



LITERATURE.

From the London Punch.

FRENCH AND ROMAN REPUBLICAN'S.

AN ODE TO LOUIS NAPOLEON.

Louis Napoleon—I won't say that he
 "Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat,"
 But a Republic's President should be
 Republican himself—I will say that.
 When Rome shook off her priestly yoke,
 What right had you to put your spoke,
 I beg to ask you, in her common weal?
 What ground had you to interfere,
 When of the Pope she made a clearance?
 Pray, who called you with her affairs to deal?
 The Romans may be right or wrong,
 I don't care which, in turning Priests out,
 And sending all the Cardinals along
 With that good Pontiff to the right about;
 But let them choose their form of Government,
 And what's the odds, so long as they're content?

Are you to cram down their reluctant gullets,
 The kind of Constitution you think best,
 By means of swords and bayonets and bullets?
 Against such tyranny I must protest.
 I really wonder you've the cheek
 To talk about your *Republique*.
 In dignity you merit an advance;
 There is a post which you are fitter far
 To fill than to be PRESIDENT OF FRANCE;
 Instead of that you ought to be the CZAR,
 The Roman people to coerce and menace,
 You send your howitzers and bombs,
 With Oudinot to play the modern Brenus—
 What of this intervention comes?
 Disgrace, defeat—in point of fact,
 Your troops got regularly whack'd.

How could they stand against a foe that sung
 The *Marseillaise*, or fail to be
 Taken back dumfounded, and unstrung,
 Met *Mourir pour la Patrie*?
 To chant such strains till they are hoarse,
 The citizens of France must know their brothers
 Of Rome, possess the right, of course,
 As perfectly as any others;
 Also to dance and caper at their pleasure,
 Round Trees of Liberty, in sportive measures;
 In short their own Republic to enjoy,
 So long as other folks they don't annoy.
 All well for you, if France shall acquiesce
 Quietly in her own stultification;
 If not you've got yourself into a mess,
 From which I wish you happy extrication.

A HUNGARIAN INCIDENT.

We can to-day lay before our readers one of the most striking instances of female heroism and devotedness, and we feel the more pleasure in citing it, as the nation to which our heroine belongs, at this moment so much excites our sympathy, which we think is worthily bestowed if it can boast of many such characters as the one we are going to describe:

Whoever has followed the late tide of events in Europe with the interest it commands, knows to what extent the measures of Austria and its ally, Russia, are carried on to frustrate the attempts of Hungary for national independence. Vague accounts of wholesale executions of prisoners of war who fell into the hands of the Austrians, have also reached us from time to time, but the Austrian papers are silent on the subject, and the little that is known has been gathered from private letters which escaped interception. Certain it is, that fearful scenes have occurred at Presburgh and Pesth, before this was retaken by the Hungarians, and the gallows have bent beneath the weight of unfortunate men, whom treachery or overwhelming numbers threw into the hands of the tyrants.

In an encounter of a body of Austrian Uhlans with a troop of Hungarian Hussars, a young officer leading the latter, fought with the most distinguished gallantry, such as his holy cause alone could inspire him with. Dealing death with every blow, he cut his way to the officer commanding the enemy, wrenched the sword out of his grasp and summoned him to surrender. A fresh struggle however ensued, and the Austrian was thrown from his horse mortally wounded. At the same moment the horse of the Hungarian, stabbed by the lance of an Uhlan, made one more leap and fell, throwing Captain Corab, his rider, so heavily on the ground that he became senseless. Soon after this, the fight was decided; another troop of Austrians came suddenly upon the combatants, and the Hungarians, who gave, but took no quarter, in the cer-

tainty of an inglorious death if made prisoners, were obliged to fly.

Captain Corab was found by the enemy to be merely stunned by the fall of his horse, and soon recovered. He appealed to the generosity of his captors, and begged them to shoot him at once, that he might be spared the disgrace of death by the rope, but his appeal was vain.—He was marched off to the quarters of the Colonel in command, and was notified that he would be removed to Presburg, there to stand his trial and expiate his crime on the gallows.

Corab's troop, when they saw their Captain fall, thought him dead, and reported this at the Hungarian head-quarters; but the next day deserters came from the enemy's lines, relating how the Captain had been made prisoner, and what would be his fate. Those who had not mourned Corab's fate, supposing that he had gloriously met it on the field of battle, this intelligence filled with despair. The officers went *en masse* to the commander-in-chief, praying for an attack on the lines of the enemy; but the position of the army was such as to bring certain destruction upon them all, if unsuccessful, and they were consequently refused. Various other schemes were made to liberate Corab, but had also to be abandoned again; till at last an offer was made to exchange him for one of their officers of a higher rank—but this also being refused, every hope to save their comrade seemed gone, as they were well aware that Corab would be tried and condemned as a deserter, having received his education at the military cadet school at Vienna.

Early the next morning, an English lady, with her companion and servants, desired of the Hungarian general to be conducted to his outposts on her way to Presburg.—This was granted, and the travellers, after leaving the Hungarian, passed the Austrian lines, and afterwards arrived at Schemlar a town on the north road, and then the head-quarters of Lieut. Gen. Bach, who came and paid his respects to the lady. At this place her companion stopped, saying to the attendants that she could not proceed from illness and severe suffering, though two hours after she went out, and on her return told the innkeeper that she had taken private lodgings, to which she would immediately remove.

On the same evening, a young Italian artist, named Trapalli, introduced himself to the commanding officer, stating that he had that day arrived from the north, and had on the road met an English lady whom he had formerly known at Milan, and who had entrusted him with a note for the General, which he now begged to hand. The note merely contained a request for a favorable reception of Mr. Trapalli, he being a well-known and esteemed friend of the writer. General Bach, it appears, overlooked the necessity of asking for the gentleman's passport, probably thinking that his subordinate officers had attended to that, and gave Trapalli a special order to all officials, commanding them to treat the Italian with all politeness and facilitate his progress southward. Trapalli set off almost instantly, and arrived in due time at the quarters of the Colonel commanding the Uhlans, who held Corab in custody. Here the artist was well received; the Colonel being a native of the Lombard provinces, and glad to speak in a language familiar to him, yet he perceived something extraordinary in the appearance of his guest, but no suspicion arose in him, the command of his superior officer vouching for the identity of the party he recommended.

Trapalli stopped the whole day, and hearing that the Uhlans had lately made some prisoners, he requested permission to see them, which was granted. Corab was the first they visited. He begged the Colonel to be left alone as his days were numbered, but, on seeing the other visitor, he started amazed to his feet, made one step forward when instantly recovering himself, he appeared indignant at this privacy being trespassed on at such a time, by strangers even. Both the visitors withdrew hereupon, and after seeing some other prisoners, the Italian was satisfied, and at night took his leave of the Colonel, purposing to resume his journey early next morning, and a sergeant was ordered to see him to the outposts. Being shown home by this person, Trapalli incidentally mentioned how much he wished to take the likeness of the captive Hungarian, and after showing a number of gold pieces came plump to the question, whether the sergeant thought it could be done yet. After a good deal of persuasion and bribing the Austrian consented to it, provided it could be done that night yet at candlelight. Trapalli assured him the prisoner would have no objection to it, as he would promise him to give his parents a copy of the likeness.—They, therefore, both went to the temporary prison of Corab, and soon were in his presence.

Our readers will have guessed that Trapalli was not the person he gave himself out for. Instead of an Italian artist, there stood before Corab his affianced bride Francisca Jaddo, a noble Hungarian woman, who had run these great risks to see him, and was now ready to bring greater sacrifices to liberate him. She it was who, as the companion of the English lady, stopped Schemlar, where she assumed man's dress, and with that boldness which characterizes woman in the hour of greatest danger, had, by waiting on the commanding general, faced it in its very den. Her intimate acquaintance with the Italian language enabled her to sustain her part with the Uhlan officer, and now in the presence of the sergeant, she hesitated not a moment, and yielded to the affectionate embraces of Corab. The Austrian, meanwhile, stood lost in amazement, but Francisca went up to him, discovered to him her sex, and the relation existing between her and the prisoner; told him that he had forgot his duty in allowing her to see Corab, that he would consequently be punished if detected, and finally offered him a very considerable sum if he would aid in Corab's escape.

There was scarcely an alternative left, and the Austrian consented, but when Francisca told Corab that she would have to remain in his stead, her persuasions had well near proved fruitless. She spoke of the certain and disgraceful death which awaited Corab if he remained, and represented her release as certain and speedy. Yet women, as well as men, had been shot and hanged by

the imperialists, and she knew it well, too, but she tried to forget it. She had not been captured with arms in hand, as other Hungarian women, who fought at the head of regiments which they themselves had raised, and she assured Corab that her devotedness would procure her the mercy of the Austrians. She then spoke of the services which he might render his country, of his comrades, who were so anxious about him; she drew a lively picture of what he might again perform, if free, in pitched battle with the hated oppressor, and concluded by adjuring him by the happiness they would hereafter enjoy, to make his escape. And Corab consented. Their parting was that of kind and affectionate friends, who separated for a short time only. Corab and the sergeant both made good their escape, and were joyfully received at the Hungarian head-quarters.

The astonishment of the Uhlan Colonel, when the escape of Corab, and the finding of another person in his stead, was reported to him, was, no doubt, very great, but all that has been ascertained is, that Francisca was on the same day conducted to Schemlar, and from thence to Presburg. The following day a Hungarian spy returned from that place and brought the intelligence that the lady was to be tried on the morrow, the general impression being that she would be executed. A parlementaire was instantly despatched, but he came too late, the noble woman had been tried, and in spite of the intercession of many Austrian ladies of high rank, had been executed the next day. The details of this barbarous act are not known, but she is said to have died with the same unflinching courage which had signalized her efforts for the liberation of Corab.

Two days after this mournful news had reached the head-quarters, a large number of Hussars and other officers, with a few private soldiers, all mounted, issued with the first break of day from the Hungarian camp. Corab led them towards the Austrian line. The first sentinel upon whom they came unawares, threw his arms from him, and begged for his life, but those whose captive he was, knew mercy no longer. The Hungarians passed over his dead body, and were almost immediately discovered by another sentinel, who gave the alarm. Then with a loud and fearful cry, the valiant band threw itself upon the Uhlan encampment, which lay close before them. They were met by three times their number, but the shock was irresistible. The Uhlans were broken and fled in all directions, closely pursued by their foes. The Colonel rallied a few, with whom he made a bold dash at the Hungarians. The encounter was a terrible but short one, the Colonel, with all those who followed, were cut down.

Within two hours the victors returned to their quarters; they had lost nine of their number, amongst whom was Corab, who had courted and found death.

The name of the English lady, who, at her own great peril, assisted Francisca in executing her design, is not mentioned; but a better day will bring it to light, and ensure her that esteem and admiration which her generosity deserves.

SEEING THE MONKEY.—A correspondent of the Newark Advertiser, writing from Branfield, Conn., gives the following account of the vocal and instrumental music of that place:

"Our singers are a caution to all hearers not to lend their ears, which Anthony desired to borrow of the Romans. What they lack in skill, they make up in volume. This is especially true of our female vocalists. Why, my friend, they scream. Having no taste to discriminate in this matter and unfortunately the directions in their tune books being an unknown tongue, they attack a psalm as a fort to be carried by storm. And they do carry it.—Evidently, there is a strife among them who shall sing the loudest, and the palm is not yet conferred. They are getting up a concert now, and perhaps the question will be decided when that comes off. By the way, a good story may be told, of our chorister's attempt at improving the psalmody as well as the music of our church. He set some music of his own to one of the Psalms of Watts, a very familiar psalm, in which occur these lines:

"O may my heart in tune be found,
 Like David's harp of solemn sound."

Calling on his pastor, who has more music in him than you would think, the chorister asked his approbation of a new version of those lines which would render them more readily adapted to the music he had composed.—He suggested to read them as follows:

"Oh may my heart be tuned within,
 Like David's sacred violin."

The good pastor had some internal tendencies to laugh in the singing-man's face, but maintaining his gravity as well as he could, he said he thought he could improve the improved version, admirable as it was. The delighted chorister begged him to do so, and the pastor, taking his pen, wrote before the eyes of his innocent parishioner these lines:

"O may my heart go diddle fiddle,
 Like uncle David's sacred fiddle."

The poor leader, after a vain attempt to defend his own parody, retired, and I guess he will sing the psalm as it stands.

We have an organ of course. They tell us that every church has an organ if it is anything of a church. Ours is not a very large one, but it is large enough in all conscience for the house, and the playing. It is somewhat larger, and makes more solemn, church-like music, than the organs which your strolling music pedlars carry in the streets, grinding pennyworths of sound for their ragged customers. But it does sound very much like those vagabond factories of music murder, I fear, from an incident of last Sunday.

A lady from New-York was up here, having been spending the summer in the country. As this was to be the last Sabbath of her visit, she took her son, a child of four years old, to church with her for the first time. As soon as the organ commenced its strains, the little fellow started up with delight; he looked back to the gallery, he stretched