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Pet's Corner.

Written for the Democrat.

Spring is Coming.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

Spring is coming!—Listen!
'Tis her blue wing'd angel's voice;
Spring is coming—winds and streams
Bid the grey rob'd earth rejoice;
Spring is coming with her gems,
Harebell buds, and violets blue,
Vèvet leaves, and tender grass,
Gentle showers, and silent dew.

Spring is coming—Maiden,
To release thee from the hall
Where to music's languid strain,
Feet of weary dancers fall;
Spring will lead thee to her bowers,
Flowery hills, and breezy groves,
Where with beauty, balm, and song,
Health's elastic spirit roves.

Spring is coming—Farmer,
Yoke the good teams to the plough,
All earth's gifted, proud, and fair,
Unto thee, for bread, must bow.
Fashion may affect to sneer
At thy garb, and quiet lot;
Pride may shun thy pleasant toil;
Let them pass, *thou need'st them not.*

Spring is coming—Mother,
Bid thy little ones be glad;
Though thy form is worn with toil,
And thy spirit dark and sad;
Tell her spring, bright spring is come,
With her day sun bright and long,
Tell them of the sweet wild flowers,
Of the glad bird's loving song.

Though thy heart be frozen,
Fill for them hope's chrystal cup;
Let in penury's desert way
Their young hearts be wither'd up.
Hide from their young dewy eyes
Thy school'd spirit's haunted waste,
Where the grave stones of thy hopes
Lie, with records half effaced.

Where the bitter waters
At the false world's smiling, gush,
And dark thoughts, make chiding plaint
Which thy spirit cannot hush;
That to thine incessant toil
Grudg'd and scanty meed, is given,
And the supine heirs of wealth
Scorn thee, as proscribed by heaven.

Though to thee life seemeth
Like one long cold winter night,
Yet God's stars, in winter time
Shine more lovingly and bright.
Although in life's wintry way
Gloom is ever near to you,
You may hear the angels say
Spring is coming—God is true.

From Godey's Lady's Book.

"No Letter."

BY JENNY GRAY.

"No letter!" and the maiden sighs;
And low the jetty lashes bend,
To shield alike those dreamy eyes
From gaze of foe or gaze of friend,
The leaping pulse beats quicker time
To music of the falling tears,
And tender sounds the heart's low chime—
For love is ever full of fears.

Not that one thought dreams him untrue,
Him love with all a woman's love;
First love, as pure as morning dew,
As constant as its source above.
God bless thee, maiden, if thou art
To taste of *sorrow's* poisoned cup;
I know man can betray the heart—
God bear thee up, God bear thee up!

* * * * *

"No letter!" and the mother bends
"To kiss her infant boy so fair,"
Like quick a single tear-drop wends
To glitter in his sunny hair.
A smile from out those eyes of blue,
A smile that wakes both joy and pain;
Reflect him, the loving, true,
Now far upon the tossing main.

Fair Faith and Hope their garlands wreathe
"Another kiss, my darling boy"—
While from her heart the soft lips breathe
A prayer of mingled grief and joy.
God bless thee, mother, if the knell
Of death comes booming o'er the sea,
In low, deep, heavy tones, to tell
The depth of woe prepared for thee!

* * * *

"No letter!" and the father's brow,
O'er which the white locks thinly stray,
Grows paler, and the pulses slow
Within their hidden channels play.
"O God! preserve my dearest son,
To be my stay in life's decline!"
He close around his absent one
His father's fond affections twine!

Through weal and woe, through cares and tears
Thy love has but the brighter shone;
Till, in the waning of his years,
The very soul of life it's grown.
God bless thee, father, if that Love
Shall set in darkest starless night,
And lead thy child home to Heaven above,
Where the heart can fall no blight!

☞ "How fortunate I am in meeting a friend in this storm," said a young lady who was caught in a shower the other day, to a bear of promise who happened along with a parasella.

"Yes," said he, gallantly, "I am as much taken up in the poor Leplander, when he has rain dear."

☞ "It is hard for a man to amass riches by toiling at home," his shop, while there is a leakage in his kitchen. "What a small kitchen!" exclaimed through a lady Queen Elizabeth, after going through so small a mansion. "It is by having so small a kitchen," replied the owner, "that I am enabled to keep so large a house."

Lessons in Life.

From Arthur's Home Gazette.

Passing through the Fire.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"The trials of life are the tests which ascertain how much gold is in us."

Few men moved before the world in so blameless a life as Francis Hartley. For strict integrity, few bore so high a character. His word was regarded as equal to his bond; and this was said of him by hundreds.

'As honest as Frank Hartley,' passed into a proverb in the immediate circle of his most intimate friends.

That he was held in this honorable estimation, was no secret to Hartley. And the reader will not feel much surprise when we say that a knowledge of the fact was to him a source of no ordinary pride and pleasure.

'I *am* an honest man,' he would often say to himself, in the silent chamber of his thoughts; and as he gave mental utterance to this impression, Mr. Hartley's bosom would swell, his head become more erect, and his step more stately.

'I *am* an honest man.' With what an intense feeling of self-gratification would Mr. Hartley sometimes give utterance to these words! And this, not always in his own heart; for that which gives us a high degree of pleasure, will find oral expression.

'Yes, I am honest,' he said to a business man, one day, in whose account he corrected a mistake of five hundred dollars against himself. The words were in response to these words of like import—

'Mr. Hartley, you are an honest man.'

'Yes, I am honest; and that reflection gives me the highest pleasure of my life,' said Hartley, with something of pride in his bearing; for, in him the love of reputation was strong.

He did not remember, at the time, the quick impulse that moved him to an appropriation of the five hundred dollars to his own pecuniary benefit; nor the brief struggle that succeeded ere he arose above temptation. No! The struggle was brief—the conquest easy; so brief and so easy, that it left but a slight impression behind.

Well for Mr. Hartly would it have been, if he had closely examined his heart, and learned by what power he so quickly overcame in this trial of his principles. Had he done so, he would have discovered that the argument—'It is an evil thing to wrong my neighbor; and, because it is evil, I will not take advantage of his error'—never once was urged. Instead thereof, there came this instinctive thought, followed by a low shudder—

'The mistake might be discovered, and then——!'

A sense of pleasure supervened, as his mind pictured the surprise, gratitude, and admiration of the merchant, when he called upon him to rectify an error of five hundred dollars against himself.

This single instance referred to, may be regarded as one in hundreds that occurred in Mr. Hartley's business life. And the glimpse we have given of his true character, is sufficient to enable the reader to understand something of his real quality, and the difference between that and the appearance he presented to the world.

'I would scorn such an act,' was the favorite expression of Hartley's, whenever instances of trickery, over-reaching, or gross acts of dishonesty happened to be theme of remark in business circles.

This, and other expressions of a similar character, were ever on the tongue of Mr. Hartley; and, if judged by his actions, he would not have been found wanting.

'So much for honesty! So much for a good reputation!' he murmured to himself, after having received from one of the largest and wealthiest houses in the city, a proposition to wind up his rather limited business operations and take charge of their Western branch, with a co-partnership interest.

When this proposition, so advantageous in every way, was made to him, it was accompanied by a frank avowal, that he had been selected because it was known that he could be trusted.

The position of a Western resident partner was one of great responsibility, and as the presence of the member of the firm who had been in Cincinnati for five years, was needed at the East, it became necessary to bring into the house another partner. Hence the offer to Hartley.

'So much for honesty! So much for a good reputation!' repeated Hartley to himself, over and over again, with a feeling of pride and self-elation that, for a time, gave a low, delightful tremor to every nerve.

It is usually the case that men who value themselves on the possession of certain qualities, despise those who do not possess the same, and are often too prone to visit severely derelictions in that particular direction.—Thus it was with Hartley. He never spared the dishonest man. The unfortunate he pitied; but towards the dishonest he felt anger.

Not always was his discrimination accurate in the case of the unfortunate. He was a sort of dishonesty-hunter, and quick to start his game. So quick, that he not unfrequently shot the wrong bird.

Proud in the advantage which came to him, as the result of years of honesty in business, Mr. Hartley entered upon his new sphere of activity in the West. He soon found himself in the command of large interests, large influence, and immense sums of money, compared with the amount formerly handled. So entire was the confidence reposed in him by his partners at the East, that few of the usual checks and balances were arranged before his departure. And now was to come the great trial of his life—the test of his real principles.—Hitherto, a love of reputation, and a belief in the old adage, 'honesty is the best policy,' had made him scrupulously honest in all his dealings. But now, his reputation was established—he was known as 'honest Frank Hartley,' and he had gained the reward of his honesty in an association that would, in the end, give him a large fortune.

From this time, there was a change in the current of Mr. Hartley's thoughts and feelings. He no longer acted from a love of reputation—no longer had pleasant feelings as the thought glided through his mind that his name had passed into a proverb. A stronger affection possessed his heart—partially latent before—but now quickened into the fullest activity; this was the love of gain. And as it grew stronger, day by day, the thoughts of Mr. Hartley gradually became more active in the consideration of personal benefit than it was in furthering the interests of those who had so largely confided in him.

Of this, he was at first scarcely aware, for our affections bear us on as the current of a stream bears a vessel upon its bosom—so quietly and pleasantly that we hardly perceive the motion.

For a year, in all his actions, Mr. Hartley was true to the trust reposed in him. There had been occasional allurements, though not so strong as to draw him aside. But he was in the way of temptation; for the balance of his book account was frequently heavy, and he had so large a range of money operations, of which his partners were not cognizant, that it would be the easiest thing in the world to use funds for purposes of his own, reap a benefit and return them, without any knowledge of the fact passing on to the East.

One day a keen money speculator said to him—

'Do you want to make a few thousand dollars?'

'How?' was the question of Hartley.

'Have you four or five thousand dollars idle?'

'Yes.'

'Buy up the shares in ——— Company.'

'That stock has been running down.'

'I know. But the tide is about changing. It will run up some twenty or thirty dollars a share. I say this to you as a friend. You can take advantage of it or not.'

'Do you speak by the card?' said Hartley, with some eagerness of manner.

'I do.'

'Very well. I'll think of it. Thank you for the information.'

Hartley understood clearly the meaning of this. He knew that there was no change in the prospects of the ——— Company to warrant a rise in its depressed stock; and that, if a rise did take place, it would be only the effect of speculation—or, in plainer words, falsehood, trickery, and fraud.

'Is it honest?' Was this the question he asked himself? No. That thought did not cross his mind. He was rather intent upon the question—'Can I fully rely upon this opinion about the stock?'

Satisfied, from his knowledge of the money speculator, that his judgment might be trusted, he determined to make a temporary investment of five thousand dollars in the stock referred to, and to sell out as soon as the quotations reached a certain point. For the benefit of his partners as well as himself? O, no! For his private benefit alone.

It must not be supposed that when Mr. Hartley came to the act of checking to the amount of five thousand dollars on the funds in bank for his own speculating purposes, he was not warned by conscience of the wrong he was about enacting.

'Is this right?' It seemed almost as if a voice had given utterance to these words.

But, he shut his ears and moved onward in the dangerous path he had entered.

In two months from that day, Hartley sold the stock which had cost him five thousand, for eight thousand dollars. In the meantime, letters came from the East, asking for all the money he could remit, as large payments had to be made. Of course, the money invested by him in stock, could not come.

A little uncomfortable about this; the more particularly, as the fact that he ought to have forwarded a larger sum, made him feel that his partners would expect a larger one. With some little uneasiness he waited until an acknowledgment of the remittance was received. It was satisfactory, and Hartley breathed freely again.

This stock speculation was the initiatory step in a dangerous path. It was the first slight deviation in Hartley's line of virtue—or, rather, the first deviation from the line of virtue. Two lines, projected side by side, may diverge from each other, in the beginning, so imperceptibly as scarcely to show a difference in parallel; but the longer they are continued the wider will be their divergence, until the distance between them becomes immense. All this is equally true of the two lines of virtue and vice. At first, they often seem perfectly parallel to each other; and thousands have been led on to ruin for want of a just perception of the difference. Thus it was with Hartley.

It is not our design to pursue Hartley, step by step, along the path in which his selfish desire for gain induced him to enter. His first successful speculation not only dimmed his moral perceptions, but awakened new and stronger cupidities; and thus his mind was turned more away from the co-partnership interests to such as were directly personal to himself. Daily, from this time, did his path of life diverge from the strictest rectitude of conduct. The love of gain was swallowing up, or overlaying, all the better principles of his mind. He had two interests now to subserve—that of the business entrusted to his care, so confidingly; and his own interests separate from those of his partners. He found it, as all will find it, hard to serve two masters.

Five or six years passed away, and not a breath of suspicion had been wafted to the ears of Mr. Hartley's associates at the East; for he had, with great prudence, as he thought, remained apparently unconnected with large operations out of his legitimate business, in which he was really concerned. This very prudent arrangement proved his ruin. About this time we will again present him to the reader. He was sitting alone, with a stern cast of thought on his brow, when a man entered his little private office, with a hurried air—"You must raise me ten thousand dollars to-day,' said the latter, in an excited, imperative manner.

'It is impossible. Did I not tell you so last evening, Mr. Parker?'

'I know you did; but, for all that, you must raise it. You can do it, if you will; and there is far too much at stake for you to hesitate a moment.'

Hartley arose and crossed the narrow room four or five times in an agitated manner.

'Too much at stake! How like blows the words fell upon his heart. Yes, there was too much at stake.

'The notes of our firm are already out for over fifty thousand dollars,' said he, with a look of distress—'and this independent of the regular business. Our credit will stand no more.'

'Give me notes for ten thousand more, and I will trust to the good credit of your house,' returned his companion.

'I dare not do it,' said Hartley, in a quick, stern voice.

'Rather say, you dare not refuse,' answered Parker, who had regained his self-possession, and stood with his small, keen eyes fixed upon the countenance of Hartley.

For a considerable time the latter remained in deep thought. Then slowly resuming his place at his desk, he opened a book of bill forms and drew a note at ninety days, for ten thousand dollars, in favor of Andrew Parker, and signed it with the signature of the firm to which he belonged.

'That will do!' said Parker, as he fairly clutched the little piece of paper. 'All is safe. Good morning. I will see you again to-night.'

For the space of nearly half an hour, Hartley remained nearly immovable in body; but, there was a tempest of agitation in his mind. For some time past he had not been altogether satisfied with the movements of his partner in gain outside of the firm of F. Hartley, Jones & Co., with whom he had involved himself and the firm to the amount of over a hundred thousand dollars. And he had good reason to be troubled. Before his first arrangement with this man, he should have remembered that it is always dangerous for any one to put himself in the power of another who is willing to enter into a league with him in operations of doubtful morality. What was exceedingly doubtful on this score, in the operations of Hartley & Parker, was the use of the money and credit of F. Hartley, Jones & Co., in operations outside of their business, and for private benefits. Such use of credit and money was not honest.

A very troubled day for Mr. Hartley followed. More than once, during the past few weeks, had doubts of Parker crossed his mind; and now, as the thought of his playing false occurred to him, he shuddered, and became really heart-sick.

It was about half past three o'clock, and Mr. Hartley had just returned to the store, after dinner, when a notary came in and asked for the payment of a note of five thousand dollars drawn by Parker & Co., and endorsed by F. Hartley, Jones & Co.; and the payment of a note of like amount drawn by F. Hartley, Jones & Co., in favor of Parker & Co.

'Have you seen Mr. Parker?' asked Hartley in a hoarse voice. He had become, instantly, as pale as death.

'I called at his place of business, but he was not there.'

Stunned and bewildered, it was some time before Hartley could collect his thoughts sufficiently to say—

'I will have all right before bank hours to-morrow morning.'

The notary departed, and Mr. Hartley left a few minutes afterwards, hurriedly. He had not proceeded far before he met a friend, who said to him—

'Have you heard the news?'

'What?'

'Parker has been protested.'

'So I have just learned,' replied Hartley, in a disturbed voice.

'Does he owe you much?'

'Yes, a good deal,' was answered evasively.

'It will be a bad failure in my opinion.'

'You think so?'

'I'm pretty sure of it. Parker is a slippery fellow. This is not his failure.'

'Does he owe you?' said Hartley.

'Not a dollar. He tried to draw me into some of his wonderful money making speculations, but I'm too old a bird to be caught by such chaff. I'm only sorry you did not know him as well as I do.'

'Good day,' murmured Hartley, as he turned off. To Parker's place of business he went, but did not succeed in finding the person he sought; nor was he able to see him until nearly eleven o'clock that night. The first ten minutes of the interview that followed satisfied him that he was a ruined man—ruined in fortune and reputation. He had been playing a desperate game, and the cards had turned up adversely.

A week from that time, protested liabilities of the Cincinnati branch of the firm in which Hartley was a partner, came to the East for collection. They were in heavy sums. These, with a brief, hurried, and unsatisfactory letter from Hartley, proved, to his partners, the first intimation that any thing was wrong. It was to them as sudden and astounding as a clap of thunder from an unclouded sky. In Hartley they had reposed the most implicit confidence. Not in a single instance had doubts as to his unflinching integrity, under the severest entteements, crossed their minds.

The result is told in a few words. One of the partners proceeded to the West immediately. He found Hartley self-possessed, and inclined to evade a severe scrutiny into his business operations. The love of reputation; the desire still to be thought an honest man, had returned, and he was anxious to conceal the fact that he had been using the money and credit of the firm to an enormous amount in private enterprises.

But evasion and hindrance of investigation were of little avail. The whole affair was sifted to the bottom, and Hartley's operations exposed to the public eye.

It was then that the unhappy man fell from a dizzy height! It was then that he shrunk, as it were, into very nothingness. It was then that he saw his real face in a glass, and knew what manner of man he was. Not 'honest Frank Hartley.' Alas, no! *He* had never been honest at the core—had never shunned wrong to his neighbor as a sin. *He* had tried to appear honest in the sight of man; but not in the sight of God. And when the great trial of life that was to test his quality, came, the apparent gold which glistened so brightly before the world's eye, vanished into worthless dross!

Ten years have glided away, and there is now, in a far western city, an unobtrusive man, engaged in a small trading business. *He* shuns society, and has only a few friends.—Those who can get near enough to him to understand his disposition and character, like him. *He* is intelligent, but has little to say about the moralities of life. Yet, to all appearance, his own life is blameless. *He* is known to be strictly honest in his dealings, man with man; and he is esteemed a kind husband and father by all his neighbors. But his expression of countenance is always sober; and at times, troubled.

This man is Francis *Hartley*. In the great trial of life, a small portion of gold remained, after the gilded dross, which the world thought gold, had vanished. There was yet in his heart a germ of integrity; and, happily, this was preserved in its feeble vitality.

Humbling himself before God and man, he began a new, true, and better life. But for this great temptation, in which he fell, he never would have known the real quality of his heart. He would have remained puffed up in proud self estimation, and hugged to his bosom a soul-destroying evil—the evil of dishonesty. Now he saw himself as he really was, and in the sadness of a stricken soul, sought earnestly to be what he had only before seemed to be.

Yet it is even so—The trials of life are the tests which ascertain how much gold is in us. And these trials, which come in the order and permission of Providence, are for eternal purposes. They are for the salvation of man from evil.

Foreign Speculations.

The Austrian Empire.

Five years ago Austria presented an impregnable and unbroken front to the world. Her voice was listened to with respect at the council-board of nations—her armies were invincible—her great minister, Metternich, who for half a century had guided the diplomacy of Europe, was the dictator of her policy—her subject provinces obeyed her imperious will—her commerce was extended in all directions—the arts were flourishing throughout her dominions—prosperity was written upon her past history, and there was no sign of decay visible in the future. The common observer saw no indication of an approaching dissolution. The oldest statesman in Europe regarded the House of Hapsburg as the bulwark of thrones.

Such was the position and aspect of Austria five years ago. What is her position now?—From being one of the greatest powers in the world, she has become the slave of Russia, her chief rival. By violating her faith with Hungary, she quenched the loyalty of that brave nation, and lost forever her hold on the noblest kingdom in her empire. She could not subdue Hungary, for she tried it; victory seemed chained to the wheels of Kossuth's cannon.—She could not make good her threats against him; she could not even protect her own capital from the invincible legions of Bem and Dembinski. She was forced to the humiliation of suing for Russian aid; for she foresaw that, without it, she never could save herself, much less crush the Hungarians. An army of Cossacks came at her signal; but she was not to reap the fruit of her victories.—The Hungarian rebellion was smothered for the moment. Hungary, pierced on all sides, bled till she fainted and fell. She appeared to be conquered, but the whole world knows that she was not subdued. She is stronger now than she was before the struggle; for she has tried her strength and measured it. At all events, she is lost forever to Austria. The Aulic Council of Vienna will never again control her destinies. Austria has made herself an enemy in every house in Hungary; not a fireside in that heroic kingdom in which lamentations have not been heard for the dead; her plains have been wet with the blood shed by Austrian hands. There is not a child in Hungary but will, among its earliest lispings, utter a curse on the Austrian name. Russia is now the master of Hungary; she, and not Austria, conquered her, and she, not Austria, claims the prey. What may be the fate of Austria, we do not profess, even with the aid of Kossuth's prophecies, to foretell; but no observer of European affairs can doubt that she is lost to Austria, irrevocably, forever. This vast calamity involved many others to the Hapsburg throne. First and greatest of all, was the integrity of her empire and the prestige of her name. Great empires can furnish no surer indications of approaching dissolution than the rebellion and loss of ancient provinces. The eastern wing of Austria's empire is no longer inspired terror among mankind, the hour of her fall was sounded. Every petty tyrant in Europe insulted the name of Napoleon after he had lost the prestige of invincibleness. If Hungary were told to-day that the Cossacks would trouble her no more, and that she might cope with Austria alone, her heroic peasantry would once more darken the shores of the Danube—her victorious banner would again be unfurled from the heights of Pesth and Comoron, and the dust clouds would, in less than a hundred days, be rising over her cavalry on the road to Vienna.

Neither can Russia hold this noble kingdom, unless Europe suffers the great Empire of the North to extend further, and she knows she must arrest the progress of Russia, or abandon herself to Cossack dominion. Turkey might not be able to raise an insuperable barrier to the march of armies of Nicholas, but Europe can interpose one that is impassable, and she feels that the time is come for her to do it, or be submerged. The demand of Russia for the extradition of the Heroes of Hungary roused the indignation of Europe; and for the first time during the century, France and England were brought fully and heartily together. England wishes for peace—she feels and knows that she needs it. But she will risk, and she must risk, a European war, rather than allow a Russian fleet to pass the Dardanelles. She will hurl the entire force of her empire into the struggle before she will see the Russian eagles floating from the minarets of San Sophia.

Whatever Louis Napoleon or his traitor accomplices may succeed in doing for the hour is no indication of the future fate of France. He has risked all in his Quixotic dream of empire. France suffered him to extinguish the republic of Rome, partly because his designs were not understood in the beginning, partly because the chivalric spirit of the nation was appealed to, partly because the Vicar of Christ was to be restored to a holy see, and partly because she knew that her sons would not be made to fight long against the cause of liberty. But the nation will not allow Louis Napoleon to make any more experiments of this kind. A league with Austria she will never consent to—much less with Russia. And if the Czar had persisted in his demand on the Porte for the surrender of Kossuth, the gleam of two hundred thousand bayonets, would have been seen on the Danube. Russia has made one Poland; Europe never can afford to allow her to make another. The memory of the Moscow expedition, too, is still fresh in the memories of Frenchmen; they still hear the hungry howl of the Russian wolves on the retreating track of the grandest army since the time of Xerxes; in their dreams, still sweep by the Cossack riders on the rear columns of Napoleon, staggering back to France through the storms of a Poland winter.—France has a great vengeance yet to repay; and not a Frenchman lives whose pulse does not quicken at the thought that perhaps the hour is nearly come.

Standing between Russia and Austria, the Prussian power must resist their encroachments or be crushed between them. There is not in Europe a nation better prepared for war—not one illuminated by brighter intelligence, or fired with warmer patriotism. In a European war Prussia would take sides with France and England, or lose her national independence. She, too, must fight for liberty, or be crushed by the Cossack. Greece and Turkey are the natural enemies of Russia—they have fought her from the beginning, and they will oppose her still.

One southern nation is still left—Italy.—There can be no doubt where her twenty-five millions will throw their strength. Crushed by despots at home, intimidated from abroad; betrayed, outraged, trampled into dust, she is Italy still. And this means that she is the mother of republics,—that history, for twenty-five hundred years, is filled with her glory—that the love of liberty still burns, a living, eternal flame in her breast. Five years ago, unaided and alone, in defiance of Austria, her hereditary foe, and in the face of all Europe, she began what then seemed to all but herself a mad and hopeless struggle of extorting constitutions and guarantees of liberty from her domestic tyrants. She did it. She brought every prince in the Peninsula to sue for his crown—to beg back the sceptre of his ancestors. Pius IX, the voluntary, self-impelled mover and head of this great revolution, was the idol of Italy till he put forth his hand to take back the constitution he had given to his people. He was looked upon till that moment, as the annointed of God. But the hour he laid his hand on the ark of the Roman constitution, the Romans regarded it as a profanation; and they snatched the crown from his head. He will wear it no longer than it is held there by mercenary bayonets. Foreigners need no better guage than this by which to measure the veneration of the Italians for liberty. To calculate the earnestness of their resolution to achive it, we have their heroic struggle for months against a foe they knew they could not long resist.

Italy, all Italy, is but Rome, in example and in spirit. She now looks calm—but her bosom is heaving. She is biding her time. She is not crushed. Like Hungary, she has yielded and recoiled; but, like her sister nation, she is bending her ear to catch the first tocsin of a European movement; and when it comes she will spring to her feet again, and leap once more into the arena. With Italy on the one side and Hungary on the other, Austria is like a tired keeper, panting between two unchained sleepless tigers. They sleep not, because they fear their keeper, and they wake at intervals to glance timidly at the Northern Bear.

How soon Europe will become the theatre of another general struggle, human foresight cannot discover. But every steamer may bring stirring intelligence. It is our belief that the Czar has over-estimated his real and his relative strength. Even an emperor may mistake his position, and over-estimate his resources. The doing of it cost Napoleon everything but his fame. It was a bold, and perhaps we may say, a splendid announcement that he, the Czar, would put down democracy, and come out from his polar lair to restore order to Europe. Poor Austria—feeble Pio Nono, the Roman Catholic mummy of 1852. Nicholas, the Richard Cœur de Lion of modern monarchy, would come forward, and by one imperial growl, send liberty back to its hiding-place! There was, after all, something heroic in this,—it smacked of the Red Jacket school. Carlyle says that Nicholas is the only man in Europe.—Perhaps, however, there may be "a few others left." Kossuth looks very much like one—particularly just now; and we see, at the present moment, on the scenes of Europe, a *tableau vivant*, which has the world for an auditor in all its parts, from Constantinople to California, were beating with sympathy for him. Englishmen, Frenchmen, Americans, all men, cried out to their governments, "help, help the brave fellow;" and yet Lord Palmerston "sipped his hock at Doodle's," and De Tocqueville, his claret, at the *Cafe de Paris*; and Mr. Clayton, his sixpenny mug of ale in some by-street cellar in Washington, and let him fight on, and swent blood, and fall and fly. Now, destiny, ashamed of statesmen, takes up his cause and fights for him: and England, and perhaps America too, will all be forced to throw down the gauntlet to the Czar, and fight for Kossuth to save Constitutional Liberty. Old Jove has woke, after his long sleep. Hungary was the martyr, Liberty the football, of nations. Who knows if civilization may not have to fight for Kossuth—one man against the million—humanity, nations, the world, drawing their sword for a single hero?—*Herald of the Union.*

A Happy Home.

A happy home is a glorious and instructive sight; one which it does the heart good to see, and which, once beheld, leaves an ineffaceable impression on the mind. But, alas! how rarely is such a home to be met with! Every day, we enter family circles, that, to our unaccustomed eyes, seem brimming over with mutual love and happiness. But, how much of it is real? Do we not too often find that it is nothing more than a holiday garb put on for the occasion, and vanishing with the guest in whose honor it was donned? This fact will not seem strange, when we recollect how easy it is to destroy the peace and unanimity of home. One unquiet spirit, one restless and unruly soul, will transform the calmest circle into a place of torment. A family circle resembles an electrical one. As long as all are similar in disposition, as long as all are actuated by the same motives of mutual love, the current of affection will flow freely and undisturbed; but, introduce one foreign nature, one impenetrable member, and the circle is immediately broken, the current is disturbed, and where before all was harmony and peace, is now chaos and confusion. Still, even under its worst aspect, there is a charm in home.—Which of us is it, that, wandering in the stormy paths of the world, does not look back with a certain degree of reverential affection on that old familiar spot, even though its memories may be linked with many an unhappy thought? The lime-tree, beneath whose shadow we rested our weary limbs in the sultry days of summer; the old garden, the theatre of many a daring exploit; the small bed-room, where in the long winter nights we wept ourselves to sleep, and there slumbered soundly until the broad sunshine woke us again, with all our cares forgotten, and cast off with the joyous indifference of childhood—all these come refreshingly back upon our memories, when, amid the roar and turmoil of the world, we sigh over the chequered days of our youth—when we begin to discover that the age and independence of manhood has not brought that happiness we once imagined; and that, after all, the careless boy, even with the rod in the back ground, may be a fairer picture than the worldly, calculating man.

☞ The *Portlander* says that the reason why the Vermont and New Hampshire boys are so tall, is because they are in the habit of drawing themselves up so as to peep over the mountains to see the sun rise. It is dreadful stretching work.

☞ The ancients were of opinion that Echo was a maiden, who had pined away for love, till nothing but her voice was left.

☞ Is there a word in the English language which contains all the vowels? Unquestionably.

Miscellaneous.

Declaration Extraordinary.

In the last number of the *Carlisle Democrat*, General Boyer releases himself from those who have taken his paper, *without ever intending to pay for it*, in the following novel and bold *Declaration:*

When, in course of rascally events, it becomes necessary for a hungry and half starved editor to dissolve the friendly bands which have connected him with his horde of villainous patrons (!) and to assume among mankind that separate and just station which his poverty and independence of spirit entitle him, a decent respect for the opinions of his honest supporters requires that he should declare the causes which have impelled him to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self evident, that editors were created like other men, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain natural propensities; that amongst these is a disposition to eat, drink, and keep themselves comfortably clad—that to secure these blessings, laws were instituted among men securing to the creditor his honest and just dues; but when a villainous $300 exemption act becomes destructive of these ends, it is our right to institute a new system, laying its foundation on such principles as to us shall seem most likely to protect us in future from all fraud and imposition. Prudence, indeed will dictate that friendship long established should not be severed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown that editors are more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when long standing abuses, and a total disregard for every generous feeling having in view the same object, evinces a design to reduce to absolute starvation him who has labored for years to supply them with mental aliment, it is his right, it is his duty to repudiate old friendships, and to provide new guards for his future security.—The history of these outlaws is a history of repeated injuries and insults, all having in direct object the pecuniary destruction of their best friend and benefactor. To prove this let facts be submitted to a candid reader:

They have refused, time and again, to pay us the first continental "dingbat," although repeatedly called on to do so.

They have refused to supply us with wood, corn, oats, potatoes, beans, peas, pork and poultry—although our appeals were long, loud and pathetic—fixins inestimable to us, and formidable to rascals only.

They have refused to extend us any aid whatsoever, whereby to facilitate our business operations; thus rendering us in a measure incapable of pursuing with a light heart and buoyant spirits our legitimate business; the office, in the meantime, exposed to all the danger of invasion from without and convulsions within.

They have refused to contribute to the population of these States by depriving us of the means necessary to feed and clothe the young Narragansetts according to our desires.

They have combined, with others, to subject us to the worst of grievances, foreign to our good nature, and unacknowleged by our laws.

For cutting off our trade with paper makers:

For imposing debts upon us without our consent:

For depriving us, in many cases, of benefits of market money:

They have plundered our pockets, cheated our creditors "burnt our fingers," and done sundry other cruel and barbarous acts, unworthy the character of gentlemen.

In every stage of these oppressions, we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms; our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated neglect and consequent injury. Men whose characters are thus marked by acts which may define a set of plundering scamps, are unfit longer to be the recipients of our favor.

Nor have we been wanting in attention to these men. We have warned them from time to time, through the paper, and by letter of a "Black List." We have reminded them of our circumstances—of our emigration and settlement in Carlisle. We have appealed to their sense of justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them by all the ties of good fellowship, to send us the "Almighty Dollar," or we would inevitably interrupt our connection and correspondence with them. But they have been deaf to the voice of justice, reason and humanity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our separation, and hold them, as we hold all others like them, *scamps* when they don't pay us—when they do, the best of *clever fellows* and *good citizens.*

WE, therefore, the editor of the "American Democrat," appealing to all honest men for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of our "better half" and "nine small children with one at the bosom," solemly publish and declare, that these men are, and of right ought to be, stricken from our list of subscribers; and that all connection between them and us, is, and ought to be totally dissolved. And, for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of our HONEST patrons, we solemnly pledge renewed exertions to our *pen*, our PASTE POT, and our noble SCISSORS.

Now, "John get the long pole and stir up the animals."

HOW KOSSUTH ACQUIRED A KNOWLENGE OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—Our readers have been informed that Kossuth speaks the English language fluently. *How* he acquired a knowledge of it is thus explained by the New York Herald:

"*Having* been consigned to imprisonment for three years, for disobeying the edicts of the Austrian government, he applied at the end of one year for the use of books. *He* was offered the choice of one, provided it was not of a political character. *He* asked for three. The request was granted, and he selected the English Grammar, Walker's pronouncing Dictionary, and Shakspeare. By attentive study of these three volumes, he mastered the English language before the term of his imprisonment expired. Such a man is Kossuth—the great Magyar hero, and the idolized of *Hungary.*"

☞ Why is a clock the most persevering thing in existence? Because it is never more inclined to go on with its business than when it is completely *wound up.*

☞ Why will Jenny Lind and Barnum never quarrel? Because she is always *forgiving*, and he for*getting.*