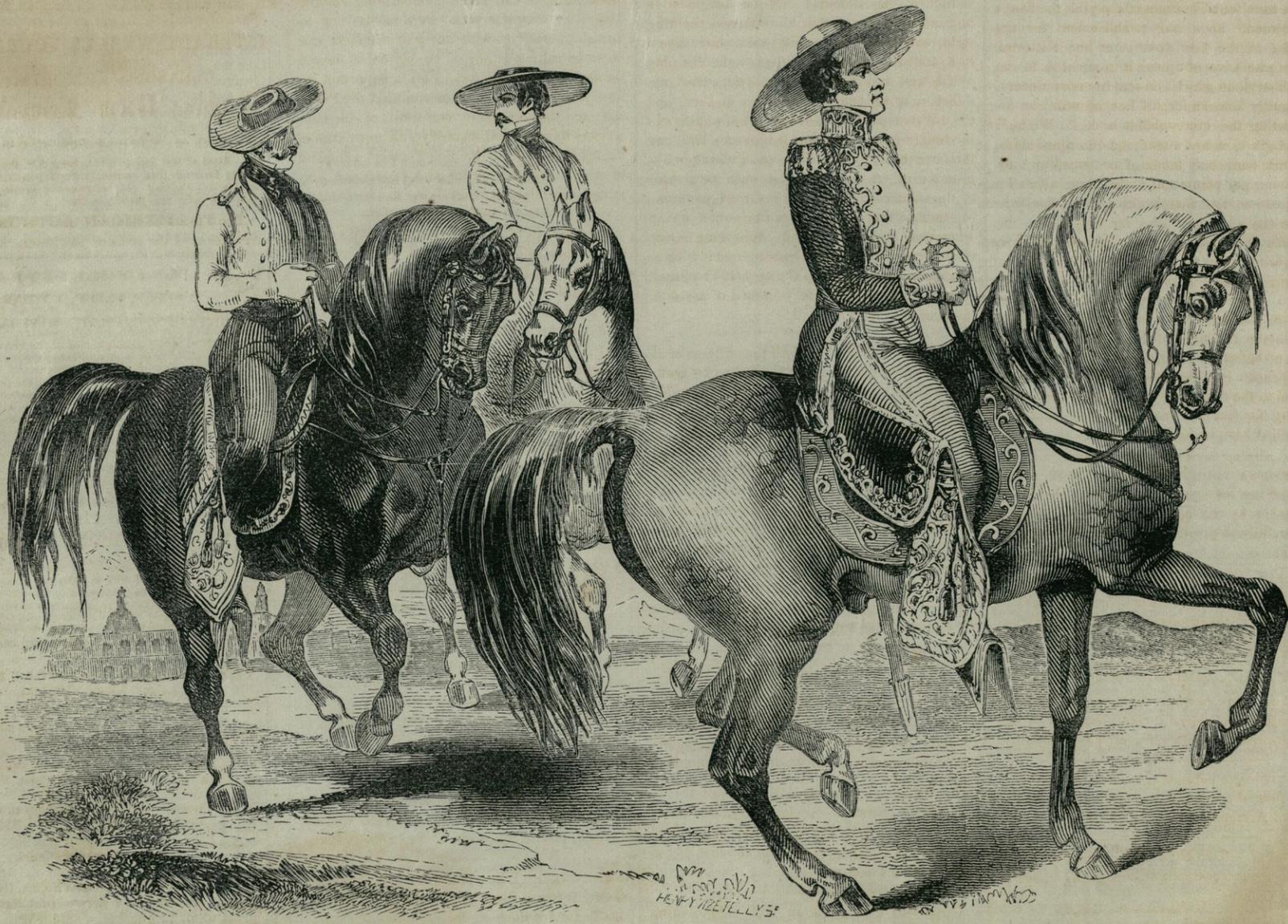
Lumqua is called, by the Europeans, the Sir Thomas Lawrence of China; and he well deserves this proud distinction, as the coloring of this artist's oil painting is exceedingly fine, although his ideas of female beauty differ materially from our own. In the course of conversation we asked him his opinion of an English belle then at Canton, and the reply was completely characteristic of a Chinaman's ideas of female beauty:—"Her face is too round, she has color in her cheeks, her eyes are too blue, too large; she's too tall, too plump, yi yaw; her face talks (meaning her countenance was expressive), and she has feet so large that she can walk upon them." In Lumqua's atelier, we saw many portraits, both of Europeans and Chinese, many of which were excellent likenesses, and although deficient in light and shade, were executed in a most masterly manner.—*China and the Chinese.*

## CAIRO.

A correspondent of the Boston Traveller, writing from Grand Cairo, says: "This truly oriental city is said to have been founded A. D. 969 by Gaber, a celebrated general of that time. The streets and even the interior of the public buildings strongly remind one of impressions received in reading the 'Arabian Nights.' The large projecting windows, covered with their elaborate network, curiously wrought wood, did not fail to attract our notice, and to call to mind the confined harem and dark-eyed beauties that figured so largely in the fairy tales of Eastern life. But in contrast to the romantic, are strewn the ruins of mosques, and the humble habitations of the lower classes. Whole streets are deserted, and the buildings absolutely in ruins. Of the four hundred mosques in Cairo, not more than half are in present use for the worship of the false prophet. Our donkeys stumbled into many a deserted area surrounded by walls rapidly crumbling away. Utter desolation reigned, and there were none to notice our intrusion save the cawing rook, or filthy condor, who make this their home, as a place free from all annoyance. The present

Pacha is at this time completing the mosque in the citadel commenced by his grandfather, Mehemet Ali. The interior is pure oriental alabaster; but it was the beauty of the material, rather than of the architecture that attracted our admiration. In two or three of the mosques that we were allowed to enter, groups of dirty Arabs were sitting cross-legged, learning passages from the Koran. They seemed to consider our visit as an intrusion, and we were glad to hurry out, although our curiosity would have prompted us to examine somewhat further into their singular proceedings.

"I was most happy in passing, to notice that the slave market was not overstocked, and the few that were for sale seemed as well treated as the poor Arabs in the streets. They were not strictly of the negro race, not having thick lips and flat noses, although coal-black. I was offered a fat, strong, healthy wench for forty-five dollars. Young females from ten to twenty years of age, varied in price from ten to thirty dollars. Slaves are not so common here as I had supposed. They are owned only by the more wealthy, nor will this be thought surprising, when we consider that native servants can be hired at ten cents a day, while they find themselves. The white slaves for the harems, are kept in the houses of their masters, and are not publicly exhibited for sale. Still, black slaves are met with in nearly every family in Cairo, and the traffic in them still continues from countries in the interior."



PORTRAIT OF SANTA ANNA IN MILITARY COSTUME.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

## MORN IN THE VALLEY.

BY WILLIAM EDWARD KNOWLES.

Brightly shines upon the upland meadow  
The first fair beams of blushing morn;  
While the hill-top casts its lengthened shadow  
Far on the furrows of the tasseled corn.

One by one the starry pearls have broken  
From off the necklace of the night;  
As they severed, left they then the token,  
That at the sunset they would re-unite.

And the dew, that through the night had slumbered  
Upon the lily's golden breast,  
Has departed, ere its pearls were numbered,  
And left the lily in new beauty dressed.

All is fair that comes before the vision,  
The field, and wood, and skies of blue;  
And it seems more like the fields elysian,  
Or lands enchanted, spread before our view.

From the vale there comes the sound of labor,  
The anvil's ring and forge's glow;  
As they beat the sword and blood-stained sabre  
In ploughshares for the fields and plains below.

In a vale like this God's smiles are given  
To bless the circle of each hearth;  
While their trials are but rounds to heaven,  
Up which they tread while yet upon the earth.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

## SCENE ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

## A ROMANTIC FACT.

BY LEUTENANT MURRAY.

READER, have you ever stemmed the current of the great western river of rivers, the father of waters, in one of those magnificent floating palaces, which ply between New Orleans and the mouth of the Ohio, or perhaps still farther up, to St. Louis, Missouri? If you have, you will let this sketch recall to your mind the many peculiarities that greet the traveller on this route, and will corroborate the truthfulness of these scenes.

It was early in the summer of 1845, that I found myself on board the Sultana, just backing out from the levee at New Orleans, and turning her sharp low prow up the Mississippi River. As usual at this season of the year, the boat was crowded, both with deck and cabin passengers, the former consisting of some hundred German emigrants bound up to a settlement in Missouri.

The boat plowed on steadily northward, now passing some lofty bluff, and now for hours skirting the low woodlands of Louisiana and Arkansas, and now stopping and rounding-to at some temporary landing, to "wood up," or at some sugar plantation, to discharge a small party, consisting of a planter and his family from the city.

But when night came and the steamer rounded-to for wood at one of those wild spots on the river's banks—the only inhabitants being some two or three wood-cutters and their families, with perhaps a slave or two, and the only recommendation that the spot offered for settlement being its proximity to an available forest of wood—the scene was grand beyond description. Torches were flying hither and thither, deck hands—always in large numbers—running from the boat to the shore on one line of planks and coming back on another loaded with wood, which was hastily deposited on deck, and then hurrying off again. No wilder scene can be imagined; the bright lights of the steamer's state-rooms throwing their gleamings deep into the forest thickness.

The first day on board the steamer a young and very handsome German woman, who was evidently too ill to endure the hardships of a deck passage, had been taken into the cabin and her passage paid by a purse made up by the passengers. She had arrived in a ship at New Orleans, two days before coming on board the steamer, and was, in common with the rest of the German passengers, bound for the settlement in Missouri. Her illness was solely caused by weakness, brought on by continued sea-sickness and the want of those little comforts and necessities impossible at sea. She had no intimate friends among her country people on board, but had joined them at Hamburg, on shipboard, and had thus arrived in America. Her object was to meet her husband, who had agreed to be at this settlement, and who had sent her the means, —though not quite enough in amount—to come and join him. There might have been a hundred such cases on board, and little curiosity or

interest excited by them; but in her case, a strange fascination involved one. She was so young, so patient, so pale with sickness and deprivation that one could not but feel deeply interested in her.

Having some knowledge of medicine, I had been called upon, by the captain of the Sultana, to administer from his medicine chest to the assistant engineer, who had come out of New Orleans so ill as to create some fears for his life, but being an excellent man the captain would not leave him, preferring to bring him away from the city and to take care of him on board. He had exposed himself at night, and had taken the country fever, as it is called, and though it was but slightly upon him, still he was far too ill to leave his berth.

We had touched at Vicksburg, Grand Gulf, Natchez, etc., and were steaming gallantly on towards St. Louis. Finding my patient on the engineer's deck in want of many of the absolute necessities of life, in his sick condition, I took some portions of my own wardrobe, and after representing the case to the cabin passengers at lunch one day, obtained from them some important additions to his comforts in the way of clothing, linen, etc. When this arrangement was made, our young German woman, understanding that there was another on board like herself, sick, and needing the charity of the good people of the cabin, begged to be permitted, now that she was so much better, to make up any article he might require, wherein a woman's needle might do so.

She was, indeed, vastly better; good and nourishing food, kindness and comfortable accommodations were fast restoring the color of her cheek, and the lightness of her eye. She was permitted to do as she desired, and made several necessary under garments for the sick man, with surprising neatness and despatch, showing herself a perfect mistress of the needle. They were received with due thanks by the sick man, who was most grateful, and who showed good promise of recovery ere long.

It was the custom to pay off the officers of the boat on coming in sight of the termination of the voyage or trip up; and when one fine morning the river's bend had been passed, and St. Louis was in sight, the clerk's office, situated in the extreme forward part of the cabin, was thrown open, and a bell summoned the officers to receive their pay. My patient had recovered so far as to have done duty on the last day of the trip, and was, with the rest, called up to settle, by the captain.

We were at breakfast in the after part of the cabin, when suddenly a scream, so shrill as to startle every soul at table and to bring me with some others to our feet at once, rang through the saloon. All eyes were turned towards the clerk's office, from whence the sound had proceeded, when we found the young German woman, who had been our companion, through charity, in the arms of the assistant engineer!

"What means this?" I asked of my late patient, hastening forward.

"Sir, this is my wife!"

For a moment there was the stillness of death about us, while each one seemed to be realizing the scene, the remarkable coincidence before us; and then one loud prolonged cheer rang through the cabin, so hearty and whole-souled as to cause even the timbers of the Sultana to tremble.

It was even so. The engineer was then on his last upward passage, but had no idea that his wife would be so soon in America, and much less that she was in the same boat with him.

It is so true that "one good turn deserves another," that the passengers would not part with the now thrice happy couple, without once more making up a purse of gold and pressing it upon them, as a remembrance of the passengers who made the up trip with them in the Sultana.

## EFFECTS OF IMAGINATION.

When the waters of Glastonbury were at the height of their reputation, in 1751, the following story was told by a gentleman of character:—An old woman of the workhouse at Yeovil, who had long been a cripple and made use of crutches, was strongly inclined to drink of the Glastonbury water, which she was assured would cure her lameness. The master of the workhouse procured her several bottles of water, which had such an effect that she soon laid aside one crutch, and, not long after, the other. This was extolled as a most miraculous cure, but the man protested to his friends that he had imposed upon her, and fetched water from an ordinary spring. I need not inform your readers that the force of imagination had spent itself, and she relapsed into her former infirmity.—*Blackwood.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

## THE GRAVE OF ALBERT L.—

BY MRS. M. B. HENEAGE.

But once around young Albert's grave  
Had spring her violets spread,  
And once in beauty summer gave  
Her roses o'er the dead;  
When I with cautious footstep strayed  
Amid the cypress gloom,  
Where many a fair, young brow was laid,  
To rest in death's pale bloom.

'Twas when sad autumn, in her turn,  
With frost and chilly air,  
In dying garlands round his urn,  
Had hung her offering there;  
And scattered round the sleeper's head,  
To woo the songster, lay  
Clusters of round, bright berries red,  
Fresh berries brought each day.

And well I knew whose tender care  
Watched well that lonely place;  
A pale, sweet girl, with flowing hair,  
And mien of sorrowing grace,  
Ne'er failed to come at eve's soft hour,  
To greet her "spirit-love;"  
As though she deemed affection's power  
Could lure him from above.

## GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

Of English preachers, Whitefield was by far the first. Many have surpassed him as sermon-makers, but none have approached him as a pulpit orator. His influence was the same, whether addressing the most learned or the rudest auditory. Garrick used to weep and tremble at his bursts of passions, and even the cold Hume said he was worth walking twenty miles to hear. But the greatest proof of his power is, that he could gather and keep around in awed silence, the whole rabble of Bartholomew Fair. For a time in England he was derided and abused, caricatured by Hogarth, and ridiculed by Foote; but he soon lived down such hostility by the nobility and blamelessness of his character, as well as by the wonderful effect of his eloquence and zeal. Since Cowper's worthy panegyric of him, as has been the case with Bunyan also, men of taste and learning have forborne to speak of the great Methodist preacher otherwise than with admiration and praise.—*Literary Gazette.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

## THE HOUR OF DEATH.

BY FRANCES ARCHER.

Hour of weeping, hour of sighing,  
Hour when worldly friends are flying;  
Hour of pleasure or of pain,  
Hour of eternal loss or gain;  
Hour of triumph or of trembling,  
Hour divested of dissembling;  
Hour of rapture or of woe,  
Hour of pallid lip and brow;  
Hour of life-pulse faintly throbbing,  
Hour of loved-ones round thee sobbing;  
Hour when eyes have lost their beaming,  
Hour when tears are o'er thee streaming;  
Hour of the last farewell spoken,  
Hour of fond ties snapt and broken;  
Hour when life-blood cease to flow,  
Hour of the spirit's joy or woe;  
Hour that seals the soul's condition,  
Hour when faith is glad fruition.

## A NUT FOR GEOLOGISTS.

Hiram de Witt, of this town, who has recently returned from California, brought with him a piece of auriferous quartz rock of about the size of a man's fist. On Thanksgiving day, it was brought out for exhibition to a friend, when it accidentally dropped on the floor and split open. Near the centre of the mass was discovered, firmly imbedded in the quartz and slightly corroded, a cut-iron nail, of the size of a six-penny nail. It was entirely straight, and had a perfect head. By whom was that nail made? At what period was it planted in the yet uncrystallized quartz? How came it in California? If the head of that nail could talk, we should know something more of American history than we are ever likely to know.—*Springfield Republican.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

## SONG.

BY H. W. FAXON.

A vision in my dreams, one night,  
Came round with noiseless step;  
And whispered in mine ear these words,  
As I so sweetly slept;  
"There's nought that's in the sea or air,  
On earth, or up above,  
Or in the mind's desires and hopes—  
There's nought so light as love!"

\* \* \*

And thou hast sworn that I, alone,  
Was idolized by thee;  
No other worship hadst thou given,  
Save that thou gavest me;  
And I unto thy heart had flown,  
As timid as a dove;  
Alas! alas! thyself hath proved,  
There's nought so light as love

## THE HIDDEN VIRTUES.

"There's something good in every heart." Yes, no matter how vicious or criminal the life—how depraved or base the actions—how foul the stream of impurity that flows from the lips—there is yet a secret spring in every breast, that, like the rock in the wilderness, needs but to be touched by the prophet's wand—love—to gush forth in streams of living purity. Though coarse and mean the dress of the outer man, there is fine gold beneath, that benevolence and kindness may bring to light. God has placed a star within every breast; clouds and mists may envelope it, and shroud it now in gloom; but it is still there, bright as ever, and may yet be brought to view to shed a halo of beauty around. Let it be thy work, O Christian and philanthropist, to develop the hidden virtues of the depraved being, and with words of gentleness and love to soothe the troubled soul, and bring the wandering spirit home to truth.—*Ex. Paper.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

## WE LIVE AND DIE.

BY S. BURNHAM.

We live and die;  
A few short years, at most, is all  
We have to live, and then death's pall  
Doth on us lie.

One life there is,  
In which we may prepare to meet  
Our God and Judge, and at his feet  
Fond cling in bliss.

Or, we may so  
Abuse the mercies God has given,  
That we can never live in heaven,  
But dwell in woe.

We live and die;  
This, then, should urge our fainting hearts  
To gain those blessings God imparts,  
Which never die.

So may we live,  
That when we die our souls may soar  
To heaven, and angels ope the door,  
And entrance give.

So may we die,  
That we may live in worlds above,  
In heaven of bliss—in heaven of love,  
For us on high.

## CULTIVATION OF PLANTS.

The International Magazine for February states, that Mr. Francis Bonynge, recently from the East Indies, has come to this country, at the instance of our Minister in London, for the purpose of bringing before us the subject of introducing some twenty of the most valuable agricultural staples of the East, among which are the tea, coffee, and indigo plants, into the United States. He gives his reasons for believing that tea and indigo would become articles of export from this country to an amount greater than the whole of our present exports. He says that tea, for which we now pay from sixty-five to one hundred cents per pound, may be produced for from two to five cents, free from the noxious adulterations of the tea we import. He has published a small volume, under the title of "The Future Wealth of America," in which his opinions are fully explained.—*Nat. Intelligencer.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

## O SLEEP, SLEEP, MY BABE.

WRITTEN FOR CHARLOTTE MAYFIELD W.—

BY RICHARD WRIGHT.

AIR—"O come, come away."

O sleep, sleep, my babe, thy mother's darling treasure,  
Thine eyelids close  
In sweet repose,  
O sleep, sleep, my babe.  
O sleep beneath the watching eye  
Of one who stays forever nigh,  
And sings thy lullaby,  
O sleep, sleep, my babe.

What dear home delight, what heartfelt glowing pleasure,  
To sing to thee,  
In infancy,  
O sleep, sleep, my babe;  
And bending over thee to dream  
Of future life's all peaceful beam,  
And thine the world's esteem,  
O sleep, sleep, my babe.

## GOD WILLS PAUPERISM.

These factions all assert that God is the author of pauperism—an assertion the Socialists consider blasphemy. M. Thiers, in his famous report on this subject, says:—"In the general plan of things, misery is the inevitable condition of the human race." The Bishop of Chartres, in his pastoral letter of March 12, 1851, says:—"But I am asked to explain that mysterious inequality which is nowadays such a cause of scandal, and which has always existed between the rich and the poor. Why, at least, not let fall on the poor a few rays of that sun which gives to all ease and comfort? Why not? Because it is impossible. Yet that state of things is the work of Eternal Wisdom; we must justify it."—*Westminster Review.*