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The Hungarian Outlaws.

From a new work entitled "*Tales and Traditions of Hungary*," By Francis and Theresa Pulzky, we take the following sketch of the romantic adventures of a class of people known in that country as the "Hungarian Outlaws:"

Prince Fredricke Schwarzenberg, the son of the celebrated Field-Marshal Schwarzenberg, used often to relate his encounter with the notorious robber Haburak. The prince once accompanied a lady from Hungary to Vienna. They journeyed on the mountain-roads between the counties of Gomor and Torna. Heavy showers had greatly damaged the roads; evening approached; the tired horses reached the ledge of the woody height, but could not be urged on further; and the travellers were thus compelled to seek shelter for the night in the inn of Aggtelek, a hiding-place of ill note for robbers. The carriage halted before the house, and the servant inquired whether room could be afforded. The publican replied, that there was one room for the lady, but that the gentlemen could not be accommodated, the large guest-room being over-filled. After some visible reluctance he owned that the gang of Haburak was drinking there. The lady became terrified, and entreated the prince not to remain; but it had grown dark, the rain was pouring down, the horses were out, and the steep descent of the road was so dangerous that it was most hazardous to proceed. The prince tried to re-assure the lady; so she locked herself up in the room assigned her. Her companion, wrapped in her white officer's cloak, under which he kept his pistols in readiness, stepped into the apartment where the robbers were assembled, and sat down at the table, facing the window, whilst his servant, likewise armed, kept watch outside the house, close to the window, in case his master should want any aid. The company consisted of about ten or twelve men. Their rifles leaned against the wall; their axes lay upon the board, on which lay the wine-jugs. They drank, sang, and talked over their adventures, and did not take any notice of the newly-arrived guest. The prince mixed in their conversation, took wine with them, and listened to their conversation until it had grown late. Suddenly he rose, called the publican, threw a gold coin on the table, and said: "this is for the wine these good folks have drunk, they are my guests. But now," he continued, addressing the robbers, "it is time to sleep. In the adjoining room is a sick lady; the entertainment has lasted long enough: I cannot allow any one longer to occupy this room, or disturb the lady's rest by noise." At this imperative command one of the robbers jumped from his seat, and contemptuously laughing, cried out: "Does the gentleman fancy that because he has a carriage and four, and plenty of money in his pocket, he has the right to command us?" An uproar followed. The men vociferated: "We are poor lads, and therefore *we* are masters *here*." "We are no timorous peasants, who take off our hats to every gentleman." "We have yet money and credit enough to swallow a draught when we are thirsty." "We do not accept any gifts from people who fancy themselves better than we are." "We will not be ruled." All this was almost simultaneously uttered, with a loud tumult from all sides. All the robbers had got up.

The prince mechanically caught hold of his pistols, and threw off his cloak. "I am a master of the craft in which you are but apprentices," he exclaimed with dignity. "You are but robbers; I am a soldier; and fear neither the mouth of a rifle or the edge of the axe." During this uproar, a man of middling height and strongly-marked features had risen from the bench beside the stove, where he had quietly sat during the whole time without partaking of the wine. He now said in a commanding tone: "Silence!" The robbers grew speechless at this order, and again sat down to the table. "Mr. officer," continued the man, "don't think that you frighten us. I too have been a soldier, and have most probably smelt more powder than you ever did. I am Hubarak. If I desired to do you any harm, a single whistle would suffice. The table at which you have sat down would be overthrown, the candles extinguished, and before you were aware of what was going on, you would be a dead man, no less than your servant there at the window, who thinks he watches us, whilst we watch him. But I saw you help a lady out of the carriage and take her to the adjoining room. We never will disturb a lady's rest; yet remember, sir, that it is the first time in a fortnight that these men have been under a roof, and that couch there below on the low damp oak leaves is by no means comfortable. Pure well! Friends, let us go," he called to his men. They took up their arms and went. The prince was greatly struck by the whole proceedings. He did not entirely trust the robbers' words; and relieving his servant they paced up and down, thus keeping watch the whole night. But no robber again appeared. On the morrow the lady continued her journey with her companion. The weather had cleared up, and only the puddles in the lands and the drops of rain glistening on the branches reminded them of the clouds of the previous day. After they had ridden about an hour they suddenly heard the discharge of a rifle close to them in the woods. Haburak, stepped forth from the bushes, and bid the coachman "halt." The horses stopped; the prince drew forth his pistols. But Haburak, without heeding his threatening mein, rode close up to the carriage-door and said: "We yesterday sacrificed our comfort that the rest of this lady shall not be disturbed. Now I will see whether it was worth the trouble." With these words he lifted the veil, which hung down from the lady's bonnet, and looked for an instant into her face. The lady blushed and the robber said; "She is really very pretty." He turned round, plucked a wild rose from a bush close at hand, and offered it to the lady with these words: "Accept this rose kindly as a keepsake from the poor robber Haburak; and if you some time hear that he has been hanged, pray an *Eve Maria* for his soul." The lady took the rose, and the rober vanished.—Two years later, newspapers related that the robber Haburak had been caught; that he had been tried at the assizes in Tarna, convicted of desertion and highway robbery and hanged.

ABOUT AFRICA.

What wonderful continent is this rounded, smooth-shored Africa, known from the earliest dawn of time, yet so unknown; the granery of nations, yet so sterile and fruitless about the sea; swarming with life, yet dazzling the eyes with its vast tract of glittering sand! North America, first seen but the other day, has been proved from end to end; its gallant and restive Philips, Tecumsehs, and Montezumas, have been bridled and broken by the white man; but Africa has seen no Cortez, nor even a De Soto or La Salla "writing favor from fate." Some solitary Mungo Park, or faithful Lander, or persevering Burckhardt, alone has tried to read the secret of the mother of civilization, the gray-haired Africa.

If we seek a land of romance and mistery, what quarter of the globe compares with that which holds the pyramids; the giant Theban temples, under one roof of which clusters a modern village; the solemn-hewn mountain cliff of a Spynx; the ruins of Carthage; the Nile, with its hidden sources; the Niger, with its hidden outlet; the heaven-bearing Atlas; the dimly seen mountains of the Moon!

There, reader, the slave rose romantically to be the ruler of millions; there, Moses, floating in a cradle, is saved by a king's daughter, and like the hero of some earlier character, breaks the bonds of his people, and founds a new and mighty nation. There was the home of Dido, of Hannibal, the scene of Scipio's triumphs and Jugurtha's crimes; there lived Tertullain, Athanasius, and Augustine; the romance of the Moors dwelt there; the last breath of Louis of France was drawn there.

Africa is the home of the leviathan, the behemoth, the unicorn, the giraffe, the slight antelope, the earth-shaking elephant, the unconquerable lion, the all conquering buffalo. It is the home, too, of the mysterious negro races, yet lying dormant in the germ, destined perhaps to rule the earth when our proud Anglo-Saxon blood is as corrupt as that of the decendants of Homor and of Pericles.

The past, present and future of Africa, are alike wrapped in mystery. Who can tell us of the childhood of dark browed Egypt, square shouldered and energetic? Carthage, the England of the old world's rulers, has not even romancing Livy, still less an unwearied Neibuhr, to explain her rise and entangle the mysteries of her constitution. Of all the vast interior, what do we know more than the Punic merchants, who like us, dealt there, taking slaves, ivory, and gold.

And what can we hope to see hereafter in those immense unknown lands? God has enabled the European to drive the North American step by step towards extinction, and has given a great continent the full development and trial of whatever permanent power the Caucassian race possesses. But Africa He has preserved—for what? For future contests? For an important foreign civilization, to be entered through Liberia and Cape Colonies?—France and Britain are watching each other now along those burning sands, as they once watched by the icy rocks of Canada and Arcadia; is it to end in the same subjection of the aboriginal owners to one or both of these? Or does the dark race in all its varieties, possess a capacity for understanding and living out the deep meaning of the world's rule—Christianity—as the offspring of the followers of Odin never did and never can understand and act it?

If the old Egyptian Sesostris had paused to contemplate the illiteral wanderers of Greece, to whom Cadmus was just striving to make known the letters of Phoenicia, would not Plato and Aristotle have seemed as impossible to him as the existence in Africa of a higher Christianity than has yet been seen, seems to us?—Would not the present position of the Teutonico race have appeared equally incredible to the Parthenon, the loungers in the gardens of the Academy?—*English Rev.*

WASHINGTON.

FROM LORD MAHON'S HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

During many years did Washington continue to enjoy the pleasures and fulfil the duties of an independent country gentleman. Field sports divided his time with the cultivation and improvement of his land, and the sales of his tobacco; he showed kindness to his dependents, and hospitality to his friends; and having been elected one of the House of Burgesses in Virginia, he was, whenever that House met, exact in his attendance. To that well regulated mind nothing within the course of its ordinary and appointed avocations seemed unworthy of its care. His ledgers and day-books were kept by himself; he took a note of all the houses where he partook of hospitality, so that not even the smallest courtesies might pass unremembered; and until his press of business in the Revolutionary War he was went every evening to set down the variations of the weather during the preceding day.—It was also his habit through life, whenever he wished to possess himself perfectly with the contents of any paper, to transcribe it in his own hand and apparently with deliberation, so that no point might escape his notice. Many copies of this kind were after his death found among his manuscripts.

We may observe, however, that in the mind of Washington punctuality and precision did not, as we often find them, turn in any degree to selfishness. On the contrary, he was rather careless of small points where only his own comfort was concerned. Thus he could seldom be persuaded to take any remedy, or desist from any business, when he caught a cold, but used to say, "let it go as it came!"

Nor yet was his constant regularity of habits attended by undue formality of manner. In one of his most private letters there appears, given incidentally, and as it were by chance, a golden rule upon that subject: "As to the gentleman you mention I cannot charge myself with incivility, or what in my opinion is tantamount, ceremonious civility."

In figure Washington was thin and tall (above six feet high,) in countenance grave unimpassioned and benign. An inborn worth, an unaffected dignity, beemed forth forth in every look as well as in every word and deed. His first appearance and address might not convey the idea of superior talents; such at least was the remark of his accomplished country-man, Mr. Gallatin, but no man, whether friend or enemy, ever viewed without respect the noble simplicity of his demeanor, the utter absence in him of every artifice and every affectation.

It has been justly remarked that of Gen. Washington there are fewer anecdotes to tell than perhaps of any other great man on record. So equally framed were the features of his mind, so harmonious all its proportions, that no one quality rose salient above the rest. There were none of those chequered ques, none of those warring emotions, in which Biography delights. There was no contrast of lights and shades, no flickering of the flame; it was a mild light that seldom dazzled, but that ever cheered and warned. His contemporaries or his close observers, as Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Gallatin, assert that he had naturally strong passions, but had attained complete mastery over them. In self control, indeed, he has never been surpassed. If sometimes on rare occasions, and on strong provocations, there was wrung from him a burst of anger, it was almost instantly quelled by the dominion of his will. He decided surely, though he deliberated slowly; nor could any urgency or peril move him from his serene composure, his calm and clear-headed good sense. Integrity and truth were also ever present in his mind. Not a single instance, as I believe, can be found in his whole career, when he was impelled by any but an upright motive, or endeavored to obtain any object by any but worthy means. Such are some of the high qualities which have justly earned for General Washington the admiration even of the country he opposed, and not merely the admiration but the gratitude and affection of his own. Such was the pure and upright spirit to which, when its toils were over and its earthly course had been run, was offered the unanimous homage of the assembled Congress, all clad in deep mourning for their common loss, as to "the man first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow citizens." At this day in the United States the reverence for his character is, as it should be, deep and universal, and not confined as with nearly all our English statesmen, to one party, one province, or one creed. Such reverence for Washington is felt even by those who wander farthest from the paths in which he trod. A President when recommending measures of aggression and invasion can still refer to him whose rule was ever to arm only in self-defence as to "the greatest and best of men!" States which exult in their bankruptcy as a proof of their superior shrewdness, and have devised "Repudiation" as a newer and more graceful term for it, yet look up to their great general—the very soul of good faith and honor; with their reverence unimpaired!

The Thermometer.

The late severe frost has caused particular attention to be paid to these useful and simple instruments, yet many persons are quite ignorant of the principles on which they are constructed. The word means literally "measure of heat." The idea of determining the intensity of the subtle agent emanated with Sanctario, an Italian philosopher, in the year 1620.

His plan was improved upon by Farenheit, a German philosopher, who lived about the year 1720, and he was the inventor of the thermometer now used in this country and England. The form of Farenheit's thermometer is too well known to need description. Farenheit's thermometer is deficient in this respect, viz: that the inventor labored under a mistake when he imagined 0, or zero, to be the extreme of cold. Zero is the temperature of equal parts of snow and salt, and Farenheit thought that that point was destitute of all heat. Repeated experience has proved that the mercury often falls lower even in temperate latitudes. The freezing point of water he marked by plunging his thermometer into water in that state, after having marked the degrees on his scale, and found it 32 deg., the heat of boiling water 112 deg., while other temperatures, such as summer heat, blood heat, and fever heat, are merely arbitrary marks, supposed to be correct on the average. The only positive marks are the freezing point, 32 deg., and the boiling point, 112.

French thermometers are differently marked, but equally wrong, as the freezing point is placed at the temperature of mingled snow and salt, or zero, when, in reality, water freezes at a much higher temperature. The boiling point in the thermometer in use in France, is marked 100 deg. In Germany and Russia, the freezing point of the thermometer is also marked zero, and the boiling point 80 deg.

At 40 degrees below zero mercury becomes solid, consequently, to mark the degrees of cold sometimes experienced in Russia and in the Arctic regions, spirits of wine is used, which has never been known to freeze from natural causes, although it is said that a Scotch chemist once succeeded in producing such an extreme degree of cold as to freeze even alcohol.—If he did so, he never divulged the secret of the chemical agency by which he affected it.

PUNCTUALITY.—Ah! that's the word, punctuality! did you ever see a man who was punctual, who did not prosper finely in the long run? We don't care who or what he was—high or low, black or white, ignorant or learned, savage or civilized—we know if he did as he agreed, and was punctual in all his engagements, he prospered, and was more respected than his shiftless, lying neighbors.

Men who commence business, should be careful how they neglect their obligations, and break their word. A person who is prompt can always be accommodated, and is therefore "lord over another man's purse," as Franklin would say. Never make promises upon uncertainties. Although the best men may sometimes fail to do as they would, the case is exceedingly rare. He who is prompt to fulfil his word, will never make a promise when it is not next to a moral certainty that he can do as he agrees. If you would succeed, be punctual to the hour. Return borrowed money the moment you promised. In all things, if you are thus prompt, we will risk you through life; you will succeed—you cannot help it. Those who are prompt in their business affairs, are generally so in every department of life. You never know them to be late at church, or to the polls. A promptness in every thing characterizes them.

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.—Wishing and sighing, imagining and dreaming of greatness, said Wm. Writ, will not make you great. But cannot a young man command his energies? Read Foster on Decision of Character. That book will tell you what is in your power to accomplish. You must gird up your loins and go to work with all the indomitable energy of Hannibel scaling the Alps. It is your duty to make the most of time, talents and opportunities.

Alfred, King of England, though he performed more buisness than any one of his subjects, found time to study.

Frederick the Great, with an Empire at his direction, in the midst of war, and on the eve of battle, found time to revel in the charms of philosphy, and feast on luxury and science.

Napoleon, with Europe at his disposal, with kings at his ante chamber, and at the head of thousands of men, whose destinies were suspended on his arbitrary pleasures found time to converse with books.

And young men who are confined to business even twelve hours a day, may take an hour and a half of what is left for study and which will amount to two months in the course of a year.

☞ A young man in Lock Haven swallowed a cent a few days since. Being a genuine cent, he said to have eaten

To the Women of the West.

A large number of the women of Pittsburg, Allegheny, and their vicinities, animated by an ardent love of Liberty, and deeply sympathising with the oppressed people of Hungary, have united for the purpose of affording them relief. The title of their organization is,—"The Ladies' Association of the Friends of Hungary." This body has agreed to preserve its organization, and to continue its efforts and its contributions, until the aid of the Association shall be no longer required.

Impelled by an ardent desire to see this good work more extensively carried on, our Association have deemed it not improper to call the attention of their sisters of the West, and of the country generally, to this subject; and have deputed us to perform this duty. Acting on behalf of so large a body, we therefore earnestly and affectionately entreat you, from this threshold of the Great West, to form similar Associations, for a similar purpose, in your cities towns, and villages, wherever there is a sufficient number of hearts that prize our own free institutions, and sympathize with the brave Hungarians, who groan under the heavy yoke of despotism. It is impossible for Governor Kossuth, during his limited stay in our country, and in his impaired state of health, to visit and address the people in every place where warm hearts may glow for the emancipation of his suffering country. But if he cannot personally address associations of Friends of Hungary in every locality, he can and will acknowledge, by letter, any contributions of "material aid" for obtaining the Freedom of his beloved Fatherland: or, wherever he may be, will in person receive your deputations for this purpose. We hope, therefore, that you will not delay your active co-operations until the arrival of Governor Kossuth among you; but that you will form yourselves into Associations of Friends of Hungary, and send your contributions to him as soon as possible.

We have seen and heard Louis Kossuth, the great Apostle of Freedom; we have listened to his moving appeals, and our hearts have thrilled beneath his soul-stirring eloquence. We have confidence in the justice of the cause he advocates; and we feel convinced of his honor, his devotion, and his noble disinterestedness. We regret that every one cannot hear him, and thus be moved by the magic of his living presence; but you have all read the addresses he has delivered since his arrival in the United States, and consequently no labored argument by us is necessary to excite your sympathy in behalf of his oppressed country.

In the Providence of God, we are permitted to enjoy the blessings of a free Government. In the midst of our prosperity let us not forget that there was a dark and dreadful hour in the annals of our country—when her truest and bravest sons almost despaired. While the men of our Revolution were fighting for Liberty with unshod feet, and while the blood-stained snow betrayed to the enemy the *route* they had taken; while the eyes of our forefathers were imploringly turned to Europe for aid,—then was it that food and clothing, money and arms were brought by generous hands, to be consecrated on the altar of Freedom. Thus, when the French vessel came to our assistance, with them came also much aid, beside that of stern wills and stout arms. And shall we now refuse to the patriots of Europe a return for their generosity? Shall the women of America prove less active in their sympathies than were the French nation in our sacred cause? Do we not regard National Liberty as a precious boon of Heaven?—Shall we selfishly confine our sympathy and benevolence to our own country, and close our ears to the cry of suffering Europe? If we really value liberty, will we not try to prove our devotion? The ladies of this Association know too well the character of their sex, to doubt their deep interest in such widely extended good; and they, therefore, appeal to you with confidence, and invoke you by all that is dear to us in our own institutions—by all that we hope to see accomplished by those institutions in the future—by all the ties we regard as sacred—to join in aiding the people of Hungary to the attainment of that which we hold so dear. This can only be done by assisting that nation to obtain their independence. To do this, the moral influence of women, rightly exerted, as well as her contributions of money, and such other aid as she may be at liberty to extend, are all required. We therefore earnestly request and beseech you to exert yourselves in this glorious enterprise, by lending your permanent and efficient aid to the cause of down-trodden Hungary.

JANE R. ELLIOT,
CHARLOTTE L. WILLS,
HELEN M. DUNLOP.

☞ Editors of newspapers throughout the country will please to copy the above address.—*Pitts. Post.*

GEORGIA AND ALABAMA.—The Lynchburg, (Va.) *Republican* says, that various indications within its notice, leads it to the belief that Georgia and Alabama will go for Mr. Buchanan.

Central African Exploration.

The London Atheneum contains an account of the movements of the two enterpising travellers, Drs. Barth and Overweg. According to the last communications home, they were on the point of starting on a highly interesting journey to Borgu, a mountainous country, lying to the north-east of Lake Tsad about midway on the road to Egypt, and never yet visited by any European. Important results are anticipated from this exploration. On their return, the travellers will direct all their energies to the South, namely from Kuka to the shores of the Indian Ocean. Dr. Barth believes that a more southerly route, in the direction of Lake Nyassi, will be much more practicable than a straight line to Mombas, on a bearing of about south-east. The information collected respecting the Nyassi line indicates many powerful kingdoms, densely peopled, intersected by numerous rivers, very fertile, and abounding in forests. Dr. Barth and his companions have rendered good service so far, in determining accurately what before was but vaguely known. The routes already performed amount, at a rough estimate, to 3,700 geographical miles; and the itineraries sent home by Dr. Barth, form a net-work which covers the greater portion of Northern Africa. It seems, however that they are but poorly provided with means for the prosecution of their researches, the whole of the sum originally granted by the English government having been received, and their own means well nigh exhausted; while now they have only to look forward to £200, which is to be placed at their disposal on reaching the Indian Ocean.

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL JACKSON.—While General Jackson was operating in the Creek country, some thirty odd years ago, he invariably gave orders that all the encampments should be made near the main body, to prevent surprise and alarm; but he had one officer, captain G., who although a brave man, was rather lawless, and disposed to prowl and "bush wack" about on his own hook and account.—When the main camp fires were lit at night, his would frequently be seen off on some hill by itself, a mile, perhaps, from the others; and in a very exposed situation. Gen. Jackson finally got as tired of giving orders in relation to encampment, as captain G. was of receiving them, and seeing his fire one night on a distant hill, the commander sent an aid to arrest the brave but eccentric officer.

"Capt. G." said the aid, "I am ordered to take your sword from you."

"Are you?"

"I am."

Well, take the sword to General Jackson, and tell him to keep the d—d old thing. I only gave one dollar and a half for it when it was new, and I know where I can get one twice as good for the same sum.

A BEAR STORY THAT BEARS TELLING.—In the Juvenile Wesleyan—but whether original there or not, I can scarcely tell—there appears a story of an adventure with a bear, which, while it furnishes some materials for a good round laugh, illustrates the desirableness of union among members of the same family.

At the first settlement of Vermont—so the story goes, three young men left their homes in Massachusetts, with rifles in hand and each bought a tract of land side by side in the wilderness. They erected a log hut, and agreed to live altogether, and work first on one, and then on the other's farm alternately.

After a few months' harmonious action, one of them became dissatisfied, and would no longer work only on his own farm.—Thus they continued some time without anything to interupt their course.

One day, the two who were at work together were surprised at the outcries of the one at work by himself. They grasped their rifles, and flew to the relief of their comrade, but when they came in sight of him, such a ludicrous scene presented itself to their gaze, that it was some time before they could restrain from laughing sufficiently to hold their rifles with a steady hand. This man was at work, having placed his rifle against a tree some little distance off, when a large bear come between him and his rifle, and attacked him. Finding there was no time to lose, he sprang for the nearest sappling that the bear could not climb, and was soon up into it; but the sapping was too tender to bear up his weight, and it bent over like a bow, and brought him in such a position that he had to hold on with his feet and hands, and the bent part of his body, which was covered with buckskin, hung down within reach of the bear, while he stood on his hind legs, and with a stroke of his fore paw set him at a swinging motion. The bear very patiently set on his haunches till he became more steady, and then wou'd give him another blow, and the same result followed; but his claws did not penetrate the buckskin, and the flesh was not torn. After the two had indulged in a hearty laugh they drew up their rifles and stretched poor Bruin on the ground.—They united again and worked together afterwards.