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"THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT."

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Selected Miscellany.

From the Pictorial Drawing Room Companion.

THE GREEK PIRATE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

For the following sketch, the reader is not indebted to the writer's imagination. The incidents here related are but a few among tens of thousands, equally as thrilling, which are connected with the gross injuries and final downfall of the once noble Greeks. Every toppling wall and prostrate column speaks to the beholder some tale of wrong, and even the dark and dismal streets of the once proud Athens might, by their silent story of woe, draw tears from other hearts than those of Greece.

It was just at dusk, many years ago, after the iron heel of the turbaned Turk had trodden down the liberties of Greece that a man made his way down from the city of Athens, leaving Piæus to the right towards the sea-coast. He was not more than five and twenty years of age, stout built, and wearing that expression of countenance and manner of conduct which at a single glance, betray the determined, resolute man. Just outside the entrance of Port Lion, about half a mile from the stone pedestal upon which used to stand the large marble lion, from which the port took its name, laid a small boat in which were two men, and towards this spot the above mentioned individual took his way.

"Where is the brig, Matho?" asked the new comer, as he laid his hand upon the bow of the boat and pushed her off from the land, after which he leaped on board.

"She is just off the cape, nearly fifteen miles from here," replied the elder of the two boatmen. "But tell me, Parthenius, are you determined to go on board tonight?"

"To-night?" repeated Parthenius—while a sudden flash shot from his dark eye. "Yes; and ere it be light again, my vessel shall have passed through the Sifota."

"What has happened, my dear captain that you should thus change your plans? I thought you were to sail southward."

For a moment the young captain gazed towards the harbor, and then slowly raising his finger, he said, almost in a whisper—but in a whisper so deep that the embryo hurricane, roared in its meaning tones:

"Do you see where those spars rear their tapering points above the hill?"

"Yes."

"That is the bloody Turk. The last remnant of the mountain band that sought liberty among the rocks, now lay in the hold of yonder ship; and among them is a white-haired old man who is to be sacrificed because he has fought for Greece. That man is my father; but as sure as there is a just God in heaven he shall not be delivered up to his death thus. To-morrow morning the Turk sails for the Marmora, but, by the powers of Olympus, he shall never eat, its dark waters with a Greek prisoner on board. Azotus!"

"Sir," returned the younger of the boatmen, who was thus designated.

"Step the mast and loosen the furling-line. And you, Matho, stand by to shove her head round."

As Parthenius spoke, he seated himself at the helm of the boat, and in a few moments more her broad sail caught the breeze.

A few words will explain all that the reader need understand up to this time. When the tyrant foe first overran the fertile plains of Attica, Old Parthenius gathered several hundred of his countrymen together among the mountains, and there they determined to defend themselves and their daughters. The younger Parthenius had also gathered together a band of choice spirits, but the sea was chosen as the theatre of his action; and as Greece was now yoked by the Turkish power, our youthful hero was, of course, held in the light of a pirate. No other vessels suffered at his hands save those of the Turk; but among them, his ravages had been so extensive that every seaport along the coast rang with the tale of his deeds. The son was still at liberty, but the gray haired sire was a prisoner, and the headsman's blood-stained cimetar awaited his arrival at Constantinople, whither he was to be sent to meet his doom.

The moon was just peeping up over the island dotted bosom of the Archipelago, as the light quiac of Parthenius shot from the land; and, with a moderate but fair wind, she made her way towards Cape Colonna. It was near midnight when the boat rounded to alongside of the brig, which lay at a single anchor just off Keos, and as soon as the young captain had gained the vessel's deck, he ordered the anchor to be hove up, and sail made as soon as possible.

"Marco," said he, to his first officer, who had remained in charge of the brig, "I would have our brig within the straits of Sifota before it is day-light, for I would lay off Cape Doro in the morning."

"Sifota!" returned the officer in astonishment. "I thought you were bound for Milo."

"Not yet," said Parthenius. "Do you know the Isbar?"

"Do you mean the Turkish ship that lies in Port Lion?"

"The same."

"I know her to be a stout ship."

"Well, she shall be mine; or, at least, she shall be within my power."

"Within your power!" iterated Marco in utter amazement. "Why, she has at least a hundred and fifty men, besides armament three times as heavy as ours."

"Yes, she *has* a hundred and fifty men," exclaimed the Greek captain in a tone of fierceness: "but they fight for the paltry peppers that fall from the hand of the proud Turk, while we—*we*, Marco, fight for our homes—for the memory of kindred that have perished, ties of affection that have been snapped in sunder, and for the bitter wrongs that have been heaped upon our countrymen. In the hold of the Isbar goes my old father to his death; his noble band have been all shot down like beasts, or taken prisoners, and the bloody Turk thinks he has conquered. But he has yet to pass through my hands, and may his Prophet have mercy on him, for I will walk over the corses of them all, if they stand between me and my father."

At that moment a voice from forward announced that the anchor was apeak, and Marco turned to see after the loosening of the top-sails. He knew that his captain never used idle language, and he also knew that what he had determined upon was sure to be carried into execution; but how the Greek brig, with only fifty men, was to capture the heavy Turk, he failed to comprehend. Of one thing, however, he was certain—not a Greek that trod the deck of the vessel would flinch if Parthenius bade them go on.

As the brig cleared the break of the land, the breeze came fresh and strong; and when the sun rose on the next morning, she had rounded Cape Doro, and her main-topsail was laid to the mast. High above the shoal water in which the Greek had laid-to, towered a projecting cliff of bare rock, the summit of which commanded a full view of the broad sheet of water between Eubea and Andros; and upon this eminence a sharp lookout was kept during the greater part of the day. But along towards night the white top-sails of a heavy ship were made out away to windward, and having become assured that the Turk was coming up through the straits, Parthenius called the lookout down from his station, and got his vessel once more under weigh. The wind was fresh from the northward and westward, and the brig, taking it a few points free, stood off towards the coast of Scio. As the night darkened into a state of almost sable gloom, with hardly a star to beguile the gaze of the mariner, Parthenius called his men all aft and thus addressed them:

"My brave comrades, you all know, of course, the object of this cruise, for to Matho and Azotus, and to my brave Marco, I have already revealed it. Within the next six hours the proud Turk will have cleared the Cape, and without trouble I can cross his track, for I know the exact course he will steer. You know that some of our kindred lie chained to his deck; and now, my men—hearts of Sparta and of Attica—I will lay you alongside of the Isbar; my foot shall be the first to touch the tyrant's deck. *Will you follow me?*"

There was no wild shout went up from that deck, nor was there any sudden burst of enthusiasm; but fifty bright swords flashed in the rays of the deck lantern, fifty knees were bended, and fifty lips gave to the air an oath that their countrymen should be free.

Parthenius stepped back with a light tread, and seizing the wheel in his own grasp, he put the helm up and gave orders for wearing around upon the opposite course. The brig was upon the exact course of the ship, and the young captain was confident that if he stood back in his own wake, he could not fail of coming in contact with her. The wind still continued fresh, nor had it altered from its point at night-fall, and so taking it upon the quarter, the gallant brig started back towards Cape Doro. Until after midnight the Greek kept on without interruption. The deck lantern had been extinguished, the lighter sails taken in, and over a comparatively smooth sea she seemed to creep rather than to sail, so stealthy and ghost-like were her movements. Parthenius had given the helm to Matho, and with his night-glass he had stationed himself upon the end of the bowsprit.

It lacked some minutes of one o'clock when he came hastily upon the deck and ordered the topsails to be clewed up and the yards to be eased carefully down to the caps. The Turk was directly ahead, and in fifteen minutes the meeting must take place. The brig had nothing set but the fore and main staysails, and Parthenius rightly concluded that he should not be noticed till he was too near for the ship to avoid his purpose.

"Arm! arm! every one of you!" said the Greek commander, as the tall spars of the Turk could now be clearly traced against an opening in the southern sky. "Arm to the teeth, and press forward to the larboard bow. Be ready for the leap and remember that you strike for your kindred, for your God, and for Greece! You, Azotus, look well to the grapplings—see that they are surely thrown. Let her come up—Luff! Luff!"

Matho put down the helm, & the brig, which had been gradually falling to leeward, now came up towards the looming bows of the approaching ship; and not until she was within cable's length did the Turk discover the proximity of the stranger.

"Hallo, there!" shouted the officer of the Isbar, not yet able to discover the character or size of the brig. "Keep away! up with your helm! By the beard of the Prophet, the fellow'll be afoul of us." Then turning to his own helmsmen he exclaimed, "Down with the helm! Down with it, quick! Let go the jib and fore-staysail sheets. By the power of Allah, the fool will be sunk."

The Turk had taken the course which, of all others, the Greeks could most have wished; for as the heavy ship came up into the wind she lost her headway, and in a moment more the bows of the brig grated beneath her fore-chains. Like dark spirits from the deep blue waters came the avenging Greeks, with the towering form of Parthenius at their head, they sprang upon the tyrant's deck, and ere the turbaned Moslems could collect their scattered senses, a dozen of them had fallen beneath the retributive strokes of the strange invaders.

"Strike for Greece! for Parthenius and Liberty!" shouted Marco, as he cut his way through the half-frantic Turks.

"*The Greek Pirate!*" cried the officers of the ship, as they heard that dreaded name—"then may Allah protect us."

When the Greeks first boarded, one-half of the Isbar's crew were below in their hammocks, but they soon began to crowd upon deck; they came unarmed, ignorant of what was going on, and most of them came only to their death! So unexpected—so sudden had been the attack, that ere the Turks could arm themselves, the Greeks had gained the advantage, and still pressing on, they cut down all that opposed them, until Parthenius stood upon the quarter-deck. For a moment he dropped the point of his sword and gazed about him. On every side gleamed the sword and cimetar, and head after head drooped and fell. At length a sharp, shrill cry arose from a number of Turkish officers who had crowded together upon the opposite side of the deck from where stood the Greek lion, and the call for mercy—for quarters—arose above the clash of the death-seeking steel. A proud look of triumph gleamed upon the Greek commander's face as he heard that cry and waving his sword high above his head, he shouted:

"Hold! Back, Greeks!—back! Strike not another blow except in defence." And striding forward to where the battle raged hottest, he struck down the uplifted weapons, & bade the men stand back.

In three minutes every sword hung dripping by its owner's side; and striding aft, to where stood the officers of the Turk, Parthenius shouted:

"Now, proud Turk, lead forth your prisoners. Bring up that grey-haired old man whom you have doomed to the traitor's death; and, mark me, if harm hath been done to a single hair on his head, every Moslem heart that now beats upon your decks shall send forth its blood in atonement."

With trembling limbs went the Turks to fulfil this mandate, and ere many minutes had elapsed, twelve prisoners stood unshackled upon the quarter-deck. With a heart leaping proudly into its triumph and joy, Panthenius sprang forward and clasped his aged parent to his bosom.

"God bless you, my noble son," murmered the old man, as the tears of joy rolled down his furrowed cheeks.

The Greek took up the cry of blessing, and like the clarion's peal rang their shouts of "Parthenius and liberty!" over the dark sea.

The released prisoners were conveyed to the brig, and as Parthenius was about to step over the side to his own vessel, he said to the Turkish commander:

"Go, thou infidel tyrant—go to your proud master, and tell him that Parthenius scorned to crush the poor viper that stung him! Tell him that the Greek scorns to gut his revenge on those who fight as slaves, at the beck of a still more clavish master; and tell him, too, that there be some Greeks who never will be slaves."

Six only of the brig's crew had fallen. Their bodies were removed to their own vessel, and found their rest beneath the green sward of their native land, while the dark waters of the Archipelago, received threescore of the fallen Moslems.

Back from Athens, towards the small town of Marathano, where a quiet valley repposes between two gently sloping hills, there are a number of graves. One of them which, raises its marble slab a few rods up on the northern slope, bears the simple name of PARTHENIUS. The goatherds who tend their flocks upon the neighboring hills protect that slab from harm, and a peculiar light sparkles in their eyes as they tell over the deeds of him whose ashes repose beneath it—who was once so dreaded by the Turk, and who was denounced by the Moslems as "THE GREEK PIRATE."

A French Story.

A Paris correspondent of one of the London papers, relates the following rather incredible story:—

"A commercial traveller, whose business frequently called him from Orleans to Paris, M. Edmund D——, was accustomed to go to a hotel with the landlord of which he was acquainted. He arrived a few days ago at the hotel where he was in the habit of staying. On Thursday evening after supper, he invited the people of the hotel to go to his chamber to take coffee, and he promised to tell them a tale full of dramatic incident.—On entering the room his guests saw on the bed, near which he seated himself, a pair of pistols. 'My story,' said he, 'has a sad denouement, and I require the pistols to make it clearly understood.' As he had always been accustomed, in telling his tales, to indulge in expressive pantomime, and to take up anything which lay handy calculated to add to the effect, no surprise was felt at his having prepared pistols. He began by narrating the loves of a young girl and a young man. They had both, he said, promised under the most solemn oaths, inviolable fidelity. The young man, whose profession obliged him to travel, once made a long absence.—While he was away, he received a legacy, and on his return, hastened to place it at her feet. But on presenting himself before her, he learned that, in compliance with the wishes of her family, she had just married a wealthy merchant. The young man thereupon took a terrible resolution. He purchased a pair of pistols like these,' he continued, taking one in each hand, 'then he assembled his friends in his chamber, and after some conversation placed one under his chin, in this way, as I do, saying in a joke, that it would be a pleasure to blow out his brains. And at the same moment pulled the trigger.' Here the man discharged the pistol, and his head was shattered to pieces. Pieces of the bone and portions of the brain fell on the horrified spectators. The unfortunate man told his own story."

The Escape of Madam Kossuth.

An Authentic Narrative.

During the month of August, 1848, the President Governor of Hungary, Louis Kossuth, with the principal officers of his provisional goverment, were in the fortified town of Arad, on the river Maroseh. Between that place and the town of Regadian, on the Tisch, in the vicinity of Arad, Georgey, with the Hungarian troops under his command, lay encamped; while behind him towards the Tisch, was the Russian Army of reserve, under Paskiewitch. Dembenski, with his men, besieged Temeswar, and he had already carried its third wall. Between him and the Tisch lay the United Austro-Russian forces. The Army of Bem had been defeated at Hermanstadt by the Russian General Lüders, and he had fled with a small band of followers towards Temeswar.

With this position of the combatants, the plan of Dembinski was to unite with Georgey near Arad, and then to attack the Russian forces. Before this was effected, news reached him of the capitulation of Georgey, and that the Governor, M. Kossuth, had been compelled to forsake Arad, and retire to the town of Vilagos.

Before leaving Arad, the Governor separated from his wife and children, and their parting scene is said to have been one of the most touching nature. Under the circumstances of the moment, it was a subject of even more than doubt whether they should ever again meet on earth. It was only when a young Hungarian nobleman, named Ashbot, now in exile in Kutayich with M. Kossuth, solemnly swore to his wife that he would never leave her husband, that Madame Kossuth consented to be separated from him, and seek safety in flight. The children were confided to the care of a private secretary of the Governor, and this individual subsequently delivered them up to the tender mercies of Haynau, for the purpose of securing his own pardon and safety. The children set out before their mother, and the latter, in her flight, endeavored to keep at least so near to them, as to hear now and then of their safety.

Madame Kossuth sought out a brother of hers residing in the town of Vilagos, and he is now imprisoned in the fortress of Comorn, with many others of the unfortunate Hungarian patriots, for eighteen years, on account of the succor which he then gave to his sister. Leaving him she next went in search of her children, and wandered to a *posta*, or farmhouse, of Boekna, belonging to a relative. There she fell ill of a typhus fever, which nearly cost her life; and when so far recovered to be able again to travel, she continued her journey in search of her children. She soon learned that they had been given up by their protector to the Austrian General Haynau, and taken to Pesth. Her own safety depended wholly upon the fidelity of the Hungarian Peasants, and on their attachment to her husband.

Now, having no other object in view than her own safety, without friends better off than herself, she soon became reduced to a state of complete destitution. In disguise she wandered over the most miserable part of Hungary. She even, as a means of safety, as well as support, sought for service as a servant, and by telling that she was a poor woman who had just been discharged from a public hospital—which, indeed she very much resembled—was so fortunate as to find employment in the family of an humble carpenter in the town of Orash Haya, who little thought he was served by the Lady of Louis Kossuth, the late Governor of Hungary. Everywhere notices were exposed in the streets offering forty thousand florins for her capture, and proclaiming death as the punishment of the person who should dare to harbor or conceal her from the authorities.

Among the persons who fled with M. Kossuth, before the overwhelming number of his enemies was an elderly lady, whom it is necessary to designate as Madame L——, and who, from being unable to ride as fast and as long as those who were stronger and younger than herself was left behind. She had a son a major in the Hungarian Army, near the person of the Governor, and both the son and mother were warmly attached to his interests. Madame L——, when unable to proceed longer with the fugitives, in order to reach a place of safety in the dominions of the Sultan of Turkey, determined to remain in Hungary and devote herself to the finding of Madame Kossuth and restoring her to her husband.

For this benevolent purpose Madame L—— disguised herself as a beggar and after a long and weary journey, oftener on foot than in any conveyance, she crossed the vast sandy plains of southern Hungary, and at length reached the place in which Kossuth's children were but could hear nothing of their mother.

She learned that the children had been sent, soon after their mother had lost sight of them, to the house of General G——, now in the service of the Sultan in Syria, to be kept with his own three children, hoping that they would thus be screened from those who sought after them. The eldest named Louis after his father, was seven years of age;—and all were told that if they acknowledged they were the children of the Governor they would be imprisoned by the Austrians, and never see their parents again. So that when an Austrian officer traced them to the house of General G—— he was at a loss to know which of the children were those of General G—— and which those of M. Kossuth; and approaching the of eldest of the latter, he said,—"So my little man you are the son of the Governor!" To which the youth replied "I am not sir." His firmness surprised and vexed the officer, who was certain from the statement of their betrayer, that those before him were the long lost treasures of his ambitious search he now endeavored to frighten the children, and drawing a pistol directed it to the breast of the boy, and said that if he did not at once acknowledge that he was the son of Kossuth, he would put a ball through his heart. Young Louis—who it is said shows himself, now in exile in Kutayieh, much of the character of his father—replied in a tone equally firm: "I tell you sir, I am not the son of Kossuth." The officer, baffled by the child's simplicity of manner and apparent sincerity, was divested of his convictions, and led to believe that he had been imposed upon.

But before Madame L—— could get near them other agents of the Austrian Government had been carried off in secret to Pesth, near the clutches of the butcher Haynau. The mother and sister of M. Kossuth had also been captured, and placed in strict confinement. It may be here mentioned, in this little narrative of the sufferings and deliverance of the relatives of Louis Kossuth, that Madame L——, on finding how and where his children were situated, found out her own maid servant, and so succeeded as to have her engaged at Pesth as their nurse. This person never left them until the moment of their final deliverance from their Austrian jailors was arrived. After thus having provided for the welfare of the children of M. Kossuth, Madame L—— renewed her search for the destitute, suffering mother.

Finding no trace of her Madame L—— determined to follow the fugitives and if she reached Widdin to ascertain from M. Kossuth himself where his poor wife had gone, and then return in search of her.—Continuing in the disguise of a beggar, sometimes on foot, at others in a farmer's cart, this heroic woman reached the frontiers of Hungary, and crossing them entered the fortified and walled town of Widdin, where the late Governor of Hungary and his brave unfortunate companions then were enjoying the protection and hospitality of the Sultan of Turkey. Madame L—— applied to M. Kossuth, but not being shown to him personally, and the Austrian General having set so high a price on the capture of his wife he at first regarded her in the light of an Austrian spy. Having however soon found her son, who had followed the Governor into Turkey, he readily convinced Kossuth of the identity of his mother.—All the information which Kossuth could give her was, that there was a lady in Hungary in whose house he believed his wife would seek a refuge; and if she was not still there this lady would probably know where she was.

The governor now furnished Madame L—— with a letter to this lady, and another with his own signet ring to his wife which would be evidence of her fidelity. It is not here necessary to follow Madame L—— on her toilsome journey. Devoted to the philanthropic work which she had undertaken, she wandered over the sandy steppes of Hungary, until she succeeded in reaching the little town in which the lady resided, and delivered to her M. Kossuth's letter. This she read and immediately burned it, not daring even to allow it to exist in her possession. This lady informed Madame L—— that the wife of Kossuth had left her residence in the guise of a mendicant and intended assuming the name of Maria F——; that she was to feign herself to be the widow of a soldier who had fallen in battle, and that if possible she would go to the very centre of Hungary, in those vast pasture lands, where she hoped no one would seek after her.

With this information Madame L—— again resumed her journey. She feigned to be an aged grandmother whose grandson was missing and that she was in search of him. She made many narrow escapes while passing guards, soldiers and spies; until at length she reached the plains before mentioned. She went from house to house, as if in search of her grandson, but in reality to find one who would answer the description given her of poor Maria F——. At length in a cabin she heard that name mentioned, and on inquiry who and what the person was learned that she was the widow of a Hungarian soldier who had fallen in battle, and that she had a son who was with its grandparents. They then described her person, but added that she had suffered so much from illness and grief that she was greatly changed. "Before she came here," said the speaker, "She worked for her bread, even when ill; but after her arrival she became too much indisposed to labor, on account of which they sent to the Sisters of Charity for a physician, who came bled and blistered her; and when she was able to go, she had been conveyed to the institution of the Sisters, where she then was." Madame L——, feeling convinced that the poor sufferer must be none other than the object of her search expressed a desire to visit her.

At the Sisters of Charity Madame L——, had much difficulty in procuring access to Maria, and the latter was as much opposed to receiving her. At length Madame L—— told the sisters to inform her that she had a message for her from her husband, who was not dead as she had supposed, and that she would soon convince her, if she would permit her to enter. Poor Maria between fear and hope, gave her consent, and Madame L—— was allowed to see her. Madame L—— handed her the letter of Governor Kossuth. She recognised, at once the writing; kissed it, pressed it to her heart; devoured its contents, and then destroyed it immediately. Soon a story was made up between the two females; they told the Sisters of Charity that Maria's husband "still lived," and that she would rejoin him. A little wagon was procured, as many comforts were put in it as could be had without suspicion; and these two interesting women set out on their escape from the enemies of their country.

Madame L—— had a relative in Hungary who had not been compromised in the war; so this person arranged to meet the ladies at a given place, and in the character of a merchant, travel with them. After they had left the pasture grounds, he passed as the husband of Maria and the elder female as his aunt. At night they stopped at a village, and were suspected, on account of the females occupying the bed while he slept at the door. They started early in the morning and the husband remained behind to learn more of the suspicions to which their conduct had given rise. He again overtook them, as they stopped to feed the horse, and bade them be greatly on their guard.

In the evening, while the two ladies, were sitting together in a miserably cold room, the face of poor Maria so muffled up as to conceal her features, and induce the belief that she was suffering from her teeth both appearing much as persons in great poverty, overcome by her afflictions Maria had a nervous attack, and talked and laughed so loud that her voice was recognised by an Austrian officer who happened to be in the house. This person sent a servant to ask them to come into his room, where there was a fire. Madame L—— inquired the name of the "good gentleman" who had the kindness to ask them to come into his room, and when she heard it, Maria recognised in him a deadly enemy of her husband.—While they were planning a means of evading him, the officer himself came into their apartment. Immediately arising they made an humble courtesy, in so awkward a manner as to divest him of all suspicion. Madame L—— spoke and thanked him again and again for his kindness but added that such poor creatures as they were not fit to go into his room. So soon as the officer retired, Maria had another attack, which would certainly have betrayed them had the officer been present. Madame L—— implored her to be composed, or they would be lost.

Starting again, they were not molested until in the evening, when they were apprehended and conducted by two police men before a magistrate. There the former spoke of them as suspicicious characters; but they were not told of what they were suspected. While the examination was going on, Madame L—— slipped a bank note into the hand of the superior of the two policemen. This bribe quite changed the affair; the two men became their friends, excited the pity of the magistrate in their favor and they were allowed to depart. Thus they went on from station to station, until they reached the frontiers of Hungary near the Danube. They entered the little town of Saubin, and asked permission of the head of the police to pass over the river to Belgrade. This was refused until they said they wished to go there for a certain medicine for a daughter who was ill, and that they would leave their passports as security. He then gave his consent, and they crossed the Danube, and entered the dominions of the Sultan of Turkey.

It was night when they entered Belgrade. They knocked at the door of the Sardinian Consul, who had recently been stationed in that frontier town by his king whose whole heart sympathised in the Hungarian cause and who had formed a friendly alliance with M. Kossuth for the freedom of Italy and Hungary. The Consul had been advised by M. Kossuth that two females would probably seek his protection, but not knowing them he inquired what they wished of him. Madame L—— replied "Lodging and bread." He invited them in, and Madame L—— introduced him to Madame Kossuth, the lady of the late Governor of Hungary.

It will readily be conceived that the Consul could scarcely believe that these two miserable beings were the persons they represented themselves to be. Madame Kossuth convinced him by showing him the signet ring of her husband. In his house Madame Kossuth fell ill, but received every possible kindness from her host. They learned that all the Hungarians and poles had been removed from Widdin to Shumla; and notwithstanding it was in the midst of a severe winter, they decided upon proceeding at once to the latter place. The Sardinian Consul applied to the generous and very liberal Prince of Servia, in whose principality Belgrade is, for his assistance in behalf of the ladies; and in the most hospitable and fearless manner he provided them with his own carriage and four horses, and an escort, and in this way they started through the snow for Shumla. Their journey was without any apprehensions of danger, for the British Consul-General at Belgrade, Mr. F——, had provided the party with a passport as British subjects under the assumed names of Mr. Mrs. and Miss Bloomfield; yet the severity of the weather was such that Madame Kossuth, in the ill state of her health suffered very much. Often the snow was as deep as the breasts of the horses, and not unfrequently four oxen had to be attached to it in their places. A journey which in summer would have required but a few days, now was made in twenty eight.

On the twenty eighth day a courier was sent in advance of them to apprise Governor Kossuth of their approach. He was ill; and moreover on account of the many plans of the Austrians to assassinate him, the Sultan's authorities could not allow him to leave Shumla, and go to meet his wife. The news of her deliverance and her approach occasioned the liveliest satisfaction to all the refugees; and the Hungarians and Poles went as far as the gates of the city to meet this heroic martyr of the cause of Hungary. It was night when the carriage neared the city, as it entered the gates, she found the streets lighted by with hundreds of lights poles, while over her the colors of the Hungarian flag and was welcomed by the most friendly shouts from the whole body of the refugees.

When Madame Kossuth descended from her carriage, she found herself in the presence of her husband, who had risen from his bed of illness to receive the poor Maria F——, of the plains of Hungary. In place of receiving her in his arms, M. Kossuth, overcome by feelings of admiration for the sufferings which his wife had undergone, and in gratitude for her devotion to the cause of her country threw himself at her feet and kissed them. She endeavored to speak and offer her husband consolation and tranquility, while her own poor feeble heart was ready to burst with emotion. Her voice failed her and amid the reiterated shouts of the Hungarians and Poles, this heroic woman was carried to her husband's apartments.

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In March of the past year, some seventy persons—the chief of the Hungarian refugees, among whom were also several Poles—were conveyed in one of the steamers of the Sultan of Turkey to the place designated for their future residence in Asia Minor.—From Shumla they travelled by land to Varna, on the Black Sea; from thence they were taken in the steamer to Ghemlik, in the Gulf of Madamia in the sea of Marmora, without being allowed to stop at Constantinople. They crossed from that place to Brousa, at the foot of Mount Olympus, and after a short delay there agitated by hopes and fears, they continued on to Kutayieh, where they still are. Madame Kossuth is with her husband, and, greatly through the labors of Madame L——, who undertook another journey into Hungary for this purpose, she now also has her children with her. Among the individuals who persisted in remaining at Kutayieh with the Ex-Governor of Hungary and his lady, are Madame L—— and the relative who, during the dangerous wanderings in Hungary, figured as her husband.

In the United States they will all find a hearty welcome, and in the paths of private life each will find that sympathy and assistance to which their patriotism and their sufferings so strongly entitle them.

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*It is not known by what route the ladies reached the capital of Hungary; but it is certain that supposing their presence would not be suspected at Pesth, they heroically proceeded to that city, then in possession of General Haynau. It has since then become a source of pride to both of them, that they, safe in their disguise, passed that celebrated military "butcher" in the streets of Pesth. Among the letters with which this lady was charged by the exiles of Widden, was one for the lamented martyr of Hungary, Count Casimar Bathiany, then confined in a prison of the city, waiting the cruel fate to which the "butcher" subjected him. When it was decided that he should be ignominiously put to death by the hangman's rope, that excellent and very mild Hungarian patriot endeavored to put an end to his existence with a razor; but unfortunately not succeeding Haynau dragged his mutilated and bleeding body from the prison, and ended his life on the gallows. The letter that Madame L—— had for him was from his brother, who had escaped into Turkey with M. Kossuth; and she had the satisfaction of causing it through the venality of his jailors, to be placed in the hands of the sufferer to, whom it was a source of consolation to know that his brother was in safety.

The Flower Girl of Wyoming.

The Wilks-Barre *Farmer* says:—Ingham the painter has left after him a portrait of the Flower Girl of Wyoming which is regarded by connoisseurs as a work of great merit.—Connected with the picture of the Flower Girl is the following romantic but really authentic story:—

Many years ago a gentlemon from England was travelling at his leisuse, in the coaches of the United States mail, down the charming valley of the Wyoming, and on a certain occasion chanced to tarry for a short time in the village of that name. It was mid summer, and while enjoying his after dinner cigar on the portico of the tavern, a young girl suddenly made her appearance, offering for sale, in the innocence and modesty of her heart, a basket of fresh flowers. He purchased a handsome boquet, and when the coach was ready, continued his journey.—Weeks passed on, but wherever he wandered, he was continually haunted by the surpassing loveliness of the unknown flower girl of Wyoming, & he soon found himself a sojourner in the village inn. He had by this time become so deeply interested in the stranger-girl, that he made many inquiries about her condition, and found that she was the only daughter of poor parents. With these parents he finally became acquainted, and in process of time obtained permission to place the daughter at one of the principal female seminaries of the country. While she was storing her mind with knowledge her benefactor was living in England. Time passed on; he returned to Wyoming, found the flower-girl an accomplished lady, offered her his hand in marriage, and was accepted and married, and after settling a property on his American parents, crossed the Atlantic with his bride and settled in one of the pleasant vales of England, where he now lives in the enjoyment of everything which wealth and education can afford. The picture in question is an actual portrait, and was taken from a sketch which the artist painted on the very day the English stranger purchased a boquet of the Flower Girl of Wyoming.

How Victoria Popped The Question.—Our readers probably all remember the story about the charming manner in which Victoria first indicated to Prince Albert her preference for his youthful highness, by presenting to him, at a palace ball, her boquet, and how the young prince, saying to himself, no doubt, as the Yankee would have done on a like occasion, "Here goes, darn the expense," ripped a slit it his "close uniform, buttoned up to his throat," and deposited the happy omen in the locality "nearest his heart." This, however, was not quite enough; and so her majesty, at a subsequent interview with the prince, after listening to his encomiums on England, plumply "popped the question" in the wise—"If your Highness is pleased with the country, would you like to remain in it?" His reply may be easily guessed by any lady.

☞ How much more might people accomplish if they would but make it a point to carry out whatever they undertake.