



HYMN OF VICTORY.

FOR THE 4TH OF JULY, BY A LADY OF NEW YORK.

Rise! to sing the deeds of glory
By our brave old fathers done;
Deeds that hallow song and story,

From the Republic.

HUNGARY AND THE HUNGARIANS.

Not the least interesting and important of the desperate conflicts now going on in Europe between the people and their oppressors, the crowned heads, is the noble struggle for liberty and independence, maintained by the Hungarians or Magyars against the combined efforts of the Emperor of Austria and the Czar of Russia to reduce them to bondage and servitude.

Sympathizing, as the American people do, with every nation struggling for freedom, it is impossible for us to look upon the apparently unequal conflict in which the Hungarians are engaged, without uttering an earnest prayer that the God of battles may continue, as heretofore, to smile upon their efforts, and crown their bravery and self-sacrificing patriotism with victory and triumph.

Distant and isolate as this people is, we have heretofore been little conversant with its affairs. We have known the Hungarians as constituting a portion of the Austrian empire; not generally as a people brave and chivalrous to an extreme degree, high spirited and tenacious of their rights and liberties, prompt and uncompromising in their birthright as freemen. It is probably not even known generally, in this country, that Hungary has never been conquered, nor passed under the yoke of absolutism; and that it is an attempt to place this yoke upon her neck now that has brought on the present conflict between her and Austria, and called forth her spirit of resistance.

While in other States of the Austrian empire, such as Bohemia and Lombardy, the spirit of the people has been crushed by the iron hand of despotism, and they have been impoverished and humbled to the dust by proscriptions, confiscations, exactions, and arbitrary imprisonments.—Hungary has preserved her independence and that indomitable spirit which the love and possession of liberty alone gives to man.

It was not by conquest but by election that the imperial house of Hapsburg became possessed of the crown of Hungary; nor is the crown hereditary in that or any other family, but elective; consequently, Hungary is as independent of Austria as Austria is of Hungary. But, notwithstanding this independence of nationality, Hungary has never ceased to dye every battle-field where Austria has been engaged with the richest blood of her sons, poured out with the profusion of water, in her defence. Who has not often read, with thrilling interest, of the chivalric conduct of the Hungarian nobles towards the Empress, Maria Theresa, when she threw herself and her child into their arms for protection?

Such was the noble and chivalric conduct of the Hungarians, even towards a nation from whom they had, in former times, suffered religious persecution of no ordinary character.

"The history of religious persecution," says the same writer, "everywhere a chronicle of misery and crime, has few pages so revolting as that which tells of the persecutions of the Protestants of Hungary, under her Roman Catholic kings of the house of Austria." But when the voice of distress reaches their ears, and a confiding appeal was made to their sympathies as men, their loyalty as subjects, and their bravery as soldiers, they had no memory for injuries, no wrongs to redress, no stipulations of future security and indemnity to make. They were too noble and magnanimous to take advantage of weakness and adversity, and too brave and chivalrous to resist the appeal of a woman, borne down by superior numbers, who had thrown herself, her child, and her cause upon their generous protection. The sword was drawn; thousands fell; the expense of the war was uncomplainingly borne by them; hundreds of families were ruined; but the Queen and the empire were saved. How they were requited by the child and his successors, history records; but it is due to the memory of Maria Theresa to say, that she forgot not the debt she owed her brave Hungarian subjects, and ever treated them with the confidence and consideration they had merited of her.

But it is not as a brave, free and chivalric race alone that the Hungarians are entitled to our sympathies and good wishes. As a christian people we are under deep and lasting obligations to them, as every christian nation is, for the noble resistance they made for centuries to the advancing tide of Islamism that beat against them, and frequently threatened to overwhelm the whole of eastern Europe. It was upon their devoted heads that the thickest and heaviest blows of the fierce and relentless followers of Mahomet fell; it was their fields that were laid waste, their crops and cattle that were destroyed, their villages, towns, cities and hamlets that were devastated; their country that was swept as by a tornado of fire, and their wives and children that fell by the merciless scimitar of the hitherto triumphant and resistless Turk.

Situated as she was, and still is, upon the frontier of christian Europe, and bordering upon the countries already wrested from their former possessions by the conquering Osmanli, Hungary stood as a bulwark between the Turks and Christians, and had in every instance to meet the advancing hosts, whose aim was to subjugate all Europe, and to plant the crescent wherever stood the cross, as they had already planted it upon the dome of St. Sophia, and the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. She stood as the advanced guard of christianity, and faithfully did she perform her duty. From that day, even from the moment she was settled by her present race, in the tenth century, has her prowess commanded the admiration of both friends and foes.

It is true that the Turkish armies on one occasion bore down all opposition in their desolating career, and sweeping over her entire territory, took Buda or Ofen, and advanced to the very walls of Vienna, to which they laid siege, and from which they were finally driven by the celebrated John Sobieski, of Poland; but the Hungarians were still unconquered, and ever ready to meet the infidels whenever their banners appeared upon their frontiers, which was never the case, however, after the severe defeats they received from the combined armies of Hungary and Austria, under the command of the celebrated Prince Eugene, who at the same time wrested from them their stronghold upon the Danube, the city of Belgrade.

Something more than a century and a quarter has elapsed since the Turks were then driven back, their sacred banner taken, and their future encroachment upon christian Europe thus forever arrested. But has this lapse of time lessened the gratitude due to that heroic people who for centuries maintained the conflict with this horde, which till then had met no foe that could check its victorious and desolating career? We trust not. Americans, we are sure, will sympathize with them in the desperate struggle they are now compelled to maintain in defence of their ancient rights and liberties; and we venture to affirm that we speak the sentiments of every Whig, and we trust of every Democrat in the nation, when from our inmost soul we bid them God speed, and express the hope that the imperial armies arrayed against them, and which came to enslave and oppress, may in every conflict be driven like chaff before the wind.

WATERLOO---BEFORE AND AFTER.

We were forcibly struck lately, (says the Knickerbocker,) in reading Dumas' "Shores of the Rhine," by this contrasted picture of "Napoleon going and returning from Waterloo." The two scenes are worthy of the pencil of Delacroix:

"We saw two carriages approaching, galloping each with six horses. They disappeared for an instant in a valley, then rose again at a quarter of a league's distance from us. Then we set off towards the town, crying, 'L'Empereur! L'Empereur!' We arrived breathless, and only preceding the Emperor by some five hundred paces. I thought he would not stop, whatever might be the crowd awaiting him, and so made for the post-house, when I sank down half dead with the running; but at any rate I was there. In a moment appeared, turning the corner of a street, the foaming horses; then the positions all covered with ribbons; then the carriages themselves; then the people following the carriages. The carriages stopped at the post. I saw Napoleon! He was dressed in a green coat, with little epaulets, and wore the officer's cross of the legion of honor. I only saw his bust framed in the square of the carriage window. His head fell upon his chest; that famous medallion head of the old Roman Emperors. His forehead fell forward; his features, immovable, were of the yellowish color of wax; only his eyes appeared to be alive. Next to him, on his left, was Prince Jerome, a King without a kingdom, but a faithful brother. He was at that period a fine young man of six-and-twenty or thirty years of age, his features regular and well formed, his beard black, his hair elegantly arranged. He saluted in place of his brother, whose vague glance seemed lost in the future; perhaps in the past. Opposite the Emperor was Letort, his aid-de-camp, an ardent soldier, who seemed already to snuff the air of battle; he was smiling too, the poor fellow, as if he had long days to live! All this lasted about a minute. Then the whip cracked, the horses neighed, and it all disappeared like a vision."

Three days afterward, toward evening, some people arrived from Saint Quentin; they said that as they came away they heard cannon. The morning of the seventeenth, a courier arrived who scattered all along the road the news of the victory. The eighteenth nothing. The nineteenth nothing; only vague rumors were abroad coming, no one knew whence. It was said that the Emperor was at Brussels. The twentieth, three men in rags, two wounded, and riding jaded horses all covered with foam, entered the town, and were instantly surrounded by the whole population, and pushed into the court-yard of the town-house. These men hardly spoke French. They were, I believe, Westphalians, belonging somehow to our army. To all our questions they only shook their heads sadly, and ended by confessing that they had quitted the field of battle at Waterloo at eight o'clock, and that the battle was lost when they came away. It was the advanced guard of the fugitives. We would not believe them. We said these men were Prussian spies. Napoleon could not be beaten! That fine army which we had seen pass could not be destroyed. We wanted to put the poor fellows into prison; so quickly had we forgotten '13 and '14, to remember the which had gone before! My mother ran to the fort, where she passed the whole day, knowing it was there the news must arrive, whatever it were. During this time I looked out in the maps for Waterloo, the name of which even I could not find, and began to think the place was imaginary, as was the men's accounts of the battle. At four o'clock, more fugitives arrived, who confirmed the news of the first comers. These were French, and could give all the details which we asked for. They repeated what the others had said, only adding that Napoleon and his brother were killed. This we would not believe; Napoleon might not be invincible; invulnerable he certainly was. Fresh news more terrible and disastrous continued to come in until ten o'clock at night.

At ten o'clock at night we heard the noise of a carriage. It stopped, and the Postmaster went out with a light. We followed him, as he ran to the door to ask for news. Then he started a step back, and cried, 'It's the Emperor!' I got on a stone bench, and looked over my mother's shoulder. It was indeed Napoleon; seated in the same corner, in the same uniform, his head on his breast as before. Perhaps it was bent a little lower; but there was not a line in his countenance, not an altered feature, to mark the feelings of the great

gambler, who had just staked and lost the world. Jerome and Letort were not with him to bow and smile in his place. Jerome was gathering together the remnants of the army; Letort had been cut in two by a cannon ball. Napoleon lifted his head slowly, looked round as if rousing from a dream, and then, with his brief, strident voice, 'What place is this?' he said, 'Villiers-Coteret, Sir.' 'How many leagues from Soissons?' 'Six, Sir.' 'From Paris?' 'Nineteen.' 'Tell the post-boys to go quick, and he once more flung himself back into the corner of his carriage, his head fell on his chest. The horses carried him away as if they had wings! The world knows what had taken place between these two apparitions of Napoleon!

PARSON HOWE ON HORACE GREELEY.—Many years ago, when we were, like Br. A. of Shieldsboro', one of the good looking young men of the country, as we were strolling along by the Parke, in the city of Gotham, we met a brother typist, an ill-dressed and most ungraceful fellow, the back of his well worn hat pressed down to his shoulders; the sleeves of his thread bare coat but about half way from his elbow to his wrist; and a pair of time honored pants, which a Chatham street Jew would have disdained to "ticket," but barely covered his slim shanks to within an inch or two of the ankles; flaxen was his poll; blank and expressionless his face; and if a painter or statuary in search of a subject perfectly devoid of the graces, had then encountered him, the artist would have said, "This is the very object of my search!" "How are you, Howe?" "How are you, Greeley?" "What have you there?" (He had about half a ream of papers under his arm.) "The first number of a newspaper.—The New Yorker—(handing me one)—which I have just started—struck off ten thousand copies, and am distributing them gratuitously, experimentally, expecting to get a goodly list of subscribers thereby; in a hurry, good bye; and the sloven passed on his way; to wealth as a publisher; to fame as an editor; to popularity as a politician; and now is the most eminent representative in Congress, of the first city of the Union; of that city in which sixteen years ago, doubtless, many a fashionable young lady tittered as she passed at the queer looking disciple of Franklin."

AN AMERICAN STATESMAN.—The true American statesman is patriotic. He loves his country—his whole country.—He is jealous of her honor, and proud of her fame. In the hour of her prosperity he rejoices; in the hour of her peril, he flies to her rescue. He loves the glorious Union, and seeks to strengthen its bonds. He frowns upon every attempt in whatever quarter originating, to breath jealousies and discord among the members of our national family. He knows no east nor west, nor north nor south, only as being parts of one grand, united inseparable whole. Such men have lived in this country. Such now sleep in this country's bosom. Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Jay, William Wirt, Roger Sherman, Patrick Henry! These and their compeers were the very soul of this nation—the very heart, whose every beat sent its streams of patriotic life-blood through every vein and artery of the republic. The debt we owe them can never be repaid.—They have directed their country to glory, and their countrymen to hope. They have been our teachers to instruct—our counselors to guide—our guardians to defend. And their bright example and holy precepts still constitutes the "cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night," to guide the millions of this favored land to usefulness, to knowledge and to truth.—Dr Jordan.

BEHAVIOR IN COMPANY.—On the subject of Behavior in Company, LEIGH RICHMOND gives the following excellent advice to his daughters:

"Be cheerful, but not gigglers. Be serious, but not dull. Be communicative but not forward. Be kind, but not servile. Beware of silly thoughtless speeches; although you may forget them, others will not. Remember God's eye is in every place, and his ear in every comp ny. Beware of levity and familiarity with young men; a modest reserve, without affectation, is the only safe path. Court and encourage serious conversation with them who are truly serious and conversable, and do not go into valuable company without endeavoring to improve by the intercourse permitted to you. Nothing is more unbecoming, when one part of a company is engaged in profitable and interesting conversation, than that another part should be trifling, giggling, and talking comparative nonsense to each other."

"WAR'S YURE HOSS?"

Some years since, when the State of Missouri was considered "Far West," there lived on the bank of the river of the same name of the State, a substantial farmer, who, by years of toil, had accumulated a tolerably pretty pile of castings; owing, as he said, principally to the fact that he didn't raise much taters and unions, but the rite smart of corn. This farmer, hearing that good land was much cheaper farther south, concluded to move there. Accordingly, he provided his oldest son with a good horse; and a sufficiency of the needful to defray his travelling and contingent expenses, and instructed him to purchase two hundred acres of good land, at the lowest possible price, and return immediately home. The next day, Jeems started for Arkansas, and after an absence of some six weeks, returned home.

"Well, Jeems," said the old man, "how'd you find land in Arkansas?" "Tolerably cheap, dad." "You didn't buy more'n tu hundred acres, did you, Jeems?" "No, dad, not over tu hundred, I reckon."

"How much money hev you got left?" "Nary red, dad! cleaned rite out!"

"Why, I had no idee travelin' was 'sensive in them parts, Jeems."

"Wal, jest yu try it wunst, and yule find out, I reckon."

"Wal! never min that, let's heare 'bout the land, and— but, war's yure hoss?"

"Why, yu see, dad, I was agoin' along one day—"

"But war's yure loss!"

"Dad darn mi hide, ef yu don't shet up dad, I'll never git to the hoss. Wal, as we was both goin' the same way, me and this feller jined company, an' 'bout noon, we hitch our critters, and I set down aside uv a branch, and went to eatin' a snack. Arter we'd got thru, this feller sez to me—"

"Try a drap of this cre red-eye, stranger?"

"Wal, I don't mind," sez I—

"But war's yure loss!"

"Kummin' to him bime-by, dad." So me an' this feller sot thar, sorter torkin' and drinkin', and then he sez—

"Stranger, let's play a leetle game of seven-up," atakin' out uv his pocket a greasy, roun-cornered pack uv kerds.

"Don't keer ef I du," sez I. So we set up side uv a stump, an' kummeeced to bet a quarter up, an' I was a 'slyain' him awful!"

"But war's yure loss?"

"Kummin' to him, dad. Bime-by luck changed, and he got tu winnin', and putty sune, I had n't nary nuther dollar. Then sez he:

"Stranger, I'll gin yu a chance to git even, an' play yu one more game."

"Well, we both plaid rite tite that game, I sware, and we was both six and six," and—

"War's yure loss?"

"Kummin' to him, dad. We was six and six, dad, and 'twas his deal—"

"Will yu tell me war's yure loss?" said the old man, gettin' riled.

"Yes, we was six and six, an' he turned the jack!"

"War's yure loss?"

"The stranger won him a-turning that jack!"—A. O. Delta.

Indian and Yankee.

The water of Mackinaw is very clear and very cold, so cold as to be almost unendurable. A gentleman lately amused himself by throwing a small gold coin in twenty feet of water, and giving it to any Indian who would bring it up. Down they plunged, but after descending ten or twelve feet, they came up so chilled, that after several attempts they gave it up. A Yankee standing by observed that "if he would give it to him for getting it he'd swing it up quicker than lightning," to which he consented; when Jonathan, instead of plunging in as was expected, quietly took up a setting pole, and dipping the end in a tar barrel, reached it down to the coin and brought it up, and slipping it into his pocket, walked off, to the amazement of the Indian divers, and the no small chagrin of the donor.

BED BUGS.—There is a long article in the Valley Farmer, by which it is established, beyond question, that sweet oil occasionally rubbed over bedsteads, chairboards, &c. will effectually prevent the appearance of bed bugs. We think it unnecessary to publish the evidence of the efficacy of this cheap and agreeable preventive of the nuisance in question. The reader will take our word that it is conclusive.—Louisville Journal.

Honorable Confession.

Col. Ethan Allen, the hero of Ticonderago, though a brave and honored patriot, was an avowed deist. He wrote several works against Christianity, one of which, profanely entitled "Allen's Bible," has caused the ruin of many a young man, impatient of religious restraint.

While seated in his quiet home, glorying in the independence he had so bravely contributed to procure, and exulting still more in his imagined triumphs over religion, he was suddenly called to the death-bed of a dearly beloved child. She had been well instructed by her mother in the principles and duties of Revealed Religion, and at this trying hour it afforded her not merely consolation, but triumphant joy.

When her father, whom she had regarded with respect and affection, arrived, and was bending over her couch, she threw her arms around his neck, and with a look of unutterable kindness said: "Father, I am dying; tell me, shall I go into eternity believing your sentiments, or what my mother has taught me?"

The veteran, whom no argument had ever shaken, who had stood unmoved in the battle-field, surprised by her heavenly security and confidence, tremblingly replied:—"My daughter, my dying daughter, believe what your mother has taught you." How utterly worthless, at that moment, must have appeared all his boasted reasoning against a religion, which could thus give victory in death, by bringing life and immortality to light, and who in such circumstances would not say, "let me die the death of the righteous!"

CURE FOR JEALOUSY.—The affair of Bruce who was murdered, and found by aid of a clairvoyant, according to the accounts, induced a young married man, who was on a visit to the city, to call on one of these seers and ascertain in what occupation his wife was engaged at her residence some ninety miles away.

"She is in the parlor," said the lady, "and every once in a while she looks out of the window, as if expecting some one."

"Strange," said the gentleman, "who can she expect?"

"Some one entering the door, she seizes him and caresses him fondly."

"It can't be; it's all a hoax; my wife is true to me," interrupted the gentleman, who was nettled and worried by the green-eyed monster.

"Now he lays his head on her lap, and looks tenderly into her eyes."

"I swear that is false; and I'll make you pay dear for this slander."

"Now he wags his tail," continued the sleeper; and as this explained the story, he vamoosed, and resolved never again to be inquisitive in regard to his wife's doings.

GIVE ME YOUR BABY.

The Cincinnati Commercial tells the following:

We saw a poor woman sitting on the steps in front of a hotel on Fifth street, the other morning, holding a pale yet beautiful infant in her arms: in one hand she held a saucer containing a few pennies. She was apparently about thirty, and neatly clad, although the dress was of the cheapest material. One could see that her position in life had been better, and perhaps a happy one for years.

Our attention was arrested by a crowd of well dressed ladies, who were standing around and endeavoring to beg the baby.

"What a sweet child!" said one.

"Poor little dear!" said another, "how I should love it if it was my own!"

The mother drew her child closer to her bosom but said not a word.

Another lady, in whose face one could see at a glance, a fountain of charity and love, seemed more intent on the child than any other.

"Give me your baby," said she, "and I will take good care of it."

The poor woman looked up for the first time, with a face so melancholy, and the tears trembled in her eyes.

"No madam, I thank you for your kind feelings, but I cannot part with the only thing I have left to love on earth!"

This was enough. The lady dropped a half eagle into the saucer, and turned away in tears. The others opened their purses, and placed their offerings in charitable sociability with the gold piece. We added our mite, and walked away a happier and better man.

"Yer drunk again, hey?" "No, my love, (hic.) not drunk but slippery. (hic.) The fact is, my dear, somebody has been rubbing the bottom of my boots, till they are as smooth as a pane of glass."