# THE ERIE OBSERVER.

A. P. DURLIN & CO., Proprietors. FORWARD. $1 50 A YEAR, in Advance.

VOLUME 21 SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 1, 1851. NUMBER 42.



## Erie Weekly Observer.

A. P. DURLIN & CO. PROPRIETORS.

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

OFFICE, CORNER STATE ST. AND PUBLIC SQUARE, ERIE.

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Sent out of the office, in advance, 1.50
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Physician and Surgeon—Office at his residence on Seventh street, opposite the Methodist Church, Erie.

JOHN H. BURTON,
Wholesale and Retail dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Groceries, &c. No. 5, Reed House, Erie


## Poetry and Miscellany.

### A BEAUTIFUL ELEGY.

She sleeps that still and placid sleep
For which the weary pant in vain;
And where the dews of evening weep
I may not weep again;
Oh, never more, upon her grave,
Shall I behold the wild flower wave!

They laid her where the sun and moon
Look on her tomb, with loving eye,
And I have heard the breeze of June
Sweep o'er it—like a sigh!
And the wild river's wailing song
Grow dirge like as it swept along!

And I have dreamt in many dreams,
Of her—who was a dream to me,
And talked to her by sunny streams,
In crowds and by the sea—
Till in my soul she grew enshrined,
A young Egeria of the mind!

'Tis years ago!—and other eyes
*Have flung their beauty o'er my youth*
And I have hung on o'her sighs,
And sounds that seem like truth,
And loved the music which they gave,
Like that which perished in the grave.

And I have left the cold and dead,
To mingle with the living cold—
There is a weight around my head,
My heart is growing old!
Oh, for a refuge and a home,
With thee, dear Ellen, in thy tomb.

Age sits upon my breast and brain,
My spirit fades before its time,
But they are all thy own again,
Lost partner of their prime!
And thou art dearer, in thy shroud,
Than all the false and living crowd!

Rise, gentle vision of the hours
Which go like birds that come not back!
And fling the pall and funeral flowers
On memory's waste track!
Oh for the wings that made thee fleet,
To fly away and be at rest!"

## GEORGE OF ST. THOMAS.

### A True Story of the War in Hungary.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

It was a dark night in the town of St Thomas. Not a star was visible. Well was it that the heavens saw not what then occurred upon earth.

Men who had grown gray together in love and friendship, dwelling in the same street, under the very same roof, who were bound to each other by ties of blood and kindred, of gratitude and duty, who were wont to share each other's joys and griefs, began, upon a sudden, as if frantic with infernal inspirations, to plot each other's extermination, and fill their souls with bloody hatred against those who had never wronged them.

It was St. Eustace' day. The Raitzen* assembled in the church to worship God, as they said. But no words of God were there, nor solemn organ notes; wild voices announced approaching horrors, and the painted roof resounded with strains ominous with strife.

The town's people were tranquil. Those amongst them who noticed that their neighbor's windows were lighted up, and who saw gloomy faces hurrying to the church, said to themselves, "To-day the Raitzen hold high festival;" and thought no more of it, but went their ways to bed. Towards midnight the alarm bell sounded, the doors of the temple opened, and the nocturnal revel began.

With wild howl the excited mob burst into the houses of their sleeping neighbors. It was as though they had some ancient and inveterate grudge to avenge, so fierce and bitter was the fury with which they murdered all whose windows showed no light—the token the Raitzen had adopted, lest by error they should assail each other's dwellings.

In two hours the Magyar population of the town was exterminated, with the exception of a scanty few who escaped in carts and carriages. These however, were pursued; and when the uproar in the town, the sounds of strife and lamentation, and the clang of bells were hushed, cries of agony and despair were still heard issuing at intervals from the adjacent country, as vehicles, stuck fast in the treacherous swamps, were overtaken, and luckless fugitives ruthlessly butchered. At last these heart-rending sounds also ceased. Voices of complaint were no longer audible, but instead, in more than one quarter of the illuminated town, were heard music, and dancing and merriment.

It was long past midnight when a cart drove through the streets of St. Thomas. In it sat a man wrapped in his cloak, marvelling greatly at the lights in the houses, and the sounds of festivity and joy. At his own house he stopped his horse. To his great surprise his own house was lighted up, and within were sounds of music, a hum of voices, and noises of dancing feet. Astounded and anxious, he stepped silently to a window, and through it he beheld a crowd of well known faces. The company flushed with wine and excitement, sang and shouted, and drank out of his glasses, and danced madly around the room. They were all old acquaintances, and inhabitants of the town.

Ignorant of the events of the night, the man thought he was dreaming.

Presently his attention was attracted by the licentious garb and demeanor of a woman, who circulated amongst the guests with loud laugh and libertine gestures, sharing in and stimulating the orgies. At first he could not discern who this woman was. Then he recognized her in was his own wife.

"Hold!" he thundered out, and strode into the room where these saturnalia were in progress. He knew not what to do or say; it would be hard to find a word to express the rage which possessed him.

"Hold!" he shouted, every fibre quivering with fury "what do ye here?"

The guests stood aghast at that apparition of wrath.—The boldest started at the sight of the man as he stood amongst them, terrible and deadly pale. For a while none dared approach him, he went up to his wife, a dark eyed black-haired, red-cheeked wanton, who stood as if turned to stone. He fixed his eyes upon hers with a deadly gaze.

"On your knees!"

The woman stirred not.

"On your knees, wretch!" vociferated the husband, and struck her in the face, so that she fell to the ground.

"Hold dog!" was shouted on all sides. The Raitzen, rushed forward, and the man was seized by twenty hands. He struggled against them, grasped the throat of one, and relaxed not his clutch, even when thrown down and trampled under foot, until he had choked his adversary to death. They bound his hands and thrust him into a corner. The Raitzen formed a circle around him.

"What would ye of me?" he asked, blood flowing from his mouth.

"What would we? Look around you. See you not all here are Raitzen?" replied a dark browed Serb, scowling scornfully and cruelly at the sufferer.

"And I a Magyar. What then?"

"Ask thy neighbors. Hast thou not heard that to-day is our festival? The festival of the extermination of the Magyars. You are one—the last in the town. All the others are dead. As the last, you will choose the manner of your death."

"So you are the executioner, Basil?"

"I? I am chosen of my people."

With indescribable loathing, the Magyar spat in his face.

"Scoundrel!" yelled the insulted man, "for this you shall weep tears of blood!"

"Weep! I?—who ever saw me weep? You may slay me—you may torture me, or tear me limb from limb. There are enough of you to do it. But weep you shall not see me, thou burst for impotent rage."

"Weep thou shalt, and 'tis I will make thee. Know that it is I who seduced your wife, and for whom she betrayed you?"

"That is thy shame, not mine."

"All thy kinsmen are slain."

"Better they should lie dead in the street than breathe the same air with thee."

"Thy property is annihilated."

"May God destroy those who did it."

"Truly, thou art a cool fellow. But—you had a daughter—a fair and innocent child."

George looked upon his tormentor, and shuddered.

"Lina, I think, was her name," continued the Serb, drawling out his words with a refinement of cruelty!

"What—what mean you?" asked the trembling father.

"A comely maiden, by my word. Fair to look upon—is she not?"

"The devil seize thee! What next?"

"So young and delicate, and yet—six husbands. Hard to choose. Your wife could not decide to which she should belong. I stepped in and settled the matter. I married her—to all six—" He burst into fiendish laughter.

Mute and giddy with horror, the father raised himself from the ground.

"I am sorry," continued the Serb, "that you were not here for the wedding."

"May God's justice fall upon you!" shrieked the wretched father, stifling his tears. But the parent's heart overpowered the pride of the man. He fell with his face upon the ground, and wept—tears of blood.

"Lift him up!" said Basil, "that we may see him weep for the first time in his life. Weep a little, George—and you, sot, tune up your pipes, that he may have accompaniment to his tears."

And thereupon the drunken band began to dance round their victim with shouts of laughter and scoffing gestures, striking and kicking him as they passed. Now, however, he wept no longer. He closed his eyes and kept silence, enduring their ill-treatment without sigh or sound of complaint.

"Away with him!" cried Basil. "Throw him into the garret, and put sentry over him. To day we have celebrated his daughter's wedding; to-morrow we will drink at his funeral. Good night, friend George."

He was dragged up to the garret, and locked in.—Where they threw him, there he lay, motionless, upon the floor, as though all sensation had departed from both body and soul, awaiting the hour of death, and rejoicing that it was near at hand. For a while the dancing and singing continued; then the Serbs departed to sleep, and all was still. His eyes were unvisited by slumber. Yet a little while, he thought to himself, and eternal repose will be mine.

He lay with his senses thus benumbed, thinking neither of the past nor the future, when he heard a rustle at the garret window. Through the darkness he saw a white figure pass through the small opening, and grope its way towards him. Was it a dream or reality? The figure's steps were noiseless. But presently it spoke—in a scarcely audible whisper.

"Father! father!" it said.

"Lina!"

He looked up, seeking to discern the features of his visitor. She hurried to him, kissed him, and cut the ropes that bound his hands.

"My child!" murmured George, and clasped his daughter's tottering knees. "My dear, my only child!"

"Let us fly!" said the maiden, in faint and suffering tones. "The ladder is at the window. Quick! father—quick!"

George clasped his panting child in his arms, and bore her through the opening in the garret roof, and down the ladder, resting her head upon his shoulder, and covering her cold cheek with his kisses. Near the ladder foot he stumbled over something.

"What is that? A spade. We will take it with us."

"For a weapon," said the father.

"To dig a grave!" said the daughter.

On the other side of the house was heard a heavy, monotonous step. It was a Serb on sentry.

"Stay here. Keep close to the wall!" said George to his daughter.

He grasped the spade, and crept noiselessly to the corner of the house. The steps came nearer and nearer.—George raised the spade. The Serb turned the corner, and—lay the next moment upon the ground, with his skull split. He had not time for a single cry.

George took the dead man's clothes and weapons, took his daughter in his arms, and left the town.

The morning star glittered in the brightening sky.—Towards daybreak, and without having exchanged a word, father and daughter reached the nearest village.—George had many acquaintances there, and with one of them he thought he could leave his daughter. He found but a poor reception. Nowhere was he suffered to cross the threshhold. None offered him so much as a crust of bread. All closed their doors, and implored him to depart, lest he should bring destruction on their heads. The villagers were neither hard-hearted nor cowardly; but they feared that if the Serbs of St. Thomas heard of their sheltering a fugitive, they also would be murdered or plundered. With anguish in his soul, the wretched man again took his child in his arms, and resumed his journey.

For six days he walked on, over stubble and fallow, through storm and cold by night and parching heat by day—his child, his beloved child, in his arms. He asked not what ailed her, and she uttered no complaint.

On the sixth day the maiden died, of hunger, misery, and grief.

The father felt his burden heavier; the arms that clasped his neck slackened their hold, and the pale cheek that nestled on his shoulder was chill and cold.

But the spires of Szegedin now glittered in the distance. George hurried on, and at last, exhausted by his speed, he reached at noonday the large and populous city. In front of it, on the vast plain, a great multitude was assembled; more than twenty thousand souls were gathered together, listening to the words of a popular orator, exalted upon a scaffolding in the midst. George made his way into the throng: the speaker was relating the incredible atrocities of the Raitzen. Several of his hearers noticed the weary, wild looking, travel-stained man, carrying in his arms a pale girl with closed eyes, who stood amongst them like a fugitive from a madhouse.

"Whence come you?" they asked him.

"From St Thomas."

"Ha! Up! up with him on the scaffold!" cried those who heard his reply.

"A man is here from St. Thomas. Up with him, and let him speak to the people!"

The crowd opened a passage, and George was hurried to the scaffold. When, from this elevation, his emaciated and ghastly countenance, furrowed by suffering and despair, his failing limbs, and the faded and ashy pale features of the child upon his shoulder, became visible to the assembled multitude, a deep shuddering murmur ran through its masses, like that the Platten Lake gives forth when tempest nears its shores. At sight and sound of the heaving throng, a hectic flush flashed upon George's cheek, an unwonted fire burned in his bosom; he felt the spirit of revenge descend upon his head like a forked and firey tongue.

"Magyars!" he exclaimed in loud and manly tones, "I come from St. Thomas, the sole survivor of all who there prayed to God in the Magyar tongue. My goods are plundered, my kinsmen slain. Have any of you friends there?—prepare your mourning, for of a surety they are dead. Of all I possessed I have saved but one treasure—my unhappy child. Approach! ye that are fathers, think of your virgin daughters, and behold what they have made of mine!"

As he spoke, he lifted his child from his shoulder: and then only did he perceive that she was dead. Until that moment he had thought she was only faint and silent, as she had constantly been for six days past.

"Dead!" shrieked the despairing man, and clasped the corpse to his heart. "She is dead!" he repeated.—The words died away upon his lips, and he fell, like one thunderstruck, headlong to the ground.

This tragical incident raised to a climax the excitement of the multitude.

"Revenge!—a bloody revenge!" thundered a voice; and the tumult that now arose was like the howling of the storm.

"To arms! to arms! all who are men!" was shouted on every side, and the people thronged through the streets and lanes of the city.

"To arms! to arms!" was re-echoed from house to house, and in an hour's time ten thousand furious men stood armed and equipped; and ready to set out for St. Thomas.

Then there got abroad a sullen apprehension, speedily succeeded by a fierce resolve. Some one chanced to say:

"But what if, when we march away, the Raitzen rise up and murder our children?"

The *word passed from mouth to mouth.*

"They shall die!" exclaimed many voices. "Let them perish, as our brothers perished at St. Thomas! They must die!"

And with terrible ferocity the people turned against their own city, and like a mountain torrent, overpowering all restraint, poured into their neighbor's dwellings, and slew the Raitzen to the very last man.

The soldier is dying of home-sickness.

On a sudden an epidemic broke out amongst the Hungarian troops stationed in foreign lands.

A mysterious man wandered from place to place, visiting the wine houses frequented by the hussars, and joining in their conversation. The words he spoke, repeated from mouth to mouth, spread wide among the soldiers whose light-heartedness suddenly left them. The stranger told them of things which had happened in their native land; and, when he departed, he left behind him printed verses and proclamations. These the privates took to their serjeants to have read to them. When they heard them read they wept and cursed, and learned by heart both verse and prose, from the first word to the last, and repeated them from morning till night.

Then many took to their beds, neither ate nor drank; and when the doctors asked what ailed them, they pointed to their hearts, and said, "Home! home!—let us go home!"

Many died, and no one could say what had killed them. The rough uneducated soldiers were pining away in home-sickness, like flowers transplanted to a foreign and ungenial soil.

An experiment was tried. Some of the sick men received leave to go home. The next day they were well and hearty.

It became known that some one was at work secretly inoculating the soldiers with this strange malady; but it was impossible to detect the person.

The soldiers!—not one of *them* would betray him, and all snares were laid in vain. With the officers he never meddled. The private soldiers were his men. With them he felt himself secure from treachery. And the seed he scattered abroad produced an abundant harvest.

The dejection of the troops became daily more striking. The soldiers grew wild and intractable. No longer, when riding their horses to water, did they sing as had been their wont, joyous ditties in praise of wine and woman. Their songs were now sad and strange-sounding; mournful words to yet more dismal tunes. They sang of their country, of their dear native land, and of strife and bloodshed, in dirge-like strains; and the burden of every couplet was "*Eljen Magyar!*" Like the last accents of a dying man were the tones they uttered, sinking deeper and deeper, and ending in piteous long-protracting cadences.

Still are such sounds to be heard in Hungary's forests and around her villages, in the silent night-time. Now more than ever do they sound like funeral dirges, and their long sad notes like wailings from the grave.

In a small Gallician town was quartered a division of hussars—splendid fellows, for whom the heart of many a Polish maiden beat quicker than its wont. The most beautiful woman in all the neighborhood loved the best blade amongst the hussars—the Captain.

Countess Anna K—nsky, the lovely Polish widow, had been for six months betrothed to the bold hussar officer, and the wedding day was near at hand. A single night intervened. On the eve of the happy day, the bridegroom went to visit his bride. He was a tall slender man, with the bloom of youth still upon his face; but his high forehead was already bald;—"Sun and moon together," as the Hungarian proverb says.

The bride was a fair and delicate lady, with abundant black locks, a pale nervous countenance, and blue eyes of that unusual lustre which one finds only in Polish blue eyes. At sight of her lover, her alabaster cheek was overspread with the roses of love's spring time, and her eyes beamed like the rising sun.

The bridegroom would fain have appeared cheerful; but it is hard to deceive the gaze of love, which reads the beloved one's trouble in each fold of the brow, in each absent glance of the eye. Tenderly she approached him, smoothed his forehead's wrinkles with her hand, and imprinted a kiss in their place. But again they returned.

"What ails thee, dearest? How is this? Sad on the eve of our wedding day?"

"I? Nothing ails me. But I am annoyed at an incident—a casuality—which I cannot postpone. The court martial has condemned a man to death. I have just now signed the sentence. The man is to be shot to-morrow—just on our bridal day. I would it were otherwise."

"The man is doubtless a criminal?"

"According to the military law. He has been debauching soldiers from their duty—exciting them to desert and return home to fight the Serbs. Death is the penalty of his crime."

"And you have signed the sentence? Are you not a Magyar? Love you not your native land?"

"I am a soldier before everything. I respect the laws."

"Impossible! You, who love so well, cannot be devoid of that most ennobling kind of love—patriotism."

"I can love, but I cannot dream. Of the maxims and principles of revolutionists, I understand not a word; but this much I know, revolutions never end well. Much blood, little honor, eternal remorse."

"Say not eternal remorse, but eternal hope—Hope that a time must come, which will compensate all sufferings and sacrifices."

The fair enthusiast quitted her bridegroom's side, seated herself at the piano, and played with feverish energy the well-known song.

"Noch ist Polen nicht verloren"

her eyes flashing through tears. Her lover approached, removed her hand, which trembled with emotion, from the keys of the instrument, and kissed it.

"Anna!" he said, "thy first husband fell in battle on the morrow of thy wedding day. Wouldst thou lose thy second bridegroom on its eve?"

"I? With contrition I avow my culpable weakness: I love you more than my country, more than liberty.—Until to-day, no man ever heard these words from a Polish woman. I wish you to sacrifice yourself! Did you seek to do so, I should surely hold you back—which no Polish wife ever yet did to her husband. All I crave of you is to have that man his life, whose patriotism was stronger than your own. On our bridal eve, I ask you for a man's life as a wedding-gift!"

"And a soldier's honor!"

"Punish him otherwise."

"There is but one alternative. The man has instigated mutiny and desertion: the law has doomed him to death. I must execute the sentence, or fly with him to Hungary. And thence, I well know I should never return. In a case like this, the judge punishes, or is an accomplice of the criminal. In one hand I have the sword of justice, in the other the banner of insurrection. Choose! which shall I raise?"

The sky was scarcely reddened by the dawn, when the prisoner was led forth to execution. Silently, without other sound than that of their horse's hoofs, marched the square of hussars. In the centre, on an open cart, was the chaplain, a crucifix in his hand; and beside him, in a white shirt, bare-headed and with fettered hands, the culprit, George of St. Thomas.

The sun rose as they reached the appointed place.—The plumes of the hussars and the gray locks of the condemned man fluttered in the morning breeze. They took him from the cart; six hussars dismounted and unslung their carbines, the remainder formed up. The adjutant unfolded a paper and read, in a stern and merciless voice, the sentence of death passed upon George of St. Thomas. According to customary form, a soldier stepped up to the adjutant, presented him with a wand, and thrice implored mercy for a condemned man. The third time the officer broke the wand in two, threw it at the criminal's feet, and said in solemn tones, "God is merciful!"

At these words the doomed man raised his head; his attitude grew more erect, his features glowed. He gazed around him in the faces of the assembled soldiers, then upwards at the purple clouds, and spoke in enthusiastic tones.

"Thank thee, O God!" he cried; "and thanks also to you, comrads for my death. Life has long been a burthen to me, death is welcome. I have lost everything—wife and child, house and home; my country alone remained to me, and her I could not free. I rejoice to die. You, comrads bless God, that yonder, beyond the mountains you have a mother, a beloved bride, a faithful wife, an infant child, waiting your return. Yonder beyond the mountains you have your homes, your cottages and your families. Pray to God that at your last hour, you may welcome death as joyfully as I, who have nothing left upon earth."

He paused, and sank upon his knees, as if power had departed from his limbs.

The soldiers stood motionless as statues. The adjutant waved the paper in his hand; Gloomily the six hussars raised their carbines.

Once more the adjutant raised the folded paper, when behold! a young non-commissioned officer dashed out of the ranks, snatched the fatal document from his hand, tore it, and threw the fragments at the feet of the firing party.

Two hundred sabres flashed from their scabbards, and amidst a cloud of dust, two hundred chargers scoured across the plain.

The wedding guests were waiting. The bride groom was there in full uniform, glittering with gold, and the beautious bride in her graceful robe of white lace. Yet a moment, and she would be his wedded wife.

The moment was very long.

The bridegroom awaited his adjutant's return from the execution. Until then, he would not approach the altar.

What if, at the very instant the solemn "yes" passed his lips, there reached his ears the rattle of the life-destroying volley, which he, the thrice happy lover had commanded?

What if, whilst God's servant implored heaven's blessings on their union, the angry spirit of the criminal, invoking vengeance on his judge's head, appeared at the footstool of the Almighty?

Still no adjutant came.

The bridegroom grew uneasy. Yet uneasier grew the bride.

"Perhaps," she whispered, "it were better to postpone the ceremony."

"Or," he replied, "to hasten it."

A foreboding of evil oppressed them both.

And still the adjutant came not. Two—three hours elapsed beyond the appointed time. Noon approached; each minute seemed an eternity.

At last hoofs clattered in the court. Hasty steps and jingling spurs were heard upon the stairs. All eyes were fixed upon the door. It opened. The adjutant appeared, pale, dusty, exhausted, the sweat streaming over his face.

"Remain without!" cried the bridegroom; "you bring a message of death—enter not here!"

"No message of death do I bring," replied the officer, hoarsely, "but a hundred times worse. The condemned man has taken the hussars away with him—all—towards the Hungarian frontier. A couple of leagues off they released me to make my report!"

"My horse!" shouted the bridegroom, hurrying madly to the door. But he paused at sight of his bride, paler than ever, and with terror in her glance.

"*Wait but a moment*, dearest love!" he said, and he clasped her to his breast, kissed her, and threw himself on his horse.

The animal reared beneath him and would not leave the court. The rider struck the spurs sharply into his flanks. Once more he looked back. There she stood, the beloved one, in her bridal dress, upon the balcony, and waved her handkerchief.

"You will soon be back," she said.

She never saw him again.

Forward raced the hussars upon their rapid coursers. forward towards the blue mountains—ever forward.

Through forests, wildernesses, over pathless heaths, up hill and down—ever forward to the distant mountains.

Right and left steepled cities appeared and vanished; the vesper bells greeted them as they passed; loudly neighing, their horses swept along, swift and ever swifter.

Amongst them rode the gray headed man, guiding them by untrodden paths, over swamp and moor, thro' silent groves of pine—forward toward the mountains.

In the evening twilight they reached the banks of a stream. Here and there on the distant hills glimmer the shepherd's fires; beyond those hills lies the Magyar's home, and in their valleys this stream takes its rise.—Here, for the first time, they dismount to water their horses in the waves whose source is in their native land.

Whilst the horses sup the cool stream, their riders strike up that gay and genial song, whose every note brings memories of home:

"Bei! auch ich bin doch geboren.
Weder stern dort am raign."

Who ever rode so merrily to death?

But the vedettes make a sudden sign that some one comes.

In the distance a horseman is seen; his steed vies in swiftness with the wind, his long plume and lance pelisse stream behind; the gold upon his schako glitters in the red sun-rays.

"The Captain!" is murmured around.

The hussars mount, draw their sabres, form line, and when their captain appears in front, they offer him the customary salute.

Breathless with fury and speed, at first he cannot speak—motionless in front of the line, his sabre quivering in his hand, he is at a loss for words to express his indignation. Before he can find them, four hussars quit the ranks; the youngest—the same who tore up the sentence—raises his hand to the schako, and addresses his chief.

"Welcome, Captain! You come at the right moment to accompany us to Hungary. Short time is there for deliberation. Decide quickly. We will seize your horse's bridle, and take you with us by force. Well do we know that you come willingly; but so will you avoid disgrace, should defeat be our lot. You must with us—by force. If we succeed, yours the glory; if we fall, the guilt is ours since we compel you. Play your part! Defend yourself! Cut one or two of us from our saddles, the first who lays hand on your reins—see, I grasp it!—Strike Captain, and with a will."

He did as he said, and seized the horse's bridle; while on the other side an old sergeant laid hand on its mane. The horse stirred not.

The Captain gazed hard at them, each in turn; but he raised not his sabre to strike. Behind him his forsaken bride, before him the mountain frontier of his native land. On the one hand, a heaven of love and happiness; on the other, glory and his country's cause. Two mighty passions striving against each other with a giant's force. The fierce conflict went nigh to overpower him; his head sank upon his breast. Suddenly blared the trumpets in rear of the squadron; at the martial sound his eager war horse bounded beneath him. With awakening enthusiasm the rider raised his head and waved his sabre.

"Forward, then," he cried, "in God's name!"

And forward he sprang into the river, the two hussars by his side; the eleven waters plashing in pearls around their heads.

Forward—forward to the blue mountains!

In lengthening columns the hussars followed across the stream—the horses bravely breasting the flood, the bold riders singing their wild Magyar ditty. But dark and gloomy was their leader's brow, for each step led him farther from happiness and his bride.

In the midst of the troop rode George of St. Thomas, in his hand the banner of Hungary. His cheek glowed; his eye flashed; each step brought him nearer to revenge.

The troubled stream is once more stilled; the fir-wood receives the fugitives, their horses tramp dies away in the darkness. Here and there, from the distant mountains, the herdsman's horn resounds; on their flanks the shepherd's fire gleams like a blood-red star.

Forward—forward!

"Back to thy lair, bloodthirsty monster—back and sleep."

Let the forest-grass grow over the ensanguined plain.

How much is destroyed, how much have passed away.

How many good men, who were here, are here no longer; and how many who remain would grieve but little if they too were numbered with the dead!

The hero of battles is a robber and a fugitive. The iron hand of the law drives him from land's end to land's end.

In the mad-house mopes a captain of hussars, and ever repeats—"WAIT BUT A MOMENT!" None there can guess the meaning of his words.

Only George of St. Thomas is happy. He sleeps in a welcome grave, dreaming of sweet renown and deep revenge.

"Ha! I too was yonder in ra,
Where brightly beams the star."

* The name of Raitzen is synonymous with Serbs. Arsenius Czernojewic under Leopold I., transplanted a large number of Serbs from the ancient Rascia to Hungary. Hence the name Rascz, Raczen, Raitzen.

"The Serbs first aimed the poinard at their German and Magyar neighbors * * * Isolated scenes of murder, perpetrated by the Serbs against the Magyars and Germans, who inhabit that district, (the Baschka, or country of Bars, between the Danube and the Theiss,) led the way to a series of sanguinary atrocities, such as our age had hoped never to see repeated. The commencement of hostilities is due to the Sclavo-Wallachian race: old, long restrained hate, coupled with an innate thirst for blood, marked the rising of the South Sclavonian race from the *first as one of the bloodiest character, in which murder was both means and ends.* No revolution of modern times—the great French revolution not excepted—is blackened with such horrible atrocities as this. The details may be found in the Serbian and Magyar journals, and one would fain have hoped that the accounts on both sides were exaggerated. Unhappily, such a hope is illusory: nor can the historian indulge it without falsifying the truth. Deeds have been perpetrated which call to mind the Hurons and Makis of the American forests. Like them, the Serbs were masters in the art of torture and murder; like them, they made their unhappy victims undergo all the dreadful steps of torment, prolonging the transition from live to death with a refinement of cruelty: like them they vaunted the deeds of horror, and honored their executioners as heroes. * * * Such unheard of atrocities inevitably called forth retaliation. Magyars and Germans became savage among savages."—SCHLEIFNER, Pulsky's edition, 1.22.24.

## Negro Banking.

Talking of banks, reminds me of the negro bank I once heard of in Virginia. Cato, (an old negro who was noted for his cunning,) had succeeded in making his fellow servants in the neighborhood believe that banking was a *very* profitable business. So they concluded that they would throw all their change together and start a bank, old Cato taking care to have himself constituted *the bank*, to whom all the sixpences of all the darkies in the neighborhood was duly paid over. And now, said Cato, "whenebeh nigah bo rrowsixpence out ob dis bank to buy backah, he got to come back in free weeks and pay in two sixpences, and in dis way you see, ebery sixpence bring quddah sixpence, till after a while all dese niggahs be as rich as old massa G———y." And upon this principle the bank went into operation, old Cato always taking care that every darkey should fork over according to bank rules. But in the course of time, some of the stockholders thought they "smelt a rat" and called on Cato to withdraw their capital from the bank, when the following conversation took place between Cato and Jack:

Jack—Well, Cato, we want to draw our money from the bank, and quit dis bankin' business.

Cato—Did you heah de news?

Jack—No, what dat, Cato?

Cato—Why de bank broke last night.

Jack—Wha care what de bank do, I tell you, I want my shah ob de money.

Cato—Well, but I tell you dat de bank broke.

Jack—I not talken about dat. I say whah do money?

Cato—Why you cuss'd fool, don't you know dat when de bank break de money all gone sartin.

Jack—Well, but whah do debbil de money gone to?

Cato—Dat's more than