THE STAR AND BANNER.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

[BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER.

VOL. XX—14. GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 22, 1849. NEW SERIES—NO. 90.

SONG OF THE STARVING.

BY ERNEST JONES.

Now, hark ye on the highland,
Now, hark ye in the glen,
Throughout our fertile island—
The song of starving men.

There's bones for the waster,
While money is in his span,
There's plenty for the master,
But there's nothing for the man.

There's wealth for building churches,
There's food for hound and steed;
But the country is a desert,
For the pauper in his need.

Now, hark ye in the cottage—
Now, hark ye in the mill—
The people have the power,
If they only had the will!

Let him still hug a fetter,
Who brooks to be a slave,
And calls the man a *better*
He knows to be a *knave*.

So long as ye will truckle,
So long will *they* oppress—
Hope not to win from *others*,
But, from *yourselves*, redress.

Now, hark ye in the palace—
Now, hark ye in the hall—
Ye men of silent malice!
And ye men of bloody thrall!

Can ye face the judging nation,
Ye that feasted on their pain,
And made their desolation
The foundation of your gain?

Then down—each tarnished scutcheon!
And down each blotted fame!
The million paupers dying,
Cry, shame upon you—shame!

Now, hark ye in the highland—
Now, hark ye in the glen—
Remember that ye struggle
With MASSACRE not with MEN!

Ye need not crush the mighty,
But take away his might:
We ask no retribution,
We ask but for our right.

And he is not my brother
By whom a wrong is done,
Or visits on another
What he would wish to shun.

Then, hark ye on the highland,
And hark ye in the glen,
Throughout our blessed island
The song of stricken men.

The shipwrecked sailor wending
To a haven of sure rest,
The wounded bird ascending
On its lonely forest nest—

They feel no exultation
On earth, or air, or sea,
Like the gladness of a nation
That has striven and is FREE.

A MOTHER'S LESSON.

We have never met any thing more beautiful in its simplicity, touching in its truthfulness, or of greater moral grandeur in its influence than the following little story. The man who can read it without emotion must either be destitute of a soul, or have one so sin-hardened as to have long since been deserted by the Spirit:

A mother sitting in her parlor, overheard her child, whom her sister was dressing, say repeatedly, "No, I don't want to say my prayers, I don't want to say my prayers."

"Mother," said the child, appearing at the parlor door.

"Good morning, my child."

"I am going to get my breakfast."

"Stop a minute, I want you to come and see me first."

The mother laid down her book on the the next chair, as the boy ran to her. She took him up. He kneeled in her lap and laid his face upon her shoulder, his cheek against her ear. The mother rocked the chair slowly backward and forward.—"Are you pretty well this morning?" said she in a kind and gentle tone.

"Yes, mother, I am very well."

"I am glad you are well. I am well too; and when I waked up this morning, and found that I was well, I thanked God for taking care of me."

"Did you?" said the boy in a low tone—half a whisper. He paused at it—conscience was at its work.

"Did you ever feel my pulse?" asked his mother, after a minute of silence, at the same time taking the boy down, setting him on her lap, and placing his fingers on her wrist.

"No, but I have felt mine."

"Well, don't you feel mine, now—how it goes beating?"

"Yes," said the child.

"If it should stop beating I should die."

"Should you?"

"Yes. I can't keep it beating."

"Who can?"

"God." A silence. "You have a pulse too, which beats here in your bosom, in your arm, and all over you—nobody can but God. If he should not take care you who would?"

"I don't know," said the child, with a look of anxiety, and another pause ensued.

"So when I waked this morning, I thought I'd ask God to take care of me."

"Did you ask him to take care of me?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I thought you would ask him yourself." [illegible] a long pause ensued—the deep and thoughtfull expression of his countenance showed that his heart was reached.

"Don't you think you had better ask him yourself?"

"Yes," said the boy readily.

He kneeled again at his mother's lap, and uttered, in his simple and broken language, a prayer for the protection of Heaven."

The Constables in the town of Saco, Maine, says an Eastern paper, have been ordered to arrest all the boys that may be found in the streets during ordinary school hours, and to carry them to such place as the superintendent of Common Schools may direct.

[FROM THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.]

THE RUSSIAN INROAD.

The day long expected has at last arrived: Russia is in arms before Europe.

This could not be otherwise. Russia is the citadel of despotism. The principle of divine right, of absolute authority exercised by one man over millions, of tyranny without law or limitation, is there supreme—is the soul of government and policy. The Czar is the dispenser of life and death, and throughout his whole vast dominions from Archangel to Odessa and from Warsaw to Tobolsk, there is no man who is not a slave. Prince and serf alike kiss the ground before him.

It is true that Russia apes the culture of Europe, and flaunts in public in some of the externals of civilation. It is true that she has introduced into her territory many of the pursuits and inventions of civilized industry. Herein she does indeed undermine the foundations of her despotism, for Labor is death to all tyranny and the beginning of industry is the beginning of an insurrection, whose end is universal freedom, universal fraternity, the coronation of the Workers as joint kings and masters of the Earth.

But what civilization there is in Russia has not changed its nature; it has only refined and disguised its barbarism; an educated Russian is more cunning and less brutal, speaks French and wears French boots, but at the heart he is still a barbarian, else how could he be a slave? There are honorable exceptions, no doubt; men of too much intelligence to remain barbarous or slavish, men who must everywhere be honored; but the mass of the Russian nobility cannot be counted with these exceptions. And as for the real body of the people, what can be said of them, when out of sixty odd million souls comprising the population of the entire empire, nearly fifty millions are serfs in a state of slavishness and ignorance even more abject than that of the negroes of South Carolina? It would require long centuries for civilized industry and culture to transform that people. They are and must be ruled by a military despotism, capable of no immediate internal change, except a palace-revolt, the assassination of an emperor, and the substitution of one family of despots for another, for such is ever the condition of barbarous, despotic States.

The dominant idea of such a state and of such a people is foreign conquest. It has never been otherwise, as all history attests. The Russians form no exception to the rule. Ever since Peter the Great founded their empire, and framed the machine of its policy, they have dreamed of overrunning Europe, as did their predecessors, the Goths and Huns; and not only Europe, but Asia. They have followed their bent steadily and shrewdly, for the the hypocrisy of their Government is equal to its arrogance. First Poland annexed, then Turkey and Persia made dependent, and Austria and Germany converted into outposts. They have advanced slowly indeed, but have never lost sight of their aim. France and England have been in their way and delayed their movements, but they have never doubted that their time would come.

The design of this monstrous power is thus two-fold—the suppression of liberal ideas in Europe, and foreign conquest. It must put down Republicanism and Socialism, because they are aggressive and dangerous to itself. It must extend its territories, because the wild instincts of its people demand a still wider theatre of development. The one it does by the necessity of self-preservation, the other to gratify its appetites.

What are the resources with which this is to be executed?

There is no no country whose statistics are so obscure as those of Russia. But little reliance can be placed on the official statements, which are the only sources of information on the important subjects of revenue and forces. In a despotic barbarism the business of public officers is not to make such matters plain and intelligible, but to hide and obscure them. The great lie on which the State is founded ramifies and reappears in all its departments.

The total Russian dominions, including those in Asia, but not those in America, contain seven millions of square miles, about three times as much as the present territories of the U. States. Of this Siberia forms about two-thirds. The population of the empire is now between sixty-five and seventy millions. The main pursuit is agriculture, which is in the rudest condition. The effort to naturalize manufacturing industry, though prosecuted long and earnestly, has not been successful, whatever the report of superficial observers. The Russians, like the Greeks, have a genius for trade. In 1842–3, the last year for which the statistics are before us, the exports of the country were, in round numbers, $66,250,000. The mines of Russia are not so productive as they are generally supposed to be. The annual yield of the gold, silver and platina mines together, is about $4,000,000; the copper mines produce $3,000,000; the lead and zinc mines $350,000; the iron mines about $10,000,000; in all $17,250,000.—The entire revenue of the State is put down, by the best authorities, at a sum equivalent to $86,250,000, though the acute and well-informed author of the "Revelations on Russia," reckons it above $100,000,000. The special income of the imperial establishment is above $2,000,000. The National Debt was, on Jan. 1, 1848, equivalent to $226,000,000, and has since been increased. It is said that there are immense sums of gold and silver stored up in the cititadel of St. Petersburgh. Probably there is truth in this story; possibly, however, there is some humbug also.

Now we do not pretend to say whether these statements, which be it remembered are drawn from official sources, are too large or too small, though it seems more probable that they are over rather than under the mark, as the policy of Russia and the character of her people have nothing of that meekness which seeks to appear of less account than it really is.—Russia has always endeavored to impose on other nations. But at any rate if the above be an index, the resources of the Czar are not so inexhaustible as they are sometimes represented. The commerce of France with half the population of Russia is twice as great and the revenue three or four times as great as that of Russia.—Is it then true that Russia is stronger or can better endure a war than France or Germany? We shall see.

The great bugbear of Europe is the Russian army. It is certainly a formidable affair, and Nicholas has taken care that it should be regularly exhibited and to the best advantage. But we apprehend that on a closer examination it will appear less terrific than at a distance.

With regard to the actual force of this army the same obscurity and uncertainty exists which he who attempts to investigate Russian public matters will find at every step, or indeed he will find it to be greater in regard to the army and navy than any thing else. This comes from the fact that the officers from the rank of captain up live by plundering both their commands and the government. Russia is in all parts rotten with hypocrisy and dishonesty, but the administration of the armed force is worst of all.

The *Almanac de Gotha* for 1849 states the active army in Europe to be, on the peace footing, Infantry 568,000 men, Cavalry 97,630, with 1,672 cannon for the management of which a force of between 50,000 and 60,000 men would be required, making in round numbers 725,000. Besides this there is the army of Caucasus and different bodies of troops in that quarter amounting to 80,000 men, with a corps of some 25,000 in Orenburg and different bodies of Cossacks estimated at 50,000 in all. This does not include the military colonies which may be set down at 75,000. Taking this statement as correct, and it is as near so as any to be had, and the regular standing army of the empire is between 900,000 and 1,000,000 men. Other authorities put the figures much lower, but there is no doubt of the ability of the empire to bring any number of men into the field. The Cossacks alone might easily furnish 200,000 irregular cavalry instead of 50,000 as above stated. The only thing necessary for Russia to equal the famous armies of antiquity is the means of supporting such masses in the operations of a European war.

Has Russia the means? We doubt somewhat the stories of her hoarded treasures, as we doubt all pretense. She has been more in the way of spending money for the last 25 years than of saving it.—Just reckon what such an army as hers must cost, even if a single soldier cost no more than $25 a year. She has also squandered immense sums on her navy, and on experiments of all sorts.

But the whole story is not told of an army when we say that it embodies so many thousand men. The main question is, what is their disposition, courage, discipline, power of endurance, and how are they officered?

The Russian soldier has two invaluable qualities, invaluable we mean for fighting purposes. With him obedience is more than a habit, it is nature. He dies willingly because he is ordered to do so; he is cut to pieces because the command to stir from his place has not been given.—In this passive submission to orders, no other nation can share his equal, even no other people in Europe are the characteristics features of manhood so utterly extinguished. This insensibility is a great thing, when a battle is to be decided by excess of numbers.

The other quality of which we speak is the capacity for fanaticism. The Russian soldier can be wrought up to a terrible effectiveness by skillfully appealing to his superstitions, by rousing his blind devotion to his Czar, his Country and his Religion. It was by this means that Suwaroff, the most brilliant military genius that Russia has ever produced, achieved his victories. He imposed on his men the idea that he was inspired, that his voice was the voice of God, and they became not only brave where they had before been cowardly, but almost invincible, crept against the French. It was by this means that the veteran Koutousoff, in the bloodiest and most desperate of battles, Borodino, checked Napoleon and saved his country. But there are not many Russian Generals who can call out this latent power.

The army is recruited annually by a draft of five men from every thousand souls; for extraordinary cases the proportion of conscripts is increased. The time of service is 15 years, but the soldier is retained as long as he is good for anything. The common soldiers are paid $3 a year wages; they are also allowed to earn money by working at trades when they are off duty. They have no meat to eat; their food consists of bread of sour rye, a sort of fermented cabbage, and buckwheat flour with oil of hemp seed. The Imperial Guards, the favorite corps of the Emperor, receive half a pound of meat each per week. The consequence of this wretched way of feeding them is that they cannot sustain fatigue. They are generally physically deformed, their peculiar diet producing an ugly protuberance of the stomach which is disguised by their parade uniforms, but makes them look absurdly when they are not on show. The march of an army is attended by the death of hundreds who perish from mere fatigue.

The best infantry is that raised in Finland, where the people are of Swedish origin. The artillery is manœuvred with dexterity and is well served, especially in the field. In a siege it is not so good.—The regular cavalry is admirable on parade, but is not much to be feared in actual battle. The Russians proper have none of qualities which make good horsemen, and their animals are said by those qualified to judge not to be capable of supporting a campaign. The irregular cavalry is composed of the Cossacks. There are no better horsemen or braver warriers in the world. This is the most formidable part of the forces of the Empire, and only needs a more thorough military organization, and suitable officers, to become more formidable still. But these officers are not to be had.

Here is the great weakness of the Russian giant. The officers of the army are stupidly ignorant and destitute of *esprit de corps*, of the sentiment of personal honor. They lack the most essential requisites of military men. This is true not only of the lower ranks but of the upper also, of Generals as well as Ensigns.—Where all depends upon the favor of a despot, merit is abolished and the most disgusting perversions assume its place. The Russians illustrate this truth.

Now, an army so officered is a body without a soul. Make machines of the soldiers, and the more thoroughly the better, but do not obliterate all shadow of the nobler sentiments from the officers, if you would have your armies reliable and efficient.

The history of Russian fighting confirms our positions. The good officers whom it has produced have been rare exceptions. Suwaroff was an exception; and Paskiewitsch, the most successful of their living generals, though a thousand times inferior to Suwaroff, is an exception also. Benningsen, who fought the battles of Eylau and Friedland, and fought them well, was a German. Koutousoff proved himself a sad blunderer at Austerlitz, though he redeemed his fame at Borodino and Moscow. But as a general thing the Russians have had poor officers, and have fought poor battles. Their later wars—with Turkey, Poland and Circassia—also show a degeneration rather than an improvement. This is a fact too notorious to be disputed.

We have no desire to undervalue the power of Russia because we hope for her total defeat, but we do not agree with those who cannot hear her name pronounced without terror. We do not believe that she is invincible, vast and wild as are the hordes which obey her Autocrat, and serviile as their mission must be if the civilization of the Nineteenth Century stagnate and decay as did that of Antiquity. But thank God, the signs of such decay are not so many as the signs of life and progress. Accordingly Russia despotic, barbarous, Iconoclastic, all of all Tiers and inhumanities, must be conquered. She cannot resist the spirit of this epoch.

We intended to contrast with the forces of Russia and her allies those which will be brought against her, but have only space to add a word. In this war, Hungary, France, and Italy are pledged to oppose the the pretensions of the Czar and his compeers. Germany will also fight on the side of Liberty. It matters not what her Kings may do; her People hate the Russians with irreconcilable hate; while England will look on and wait to make money out of the quarrel. Thus the civilized Peoples, leagued against the Despots, will outnumber the tribes which they can assemble for the attack, while they greatly excel them in the qualities that insure victory.

A fop is like a cinnamon tree—the bark is worth more than the body.

HUNGARY.

The important position assumed by the people of Hungary gives deep interest to all their movements. The annexed article from the Boston Atlas presents in a condensed form an intelligent view of her existing relations with Austria:

THE HUNGARIAN WAR.

It is a very prevalent, but a very erroneous idea, that the contest now raging between Hungary and Austria is a mere rebellion of one of the powers of a great empire—that the Hungarians are but a half civilized race—that her nobles are tyrants, and her people are slaves. But Hungary is an independent nation: her government is a limited monarchy, and her constitution in many respects is similar to that of England. She has a Parliament called the Diet, composed of two chambers, Peers and Commons, which the King is bound to summon at least once in three years; and this Diet regulates the internal affairs of the State. Unfortunately, however, it cannot originate laws—its action is confined to those subjects which the King chooses to present for consideration; and it is for this reason only, that Hungary has been behind the age in political reform.—Until 1847 her population was divided into two distinct and entirely separate classes—nobles and peasants; and all of noble descent belonged to the first class, whether rich or poor, titled or not. The entire class was exempt from taxation, and the whole burden of the State was borne by the peasants. In the course of events, the Dukes of Austria—the residuary legatees of all the rulers "by divine right" with whom they have ever intermarried—became Kings of Hungary, and thus it happens that Hungary has come to be considered merely an Austrian province. Each of these Dukes—more recently Emperors—on his accession to the throne was obliged to swear that he would govern in a constitutional manner and support the institutions of the State; but most of them—like the English Stuarts—have broken their oaths and endeavored to substitute "divine right" for law, despotism for liberty, consolidation for independence. But these attempts at usurpation have always been manfully met, and neither force nor fraud has ever yet been able to deprive the Hungarians of their laws and their independence; the most that Austria could accomplish was to keep them from advancing. For more than half a century the Hungarians have been trying to induce their Kings to call the attention of their Diet to political subjects, in order to bring about important reformations in a legal manner; petition has followed petition; and promise has followed promise, only to be evaded or broken. At length, in 1848, the long sought favor was granted; the Archduke Palatine—representing the King—called the attention of the Diet to those subjects which had been so long the object of petitions, and the results of the deliberations of that assembly are without a parallel in history. The upper House—like the English House of Lords—was composed of the hereditary nobility—owners of the soil, who received its produce and were exempt from taxation; and the lower House was elected, in a great measure, from the class of nobles, who were in like manner free from all the burdens of the State; and yet, in the words of the writer in Blackwood:

"By *unanimous* votes of both houses, the Diet not only established *perfect equality of civil rights and public burdens amongst all classes*, denominations and races in Hungary and its provinces, and perfect toleration of religious worship; but, with a perfect generosity perhaps unparalleled in the history of nations, and which must extort the admiration even of those who may question the wisdom of the measure, the nobles of Hungary abolished their own right to exact either labor or produce in return for the lands held by urbarial tenure, and thus *transferred to the peasants the absolute ownership, free and forever, of nearly half the cultivated land* in the kingdom, receiving in the original proprietors such compensation as the government might award from the public funds of Hungary. *More than 500,000 peasant families were thus invested with the absolute ownership* of from thirty to sixty acres of land each. The elective franchise was extended to every man possessed of capital or property of the value of $150, or an annual income of $50 to every man who has received a diploma from a University, and to every artisan who employs an apprentice."

We repeat it, such an instance of liberality, of true patriotism, of disinterested love of liberty, cannot be found in the history of the world. And this splendid deed is the true cause of the present war. It was this which roused the sluggish Austrians, from the sleep of ages, and made them think of freedom. It was this which lighted the flame of liberty in despotic Prussia. It was this which roused the crushed and bleeding Poles to another spasmodic effort for nationality. It was this flash of light that disturbed the Russian bear in his den. It was this sacrifice of time-honored, vested rights—this great concession of a gallant and generous race to the claims and long-lost rights of the people, which came near overturning all the despotisms of Europe at one swoop.

To crush this noble nation, despotism is armed and arming. For an open attack there was no apology. Hungary has legislated for herself alone, as she had a perfect right to legislate. The Archduke Palatine—the representative of her King—had sanctioned her acts and Austria could not complain. The effect, in truth, was not forseen nor was it suspected until Austrian people themselves began to talk about freedom, expelled the emperor from Vienna, and almost accomplished a revolution. Resort was then had to stratagem—the Ban of Croatia (a Hungarian province inhabited by a different race of people,) was encouraged to rebel, and taking Hungary unawares, he burnt and destroyed all before him. Hungary appealed to her King—the Emperor—to put down this rebellion, or authorize her to raise troops for her own defence. The Ban was *openly* proclaimed a rebel and ordered to repair to the Emperor, but *secretly* instigated to persevere. Then came the siege of Vienna, in which the Croats under their Ban—who stood branded as a rebel—joined the Austrian troops and was permitted to hold his command. In the meantime, the Hungarians took their affair into their own hands, raised armies, and followed the Croats till their junction with the Austrians under the walls of Vienna; and out of this act of self-defence, the Emperor has made the ostensible cause of war. To punish *this* rebellion, the armies of Austria and Croatia, under Windischgratz and Jellachich, were sent into Hungary, and for a time it appeared as if the iron foot of despotism would crush out the last spark of liberty in that glorious land.

But the men who could nobly relinquish their undisputed rights for the common good could do more—Hungary rose *en masse*—nobles and peasants—men and women! Thirty thousand gallant Poles escaped from Russian slavery and raised their lances once more for liberty—and these united, have driven back the Austrian hordes, defeating them in battle—to their own borders. Hungary is free from the invader, but whether she will be able to maintain her freedom is a problem yet to be solved. Austria, beaten, disgraced alarmed, has appealed to Russia; and Russia, only too glad to fight against liberty, has promised her aid, and her armies are already on the march to redeem the promise.

It is said that England and France have remonstrated against Russian intervention. We hope it is so, and if Russia does not heed the remonstrance, we trust they will go farther, and sustain, with all their power, the gallant Hungarians in the unequal contest. We are no lovers of war, but in such a case as this—if the despots of Austria and Russia will tempt their fate—we shall be glad to see one grand struggle—a union of all the lovers of liberty—of all the advocates of equal rights against the last strong holds of despotism and tyranny. We shall rejoice to see the fires of freedom, boldly kindled, so brightly burning on the plains of Hungary, extend over the mountains of Bohemia, reanimate fallen Poland, penetrate Austria, and shed the first ray of light over Russia. But even for Hungary single-handed, we shall hope for success.

Out of this struggle may grow up a general war in Europe. If Russia persist in her interference, France and England may do something more than protest; and such a war can hardly end without rooting out the last vestige of "the divine right of kings," and restoring the people of Europe to all the rights of man.

The London Spectator says that the Hungarian artillery is served principally by young men of good family and station, advocates, engineers, employers, all without exception men of scientific and literary training. But the pride and boast of the Hungarian army are the thirteen Hussar regiments, (each at least 800 strong,) five of which have been newly organized. One of these the nation owes to the patriotism of Count Stephen Karolyi. This great nobleman, who almost vies with the head of the Esterhazys in wealth, and who has hitherto taken but little part in Hungarian politics, in addition to a contribution in money amounting to £20,000, did in last November, at his own sole expense, raise, mount, and equip a regiment of this brilliant army, which he now commands in person in the field. All the troops are well clothed and armed, amply provisioned, regularly paid, and sufficiently provided with stores and amunition of every kind.

A mother admonishing her son, a lad about seven years of age, told him he should never defer till to-morrow what he could do to-day. The little urchin replied, "Then mother let's eat the plum-pudding to-night."

FIRST LOVE.—The conversation at Holland House turned upon first love—Tom Moore compared it to a potato, "because it shoots from the eyes." "Or rather," exclaimed Byron, "because it becomes less by pairing."

LEWIS KOSSUTH.

Who is Lewis Kossuth, the Regent of Hungary, and her master spirit in these grave days of his country?

Kossuth was born in 1806: his father, of old Hungarian nobility, (for what Hungarian is not?) was very poor, and supported himself as clerk to some fellow-noblemen.

Lewis went to the University of Pesth, to study law, in his sixteenth year, where his great talents and equally great poverty procured him patrons, who fed and clothed him. We first hear of him in public, when he at once distinguished himself in the opposition as writer against Austria. In 1838 he was arrested; in 1840 he founded a paper; in 1844 he established the general "League of Defence;" in 1847 he was elected member of the Diet; in 1848 he placed himself at the head of the anti-Austrian movement, became Minister, and is now virtual Regent of Hungary, showing equal military, political, and revolutionary sagacity. Kossuth is a consummate master of the sword and pen.—If the question be to fill his hearers with enthusiasm, and to rouse his fellow-Hungarians, he can be passionate, poetic, pompous, as the occasion may require; while there is no terser writer and eloquent reasoner when facts, numbers, and statistics form the substance. He possesses a thorough knowledge of the philosophical and positive law, and is master of an extensive encyclopædical knowledge. His organ of speech is strong and very sonorous. His mastery of the languages is wonderful.—He addresses with equal effect the Magyar in Hungarian, the Croat in Slavonic, the German in German; and lately, when it was necessary to fire the clergy for the Hungarian cause, he addressed the Synod of the Catholic priests in Latin, in such a manner that they were filled with patriotic ardor. His wife was described by that executioner, Prince Windischgratz, in an order to the police to catch her, among other things, thus: "She is an elegant woman, of a high degree of cultivation—speaking French, English, German, Sclavonian, and Wallachian, as fluently as Hungarian."

Kossuth has travelled in Germany, England and France. He is tall, handsome, and of imposing appearance; his head is of an oriental cast.

The greatest day of Kossuth's life was, perhaps, when in an inspired speech he demanded of the Hungarian Diet 200,000 men and 42,000,000 guilders, and the whole Assembly rose and exclaimed, "We give them!"

When he was informed that Russia was going to assist the Austrian, he quietly replied: "Then I march all Poland against Russia."

Lewis Kossuth seems to be the model of a statesman in a national revolution of a modern vast country. The difficulties which he has to overcome are immense; for never before had a patrtot to unite, in a period of revolution, such discordant elements as the Magyar, German, Sclavonic populations in Hungary are; yet his master mind and high soul do not only seem to rule, but to rouse, impel, and inspire them all for the same great end.

A country parson, who was not over promptly paid by his parishioners, on entering the church one Sabbath morning, met one of the most wealthy of his flock, and asked the loan of a dollar.

"Certainly," said the man, at the same time handing over the coin.

Dominie put it in his pocket, and preached his sermon in a most capital style; and on coming down, handed the identical dollar to the man from whom he borrowed it.

"Why," exclaimed the lender, "you have not used the money at all."

"It has been of great service to me, nevertheless," replied the parson, "I always preach so much better when I have money in my pocket."

The hint was taken, and the balance of his salary was got together the following day.

A REMEDY FOR THE CALIFORNIA FEVER.—A New Yorker, who has seen some service in camp life, offers to those afflicted with the prevailing epidemic the following prescription:

1st. Sleep three nights in your woodhouse with the door open and swinging in the wind, during which time let your diet be pork cooked by yourself at a smoky fire in the garden. 2d. Improve all your rainy nights in sleeping between your currant bushes and garden fence. 3d. On the 4th day of your regimen, let the diet be mule stake. 4th. Thereafter dispense with all kinds of food save dog meat. If this be followed resolutely, it is confidently believed a permanent cure will be effected.

LADY CRITICS.—The last number of the North American Review contains three excellent articles from accomplished females, viz:—Mrs. C. M. Kirkland, Mrs. C. F. Ellet, and Mrs. S. B. Putnam. A new field of literature is thus suddenly opened to the talented female writers of our country.