

eloped, in the war which followed. Prince Stephen, the representative of the Emperor of Hungary, with whom he became acquainted at Prague, made him captain, in which capacity he soon distinguished himself by his personal courage and strategy, in skirmishes with the rapacious Serbs and Raitzen. He advanced therefore, under Massaros, to the rank of a Colonel, and as the Hungarian army retired beyond the Theiss, he was named General by Massaros, the Minister of War, who with the consent of Kossuth, entrusted him with the glorious mission to the Sovakey, where his wonderful, unparalleled strategy secured to the Hungarian army the success of the whole campaign. His manoeuvres, battles and victories, are known. He at length besieged and took Waitzen, and threatened to cut off the Austrian army, which caused the evacuation of the Hungarian capital, Pesth, by the Austrians. He afterwards besieged the strong fortress of Buda, and took it.

The surrender of Buda is considered by all tacticians as of equal importance to a victory in a pitched battle. He informed Kossuth by telegraph of the surrender of this fortress in a very laconic style, viz: 'Hursk! Buda! Gorgey!' The degree of Field Marshal was bestowed upon him by Kossuth and the Congress for this highly important action, and Kossuth answered him in the same style, viz: 'The thanks of the republic to the Field Marshal Gorgey!'

Some days afterwards the great patriot, the very old and highly respected General Massaros, being no longer able to endure the arduous efforts of a Minister of War, wished to retire, and upon Gorgey was conferred this high office.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

PRINCE GALITZIN'S WEDDING.

If we are frequently shocked by the tyrannical and brutal cruelty of the Russian sovereigns, we are also repeatedly disgusted with the servility and patient meanness of those who suffered from it. We behold Muscovite nobles of high rank and descent cringing under the wanton torments inflicted on them by their oppressor, and submitting to degradations to which death, one would imagine, were, to any free-spirited man, fifty times preferable. As an example, we will cite the conduct of one Prince Galitzin, who, after a long exile in Germany, where he had become a convert to the Roman Church, solicited and obtained permission to return to his country. This was in 1740, under the reign of the dissolute and cruel Czarina Anne. The paramours and flatterers who composed the court of that licentious princess urged her to inflict on the Prince the same punishment that had been suffered by a noble Vonitzin, who had turned Jew, and had been burned alive, or rather roasted at a slow fire. Anne refused, but promised the courtiers that they should not be deprived of their sport.

The same day Galitzin, although upwards of forty years old, was ordered to take his place amongst the pages; a few days later he received a notification that the Empress, contented with his services, had been pleased to raise him to the dignity of the third buffoon. 'The custom of Buffoons,' says an historian, 'was then in full force in Russia: the Empress had six, three of whom were of high birth, and when they did not lend themselves with a good grace to the tom-fooleries required of them by her or her favorites, she had them punished with the battoques.' The Empress appeared well-satisfied with the manner in which the Prince fulfilled his new duties; and as he was a widower, she declared she would find him a wife, that so valuable a subject might not die without posterity. They selected for the poor wretch's bride the most hideous and disgusting creature that could be found in the lowest ranks of the populace. Anne herself arranged the ceremonial of the wedding. It was in the depth of one of the severest winters of the century; and, at great expense, the Empress had a palace built of ice. Not only was the building entirely constructed of that material, but all the furniture, including the nuptial bed, was also of ice. In front of the palace were ice cannons, mounted on ice carriages.

Anne and all her court conducted the newly married pair to this palace, their destined habitation. The guests were in sledges drawn by dogs and reindeer: the husband and wife, enclosed in a cage, were carried on an elephant. When the procession arrived near the palace, the ice cannons were fired, and not one of them burst, so intense was the cold. Several of them were even loaded with bullets, which pierced thick planks at a considerable distance. When every body had entered the singular edifice, the ball began. It probably did not last long. On its conclusion, Anne insisted on the bride and bridegroom being put to bed in her presence; they were undressed with the exception of their under-garments, and were compelled to lie down on the bed of ice without covering of any kind. Then the company went away, and sentinels were placed at the door of the nuptial chamber, to prevent the couple from leaving it before the next day! But when the next day came, they had to be carried out; the poor creatures were in a deplorable state, and survived their torture but a few days.

A NICE HUSBAND.—'Ah! John, you won't have me much longer. I shall never leave this bed alive.'

'Please yourself, Betty, and thee'll please me,' returned John with great equanimity.

'I have been a good wife to you, John,' persisted the dying woman.

'Middlin', Betty, middlin'," responded the matter-of-fact husband.

MABEL'S DREAM.

"The dew-drops gem the casement pane, fast fades the waning light,
And earth and sky are purple with the haze of coming night;
You cannot see to work, mother, the eve's on its decline
So sit ye down beside the hearth, an list a dream of mine.

'You thought I calmly slept last night, and deemed I could forgo
The deep grief which so long hath made with tears my pillow wet;
But I was waking, mother dear, when all was silent round
Save the sad breeze, the lowing kine, and my heart's breathing sound.

"I mused on what I might have been, on what I now shall be;
I listened to the low-toned clock which ticked so ceaselessly,
And scanned the chest, the old arm-chair, and pictures on the wall,
Until my weak dim eyes, mother, were weary of them all.

"A-d something, oh! I know not what, seemed still to urge me on
To seek the old familiar scene of hopes and pleasures gone;
That spot where he and I were wont to meet on August eves,
When all beside were in the fields 'mongst the ripe barley sheaves.

"I knew you slumbered, mother dear, so left my restless bed,
And glided down the creaking stairs with swift but noiseless tread;
I trembled so, I scarce could stand, e'en when in the fresh air,
Though I was certain all the while that no one would be there.

"All silver fair the meadows gleamed, the happy stars shone bright,
And phantom-like the wan moon sailed through the blue depths of night;
The cool winds wandered whispering by, and at their summons low
The faint white rose upon the porch shed its pure leaves of snow.

"I passed the mill and closed up farm, and gained the woodland shade;
The shadows all fell dark, yet still I did not feel afraid;
There was the little stream which once imaged his truthful brow
And my warm cheeks; but why talk thus since all that's over now?

"At first I could not calmly think, but better feelings came—
I saw quite plainly he was right, and I alone to blame;
The vain cold girl, who long deceived, and played the trifler's part,
Deserved not the untiring love of a warm, honest heart.

"I flung me down on the green bank where the marsh mosses creep,
And dwelt upon old times, until I wept myself to sleep;
Yet still I dimly marked the rise of grey cloud mantled morn,
And felt so lonely that I wished I never had been born.

"And suddenly the leaves were stirred, a thrill ran through the grass,
The boughs gave way, and something seemed before my gaze to pass;
A hand strayed midst my loosened hair, warm breath was on my cheek;
But though I struggled to arise, I could no move or speak.

"A lava-tide rushed o'er my soul, of haunting memories,
And once I deemed I clearly saw his dark and earnest eyes;
'Twas but an idle dream, mother, yet oh! how kind they were!
My heart seemed breaking when I woke and found he was not there.

"But I had no time to sit and fret, for the red sun shone bright,
And kissed the stream so lately dark until it shone like light;
The cocks were crowing all around, the sky was deeply blue,
And the wild heath and lady fern were bathed in rosy dew.

"I thought they'd know me at the farm; so came back through the lane,
And in the sloping meadow met Dick Scoates and Robert Payne;
I ran by them without a word—passed Uncle Matthew's door.
And, ere the cuckoo clock struck six, was safe at home once more.

"But mother, all the long, long day, that dream hath haunted me;
I dare not think it boded good, nor pardoned hoped to be;
Yet 'twas perchance in mercy sent for me to muse upon,
Now that I've wearied him at last, and he is really gone.

Wayward and wild, my own proud will it was which sealed my fate,
And though my heart is contrite now, repentance comes too late;
Could he but see my faded cheek he might forget to frown,
But nought will mind him of my love in that far distant town.

"You gaze on me and well I know all that you fain would say;
You need not fear to urge your will—I shall not disobey;
I've cost you many an anxious hour and many an aching brow;
But that was in my thoughtless days—I am not self-willed now.

"'Twould make you happy, mother dear, if I could love Luke Strong;
I cannot, but I'll bear his name, though 'twill not be for long.
And you'll not fret when I am gone, for Alice will remain;
She is a better hearted girl, who'll never give you pain.

"But if he should return again when all these things are passed,
Then tell him that I wished him well and loved him to the last."
She paused—a dear voice sighed her name,
She heard a known step glide.
"He is returned," the truant said, and stole to Mabel's side!

A YANKEE'S ADVENTURE WITH A BOA CONSTRICTOR.

I had advanced perhaps a dozen steps, when I encountered what seemed to me to be a large log lying across my path. Without pausing to think of the improbability of the object being a log, when there was not a tree larger than a man's arm within ten miles, I jumped upon it and stretched myself up for a good look. It gave a little to my weight, like many an old rotten trunk that my feet have pressed in the forests of the Saint Lawrence. It seemed so much decayed as hardly to be able to bear me, as if it were about to break asunder and let me down into its spongy interior. My foot slipped upon the yielding surface. I recovered my balance, and on the instant felt myself elevated two or three feet. The whole log was alive beneath me, and—good heavens! I knew the boa. My feet went out from under me, and I fell with my back across the writhing monster. For the fraction of a second there might have been some question as to which way my body was going; but a twist of the animal soon settled the point by letting me down upon my head and shoulders, and leaving my feet elevated on his back in the air. I fell partly on my right side; my sword flew out of my hand, but I still kept hold of the pistol. A huge black object was hovering over and rapidly descending upon me. It was the monster's enormous head with jaws outstretched wide enough to engulf an elephant. Instinctively I stretched out my hand: the pistol barrels rattled against some hard bony substance, and at the instant my fingers contracting upon the triggers, both charges exploded simultaneously with a loud report, and a recoil that wrenched the weapon from my grasp. There was a snort of agony, and instantly a flouncing, as if, to use a common Yankeeism, 'heaven and earth had come together,' amid which my feet were thrown into the air, and sent flying over my head, my neck twisted to almost dislocation, and my body projected thro' an indeterminate series of ground tumblings to the foot of the knoll. Jumping to my feet and recalling my scattered senses, the first inquiry was whether the creature was pursuing me, and the second as to the state of my bones. A tremendous floundering about a hundred yards off, on my right, that made the ground tremble like the shocks of an earthquake, relieved me of all fear of the first; and a slight examination showed that no material damage had been done to the second. My pistol had been fired into his open mouth; and the balls, penetrating diagonally upwards and backwards, had passed through the palatal bones, and lodged in the brain. He was truly a monster, measuring full one hundred feet in length, five feet in circumference, and with a head as large as a wine cask.

From the Pennsylvanian.

AFRICAN ODOR.

A fragrance like that of five thousand roses filled the police office, as a watchman led up to the bar a short, stout coloured man in the dress of a porter, who was registered on the docket by the name of Charles Buck.

Mayor.—Where does that strong smell come from? Has anybody broken a bottle of rose water?

Buck (the prisoner).—It's me, massa, you smell, I 'spose I mout as well own the trufe at once.

Mayor.—You smell like rose water! Do you think to impose on me that way? How dare you tell me such a falsehood? I understand African perfumes too well for that.

Buck—Massa Mayor, I doesn't putend to say dat de natur ob de nigger is to smell dat a way.

Mayor.—No; I know it isn't.

Buck.—And dat's the very reason why I get into dis scrape. I try to improve on natur by correctin' de disagreeable effluvium ob de colored perspiration, and dey duck me up for it.

Watchman.—He was employed to carry home some perfumery which a gentleman bought in Second street.

Buck.—Yes, and I carry um home, too, only I made a mistake and toated um to my own home instead of the gentleman's.

Mayor.—Why did you do that for?

Buck.—I was very anxious to try a fizitiosical experiment, to see which was the most powerful, de smell ob de rose-water or de smell ob de nigger.

Watchman.—He had used up four large bottles of Cologne water, by sprinkling himself all over.

Buck.—De white people is always complainin' dat de smell ob de nigger make dem sick at de stomach and den if de nigger try to make himself smell better, dey git mad and went to put um in jail. Nigger cant do nuffin to please de white people.

Mayor.—This is an extraordinary case—Thieves are generally said to be in 'bad odor,' but there is a thief who smells sweeter than half a dozen of the primest dandies in a ball room. The motive is some exculpation for the offender; he wished to make himself more agreeable to the public, and stole the cologne for that purpose. The offence cannot be called a 'rank' one, and if 'it smells to heaven,' as Shakespeare says, the savor will be so grateful to the recording angel that it may induce him to blot out the record. If Buck will pay for the cologne, and promise to retain his natural odor until he can honestly acquire a better one, he may be discharged.

This arrangement was made, the prosecutor was satisfied, and the prisoner left the office, diffusing sweets very unusual in that atmosphere as he made his progress to the door.

From Whipple's Essays and Reviews.

WORDS.

Words are most effective when arranged in that order which is called style. The great secret of a good style, we are told, is to have proper words in proper places. To marshal one's verbal battalions in such order, that they may bear at once on all quarters of a subject, is certainly a great art. This is done in different ways. Swift, Temple Addison, Hume, Gibbon, Johnson, Burke, are all great generals in the discipline of their verbal armies, and conduct of their paper wars. Each has a system of tactics of his own, and excels in the use of some particular weapon. The tread of Johnson's style is heavy and sonorous, resembling that of an elephant or a mail clad warrior. He is fond of levelling an obstacle by a polysyllabic battering-ram. Burke's words are continually practising the broad-sword exercise, and sweeping down adversaries with every stroke. Arbutnot 'plays his weapon like a tongue of flame.' Addison draws up his light infantry in orderly array, and marches through sentence after sentence, without having his rank disordered or his line broken. Luther is different. His words are 'half battle'; 'his smiting idiomatic phrases seem to cleave into the very secret of the matter.' Gibbon's legions are heavily armed, and march with precision and dignity to the music of their own tramp. They are splendidly equipped, but a nice eye can discern a little rust beneath their fine apparel, and there are sutlers in his camp, who lie, cog, and talk gross obscenity. Macaulay, brisk, lively keen and energetic, runs his thoughts rapidly through his sentences, and kicks out of the way every word which obstructs his passage. He reins in his steed only when he has reached his goal, and then does it with such celerity that he is nearly thrown backwards by the suddenness of his stoppage.

Gifford's words are moss-troopers, that way-lay innocent travellers, and murder them for hire. Jeffrey is a fine lance with a sort of Arab swiftness in his movement, and runs an iron-clad horseman through the eye before he has time to close his helmet. John Wilson's camp is a disorganized mass, who might do effective service under better discipline, but who, under his lead, are suffered to carry on a rambling, and predatory warfare, and disgrace their general by flagitious excesses. Sometimes they steal, sometimes drink, and sometimes pray. Swift's words are porcupine's quills, which he throws with unerring aim at whoever approaches his lair. All of Ebenezer Elliott's words are gifted with huge fists, to pummell and bruise. Chatham and Mirabeau throw hot shot into their opponent's magazines. Talfourd's are orderly disciplined, and march to the music of the Dorian flute; those of Keats keep time to the pipe