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WHOLE NO. 353.

## LITERATURE.

### My Mysterious Muleteer.

We were a party of three Englishmen, travelling by rail from Madrid to the east coast, bound to Puerto Muerta, to buy transport mules for a certain little war then in progress in the remote east.

It was at Almanza, the junction for Valencia and Barcelona, that I first saw my mysterious muleteer.

No muleteer was he then to all outward seeming; but dressed like a Spanish gentleman of the old school, wrapped in a wide cap or cloak, which, when he chose, completely enshrouded his face. He was not invariably; more than once I saw his features plainly enough. He was not alone. A strikingly handsome girl, as like him that she was evidently his daughter, clung to him in a manner that betrayed evident anxiety and nervousness on his account. Her eyes, full of loving solicitude, were continually turned to him; now and again she motioned to him as if she wished him to cover up his mouth with his cloak. Was this for concealment, or was he an invalid?

They were rather a remarkable pair. Possibly it was the splendid Spanish beauty of the girl that attracted me, but I found myself thinking of them for the remainder of the journey. I looked out for them on the platform at Puerto Muerta, but they were nowhere in sight. Then the pressure of my own affairs drove them quite out of my head, and for some time I was so busily occupied that I had no leisure for vague dreams.

Puerto Muerta, when we reached it, might, in truth, have been dead a thousand years. The houses were like crumbling mummies set up in rows along the deserted, dust-encumbered streets; only a stray falcheta or two, with ragged sails, lay in the harbor. The warehouses were all boarded up, the mole overgrown with grass. The great cavernous arched fonda by the sea-shore could have done no business for years; we had the greatest difficulty in persuading its landlord that business had come at last.

Batin an hour or two all was changed. A Spaniard has been sent for gain, when money can be made without great expenditure of force. The town awoke with a start, galvanized, as it were, into life by the action of English gold. The shopkeepers took down their shutters; merchants hitherto idle came to proffer their services; dealers without mules came in crowds to propose contracts for their supply.

My duties brought me in close connection with the people of the place; good, easy going country folk, speaking a provincial patois, clinging to local costume—a black flat sombrero, as wide as a cart wheel, a white shirt, black sash, white petticoat or kilt, footless stockings, and rope-soled sandals on their horny feet—very temperate, not over industrious, but patient and willing to work for a very moderate wage. The times were hard; recent political troubles and a bad harvest had brought many to the verge of want, and men came in great numbers to be "apuntado"—"put down," or noted for employment by us. I was preplexed at times to choose, but I relied chiefly on my own judgment of physiognomy and physique, provide all could produce, a proof of respectability, their "cedulas de vecindad," or passports, signed by their local authorities.

We were seated in the patio smoking one evening, when a waiter came to say a man had called to be "put down." It was after business hours but he was shown in. He was a tall well grown man, in the prime of life, dressed in the country fashion, holding himself very straight, and with voice and manner seemingly above his station. He made his request for employment in an independent, straightforward way, which pleased me.

"What do you think of him?" I said in English to Clayton.  
"Pardon me," said the applicant, also in English, correct but not fluent, "I understand your language."  
I looked at his honesty.  
"You have papers; your cedula and all that?"  
"No, I have none. I stand simply on my merits, such as they are. I am accustomed to animals, strong, willing to work, honest."  
"That you had better leave us to say?" put in Clayton. We were still speaking in English.

"Do you doubt it sir?" said the stranger, raising his voice, as if disappointed to call the questioner to serious account.

Then, although the light was not good, I recognized him. It was the stranger I had seen at the station at Almanza.

"You are engaged," I said at once. "Come to-morrow to the bull ring our headquarters, for orders."

He made me a courteous bow, and, without speaking again, left us.

"Well, of all the idiotic proceedings," cried Clayton at once—"to engage a man who speaks English!"

"That ought to be in his favor." "My experience is that the linguists of an out-of-the-way foreign town are all rogues. How comes he to know English? It looks fishy."

"Your absurd mistrustfulness, is the worst trait in your character. You will never be a great man."

"Rubbish! That is beside the question. I protest against the employment of this fellow."

"And I insist upon it. I was much taken with his looks. Don't you agree with me, Hinks?"

The "vet" never ventured an opinion spontaneously; even when directly asked, he hesitated. Now, he felt the sinews of one arm slowly up and down, a favorite habit of his when in doubt, as if he were trying the tendons of a suspicious horse, and after a time only said:

"I wonder what he knows about animals! He may be of use."

And he was, undoubtedly. Before he had been in our employment for twenty-four hours, Enrique, as he was called, became our right-hand man. We were now in the full swing of purchase; daily we sat in state at a long table in the arena of the bull ring, and gave audience to high and low. The dealers flocked in—some with droves of mules, others with a team or a pair. Now and again, a laboring man, with tears in his eyes, brought his own precious beast—his bread-winner and familiar friend—and sold him to us, or tried to sell him, for double what he was worth. Enrique was invaluable; he was profoundly knowing in animals, and up to all the tricks of the trade.

To save trouble, although I spoke a certain amount of Spanish, we installed him as our interpreter and go-between; and as such he gave such sound advice, and seemed so trustworthy, that even suspicious Clayton began to appreciate him. Enrique possessed, also, the rare gift of organization to a degree seemingly strange, unless it were the result of long practice added to natural powers. Seeing this, and that the rest of the muleteers readily admitted his superiority, I gave him carte blanche. Within a week our men and animals were brigaded and orderly as those of a regiment of horses.

He went on with his duties steadily and quietly, and he made no friends among the muleteers; he seemed to talk to no one but myself, and even with me, although I treated him, as I felt he was, quite my equal, he was singularly reserved.

Every night at varying hours I visited the ring, and found Enrique prompt always to answer to my call. Once, rather late, he was accompanying me on my rounds, when a tremendous knocking at the outer gate made us both start.

"Go and see, Enrique, what that means."

"Excuse me, Senor Captain. I will send Alejandro," and with strange alacrity Enrique left me.

I myself reached the gate in time to hear the following short colloquy: "Who goes there?" from within.

"La autoridad (the authority), in the name of the Queen."

Isabella was on the throne; Narvaez at her right hand. The political air was heavy with electricity, and all Spain was under martial law.

"I am the master here," said I, at once putting myself forward.

"What is the meaning of this intrusion?"

The visitors consisted of a posse of civil guards, and at their head was a small dried-up atom of a man, who seemed all gray mustaches and gold headed cane.

"I am the Chief of the Police of this city. I require to see all your muleteers. I am informed that your harbor here a dangerous rebel city."

I resented these peremptory tones, but even before I could protest, the muleteers, with the instinct of obedience to a despotic rule, had ranged themselves in a row.

"They are all here?" said Don Cirilo, turning to me, as if dis-

light of a lantern. "All your muleteers are here?"

"All my muleteers are here," I repeated. Enrique was absent; but he was now over the wall, and I permitted myself this slight evasion for I felt certain Enrique wished to remain concealed.

"It is very strange."

And then the intruders made a thorough search of the place, all to no purpose. Presently, without a word of apology, they took their leave.

On mentioning the affair to Clayton, all his old suspicions of Enrique revived.

"I knew how it would be. You have made a fatal mistake. You were particularly desirous to avoid any collision with the local government, and yet your hastiness in engaging this fellow will compromise us seriously."

"You have always admitted Enrique was worth his weight in gold to us."

"He will be dearer than that, if the Spanish authorities, as I fear, order us to leave Puerto Muerta."

While he was still speaking, a pair of civil guards appeared, and one of them served upon me a summons to appear immediately before the military governor of the town.

Till now, although employed by our own government, our operations had been conducted as private persons; a purely commercial enterprise suffers from official recognition. But feeling that now we were in some danger of misconception, I hastily put on my uniform and went to the citadel.

I was received most courteously. The uniform did that. Directly I entered, the commandant turned to the Chief of the Police and said rather sharply:

"He is an English officer, you see. This can go no farther, Captain," he said to me, pardon our suspicions. Some wise people have discovered a dangerous conspiracy in your doings. Tell me the truth. What is your object here?"

"We are buying mules."

"That I know, but for what purpose?"

"To send them to the East."

"For the British Government?"

"If you must know, yes."

"We heard you were drilling and raising a force of insurgents, and that you meant to seize the citadel for—Prin. Forgive me. Will you take a cigar?"

He was decorated with the Moorish war medal, and perhaps was not violently opposed to Marshal Prim.

My interview with the authorities ended thus. But we were not yet out of the wood. I saw from the face of the Chief of the Police that he was not satisfied, and I meant to put Enrique on his guard directly he returned to his post. But he never returned for obvious reasons. Two civil guards mounted sentry night and day at the gates of the bull ring, and made it their business to examine everybody who went in and out.

Clayton was now convinced of Enrique's guilt. We must have nothing more to do with the man, that was plain.

I was sorry for my mysterious muleteer. I had seen enough of him to gather that he was a person of superior station, and I had no desire to help him exile to the Philippines, or perhaps to be shot with only a form of trial—and then his daughter, the Spanish beauty? I had seen or heard nothing whatever of her since the day at Almanza Junction.

A few days passed. Then the first steamer ship arrived to load up with mules, and we proceeded to embark our first batch. While I was "telling off" the muleteers and the animals, and preparing to send them—missing Enrique's services at every instant—a note was put into my hands.

"When can I speak to you? Your uniform courtesy and kindness lead me to throw myself at your feet. Will you add the other favor to the many I am in your debt. The bearer will bring you to me at the hour named to-night. Enrique."

I was punctual, and was led by a ragged lad down several back streets, and at length below a low archway down into a sort of vault. There, shrouded in his big cloak, was Enrique; and with him was his daughter.

"He did the honors of his cellar as if it had been a palace. I was presented to his daughter. She might have been a princess."

"I will not waste your time, Capt. Gaythorne," he said, speaking in Spanish. "What I ask is that you should send me in your steamer to Alexandria to-morrow."

"You are anxious to leave the country?"

"Compromised?"

"There is a price upon my head."

"It might involve me, and, worse than that, my government," I really hesitated.

"Oh, sir, for the love of God, have pity."

His daughter had seized my arm. Tears filled her large eyes. How eloquent they were!

"Concha!" said her father. "You must restrain yourself. I respect your scruples," he said to me. "But, believe me, I am not a very hardened offender. I am more sinned against than sinning. I was led to 'pronounce'—"

"You are an officer?"

"Of course." He drew himself up, as if he wondered how I doubted it.

"My father is—"

"I had rather not know, senorita. But he can command me to the utmost of my power. It may not be easy to get him on board; the police are on the alert, and we must be circumspect."

I left them as soon as possible, although it was sweet to hear Concha's voluble thanks, and to get into her grateful eyes, and to see her weeping over me.

A watch, unobtrusive but of the best, was kept upon the ship. Civil guards patrolled the wharf; the Chief of the Police came on board several times, and I was obliged to show him every attention. He made several visits to the mule-deck, and inspected our muleteers every day.

To the very moment of starting he hovered about his myrmidons within call, as if he suspected to the last.

But the good ship "Sophonisba" at length cleared for sea. Warp after warp was cast adrift, and she forged slowly ahead past the mole; then her bows swung round, she gained the open sea and went fairly off under full steam, pausing only to pick up one of her boats which appeared to be waiting for her outside.

Enrique was in the boat.

Years passed, and I heard nothing more of the mysterious muleteer—years of turmoil and dissension in Spain. First, Isabella fled before the insurrection of Montseny and Prim; then came the Republican rising, quenched in torrents of blood; next Amadeo and the assassination of the King-maker; and the bitter civil war.

Concha I had never quite forgotten. Often I had wished to revisit Spain. In all the changes and chances of these years I never pushed forward and see all I could, when I suddenly found myself surrounded and a prisoner in the hands of the Alphonist troops.

I spoke in Spanish, and said I was an Englishman.

There were Englishmen among the Carlists; my knowledge of Spanish did not befuddle me. I was evidently a suspicious person. The subaltern officer in command was for disposing of me at once. My fate would have been sealed but for the opportune arrival of a colonel in staff uniform, who bearing my explanation decided that I must go before the General-in-Chief. Accordingly, bound with a thin cord in that ingenious Spanish fashion, which is more efficient than handcuffs or shackles, I was, after long delay, ushered into the presence of the great man.

"Your name," said he without looking up.

"Gaythorne."

"Gracious al cielo!" cried the General, springing to his feet. "As last we met, generous friend. Release him instantly. This gentleman is most dear to me—dearer than a son."

"Enrique!" I cried.

"Enrique Guevarra Compositio. Captain-General of the army of Castile, and your friend till death."

I spent the following winter at Madrid, and, renewing my acquaintance with Concha Guevara, think it is not unlikely that I may become the General's son in more than in name.

American Inventive Progress.

Under the above heading the Scientific American of May 7th has a long and interesting article, from which we make the following extracts:

To show with such rapidity inventors make improvements on inventions embodying original principles, says the writer, it may be noted that in the early days of the sewing machine 116 patents were granted for improvements thereon in a single year; and out of the 2,910 patents issued in the year 1877, 152 were for improved cotton-gins and presses, 164 for the improvements on the steam engine, and 198 for novel devices, relating to railroads and improvements in rolling stock. In the year 1848, three years after the publication of this paper was commenced, but 660 patents were granted; but under the stimulus of publishing those inventions as they were patented, ten years later, in 1858 the number had increased sixfold, reaching 3,710 while up to January 1, 1860, as already stated, the aggregate of patents issued amounted to 17,487; since that time and up to the present the total is 181,015.

And curiosity here leads us (adds the editor) to review our own work, extending back, say, twenty years, or to 1857, a period during which 170,745 patents have been issued. We find, by actual count, that 62,062 applications have been made through the Scientific American Patent Agency for Patents in the United States and abroad. This averages almost 557 applications per day, Sundays excluded, over the entire period, and bears the relation of more than one quarter to the total number of patents issued in this country up to the time of writing.

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## Chiguecto Post.

Sackville, N. B., April 26, 1877.

### Affairs in Kashgar.

To the view of dwellers in this quarter of the globe the affairs of Central Asia subside but a small arc of the mental horizon. With successive revolutions, states and dynasties may rise and fall; but to these we, interested in affairs nearer home, pay little heed. And yet the doings of neighbours of our fellow subjects in Her Majesty's Asiatic possession should not be altogether devoid of interest to us. One of the most fertile districts in this region is Kashgar, and one of the most successful of modern adventurers is Yakub Khan its present ruler. His career has been most romantic. We first hear of him as an officer in the Khokandian service where he distinguished himself by his brave and gallant opposition to the Russians. He next appears as one of the lieutenants of Buzuk Hodja, one of the descendants of an ancient Kashgar dynasty, dispossessed by the Chinese about a century before. A rebellion of Chinese Mussulmans, had extended westward to this country then nominally subject to the Peking government. After using the old Hodja so long as the shadow of a title could be of service to him, Yakub at length threw off the mask and had himself proclaimed sovereign of the country. With numerous additions to this territory he has assumed various titles till in 1873 he was created Amir by the Sultan of Turkey.

His success in establishing a government has only been equalled by his prosperity in carrying it on. Improved irrigation has increased the agricultural resources of the country; silk culture has been fostered and manufacturing industries, annihilated by the Chinese, have been re-established. A constant stream of immigration has flowed in from surrounding districts, and in a single decade Yakub Khan has succeeded in forming a well-ordered, powerful and prosperous Government.

And now the Chinese are coming to dispossess him, claiming the country on the ground of a century's occupation. An army, on the way for some time, is reported to be near Kashgar. The Amir naturally looks about him for allies, appearing to look with most favour on a Russian alliance. Russia, favouring the Chinese claim, has so far refused to acknowledge his authority in the state; and in other ways has shown her hostility to his claims. But he seems wisely disposed to smother all feelings of indignation, if anything can be gained thereby.

Situated near the northern frontier it would seem that with the Amir's friendship Kashgar might be made a strong point to the Amir's Indian possessions. As one of the most successful of Asiatic Mussulmans Yakub Khan may be regarded as in some sense a champion of the Islam faith, and his friendship is of corresponding importance. A Prince, friendly to British rule in India, was established in Afghanistan at the expense of a bloody war, and now, if a little skillful diplomacy can establish friendly relations with the Amir of Kashgar, who might be of infinite advantage to us, the opportunity should not be let slip. In 1873, Mr. Forsyth was sent from Calcutta with the object of securing the Amir's friendship, but his expedition was productive of little good, as he seems to have been empowered to ask much and to give little. Yakub Khan would surely look with favour on an alliance with England rather than with his ancient enemy, Russia.

BRIGAND DUES.—A correspondent of the Evening Post, writing from Sicily, says: "The knife is now the inseparable companion of the brigand and he knows both how to give and receive its thrusts with the utmost coolness. When two of them have a quarrel the challenge is something like this: 'Friend, are you busy?' 'No.' 'I would like a word with you; even now.' 'Are you armed?' 'Yes.' 'Will you come?' 'Let us go.' And they resort to some quiet spot to fight. If one is injured the other immediately becomes physician and attends to his wound. The one who is injured never betrays the name of his enemy, and often in the hospitals of Palermo young men die with a word, the heroes of their code of honor."

THE KING OF SERMONS TO PREACH.—Lord Coleridge advises clergymen to grapple with no questions which they do not understand, and says, "Sermons or speeches which are not thorough, and in which imperfect argument is shied out with feebling earnestness, do more harm than good. Whereas, a man may, by leaving the whole matter alone, and insisting on the spiritual needs of man, and the spiritual help which the Christian religion gives him, can at least do no harm, and with many natures may do infinite good."

BIGHAM YOUNG says that he isn't guilty, but how does he know he isn't? Until put on trial and the verdict of the jury handed in. The object is to convince him that he's a wicked old man.

CHICAGO TIMES.—Evidently this man Hayes has no friends. A month in the White House and no one has sent him even a bull-pup."

## Business Cards.

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CHARLES R. SMITH,

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Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c.

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