

by these attacks, though perhaps her end is served by the efficiency acquired in actual warfare by her troops. These troops, and those in the adjoining country under the same command, were used by Prince Wenzlow, in conversation with an English officer who lately visited his camp at Tiflis, as numbering 300,000 men. Allowing for the exaggeration natural to a loose conversational estimate, we may probably safely conjecture there to number 250,000.

### HARK! OVER EUROPE SOUNDING!

BY CHARLES M. HAY

Hark! over Europe sounding, The first, the signal gun, The foe has burst the blow is struck, The deed is done— From East to South it echoes From East to West it rings, The united nations join their hand, And gather to the war.	Not long shall last the conflict— Though Russia laugh to scorn, The wrongful cause, if 'sp' to-day, Is done to-morrow morn' When France unites with England, Beware defeat and shame, Ye foes of right, who face the fight, And tan the wicked's shame!
From restless slumber waking The thunder in her ear, The happy Poland starts to life, And greets her broken spear Oh! if she grows young to hear it— The foe's tub-shells in her glare And Hungary mounts her lat-e steel, And waves her fiery lance!	Hark! over Europe sounding, The first, the signal gun! But when the last loud cannon peal Shall tell of victory won, Be sure, ye proud aggressors, Your hour shall not be long— They may not, shall not, cannot win, Who battle in the wrong.

### PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF, THE GREAT RUSSIAN DIPLOMATIST.

Up to the present moment the Russian policy has been the policy of Nesselrode; but should the genius of the old Russian party—the barbaric genius of Menschikoff—be once in the ascendant, all further attempts at diplomacy and negotiation will cease, and the domination of might alone ensue. It therefore becomes necessary that the character and tendencies of Prince Menschikoff should be closely studied, for in the circumstances in which the Imperial Cabinet is now placed, that noted individual is not only a Prince, an Ambassador, and as we hear this morning the actual Governor of Moldavia and Wallachia, but the incarnation of a deep seated sentiment.

Prince Menschikoff in truth derives his consequence from the fact that he is the representative of the ancient Russian party; that is, the old nobility, whose eyes the reforms achieved by Peter the Great have always appeared as unholy revolutionary changes—that party which hates and envies the existing ameliorations, and looks forward to the future in hopes of renewing the abominations of the past. He is the representative of those violent fanatics, individuals who feel themselves "cribbled, cabined, confined," within the boundaries of their vast "steppes," and seek to lay still larger tracts of land in bondage at their feet. He is the head and front of the declared enemies of European civilization, who glory in the absurd belief that one day they will be able to subjugate the western continent, and remould it upon their own despotic model. He is the type of that party, in fine, who know no right but that of force, no onward march but that directed by vile self-interest; and who inherit all the barbarous impulses of a Cossack horde.

We have no portrait of Menschikoff, as he has invariably refused to sit to any artist. This great grandson, however, of Peter the great's favorite, is about 70 years of age, of middle stature, has close cut milk-white hair, a high, open forehead, sharply defined features, and a bright sparkling eye. His gait is haughty but slightly limping, from a wound that he received in a singular manner at the siege of Varna, 1828. It is affirmed that once, being charged, he strode through the camp; and as he was returning to his quarters he stopped and remained with his legs stretched wide apart, while he enjoyed a pinch of snuff. Suddenly the report of a heavy gun was heard, and the Prince fell headlong to the ground. When he was taken up, it was found that a cannon ball had passed between his legs, and wounded him severely in the thigh.

Prince Menschikoff is one of the most extensive landed proprietors in the Empire, and counts his serfs by thousands; but unlike the generality of the Russian nobles, who throw away their riches in reckless profusion, he adds duty to his wealth. His economy is without a parallel, and indeed is stated to descend to parsimony of the lowest grade. Strange tales are told about him; but however grinding his extortion and his avarice in his paternal estate, he knows too well the duties he owes to his high rank and station in the Russian Empire to sin openly against etiquette; and on all grand state occasions his appearance carriages, and suite are most magnificent. He possesses a superb mansion at St. Petersburg; his establishment of servants and equipage is on a scale of the most lavish expense, and he is surrounded by numerous aids-de-camp glittering in "barbaric gold and pearls."

Another striking peculiarity of this most remarkable man is the aversion he entertains for foreigners. Not one—even an ambassador—has ever been permitted to enter his palace. Nor is this repugnance confined to those who are strangers in the strict sense of the word; for several Finlanders of eminence who had been acquainted with him when Governor General of that province, have been denied access to him when they happened to be casually at St. Petersburg; the only favor accorded to them being the permission to take refreshments in his ante-chambers, with the upper servants of the house.

Various reasons have been assigned for this antipathy; but from whatever cause it may arise, the fact cannot be denied, and it is equally true that in his private life he conducts himself with all the imperiousness of an ancient boyard, possessing the power of life and death without the least earthly responsibility.

He is both rough and sickle; and when anything offends him, becomes absolutely brutal. It is whispered in his own territories that at times he has entertained ideas of freeing himself from the imperial yoke; but while he bends to it at present from motives of avarice or ambition, he revenges his official servitude by brow-beating, threatening and abusing all who have the misfortune to be connected with him; and as he is a man of considerable talent and indomitable energy, he succeeds most marvellously in this amiable occupation. It is not therefore to be wondered at that he has many enemies.

Menschikoff is married to the Princess Dolgorouki, by whom he has a son and a daughter.

Such are the leading traits and the politics and demeanor of this Russian Prince of whom we have lately heard so much, as given in a pamphlet by Leonzon le Duc, who was the Charge de

Mission to the Courts of Russia and Finland, and who has derived all his facts either from personal observation or from the most authentic documents.—*Courier and Enquirer.*

### AMMOROUS.

A little noise now and then,  
Is relished by the wisest men.

### SONG FOR ALL.

Ye merry Mechanics, come join in my song,  
And let the brisk chorus go bounding along;  
Though some may be poor, and some rich there be,  
Yet all are contented, and happy, and free.

Ye Tailors' of ancient and noble renown,  
Who clothe all the people in country and town,  
Remember that Adam, your father and head,  
Though lord of the world, was a tailor by trade.

Ye Masons' who work in stone, mortar, and brick,  
And lay the foundation deep, solid and thick;  
Though hard be your labor, yet lasting your fame,  
Both Egypt and China your wonders proclaim.

Ye Smiths' who forge tools for all trades here below,  
You have nothing to fear while you smite and you blow.  
All things you may conquer, so happy your lot,  
If you are careful to strike, while your iron is hot.

Ye Shoe-makers' nobly, from ages long past,  
Have defended your rights with your awl to the last;  
And Cobblers' all merry, not only shoe-hob's,  
But work might and eay for the good of our soles.

Ye Joiners and Carpenters, far off and near,  
Stuck close to your trades and you've nothing to fear.

Ye Hatters' who oft with hands not very fair,  
Fix hats on a block, or a blockhead to wear;  
Though charity covers a sin now and then,  
You cover the heads and the sins of all men.

Ye Carders, and Spinners, and Weavers attend,  
And take the advice of poor Richard, your friend;  
Stuck close to your looms, your wheels and your card,  
And you never need fear of the times being hard.

Ye Printers' who give us our learning and news,  
Impartially print for Turks, Christians, and Jews;  
Let favorite toast ever sound in the streets,  
The freedom of press and a volume in sheets.

Ye Coopers' who rattle with driver and adz,  
And lecture each day upon hoops and on heads;  
The famous old ballad of *loer in a tub*,  
You may sing to the tune of your rub a dub dab.

Each 'Prentice and Journeyman join in the song,  
And let the brisk chorus go bounding along.

Q Young ladies are requested to say, what is the difference between a butterfly and a flutterby.

A What relation is the doornat to the scraper? A step farther.

Q Jonathan did you ever bet on a horse?  
A No, but I've often seen my sister Bet on an old mare.

Q Please, sir, I don't think Mr. Dos'em takes his physic regular, said a doctor's boy to his employer. Why so? Cause he is getting well so fast.

Q Mrs. Partington says she has noticed that whether flour was dear or cheap, she had invariably to pay the same money for half a dollar's worth.

Q The latest case of absence of mind is related of a foreman of a grand jury in Missouri. After administering the oath to a beautiful woman, instead of handing the Bible, he presented his face and said, "Now kiss the book, madam!"

Why is a compositor like two distinct species of the canine race? Because he is a "Setter" and a "Pointer." Don't steal this.—*Quebec Gazette.*

Now, pa, tell me what humbug is? It is replied pa, when mamma pretends to be fond of me and puts no buttons on my shirt.

Q Grandfather, said a saucy little boy the other day, how old are you? The old gentleman, who had been a soldier, and was much under the ordinary size, took the child between his knees, and said; My dear boy, I am ninety-five years old, but why do you ask? The little fellow, with all the importance of a Napoleon, replied, "Well, it appears to me that you are remarkably small of your age!"

FEEL FROM GRACE.—Thus exclaimed a Milesian, when he saw Deacon Jewett slip off a lard barrel.

TRUTH BY MISTAKE.—A printer in setting up a line:  
Hell has no fury like a woman scorned, by some oversight left out the s and made it read:

Hell has no fury like a woman corned.

A slight departure from the text, but none whatever from the truth.

LOVE LETTER FROM A TAILOR TO A MANTUAMAKER.—REMARKS OF MY HOSES.—May I be ripped from the bowels of your esteem, and never be buttoned to the lap of your kindness but I am strongly scamed to the hem of your beauty. May I never loose a thimble full of your favor but you have so entangled the thread of my understanding with that pretty outside of yours that I am stark mad to be your—*Old-hadlins!* I am an'rely yours, every stitch of me. Wherever you go you are my North, and my needle follows you; blunt not, therefore, the point of my endeavors, but let me best myself to your kindness, that I may set the tighter to your affections. I love you beyond measure but yet it is so hard to cabbage one sweet look from you, that I almost despair of having enough to finish my suit. Pray put a favorable construction on this, and for the same I shall always sit cross-legged for your sake, being my dear little flowerer,  
Yours, &c., JACK.

### Ladies' Department.

Lines, written at Hamilton, 9 o'clock in the evening, Oct. 8, 1836  
TO MY ONLY LOVE

Though forests wide and waters deep,  
Our meeting do debar;  
My heart its vigils still will keep,  
My thoughts be where you are.

Though distance may divide us far,  
And keep thee, love, from me;  
Yet thou shalt be the magnet star,  
Mine eyes shall only see.

Within my heart thine image, love,  
Rests firm as mountain rock;  
No time, no ill, its hold will move,  
Not even death's rude shock.

C. M. D.

### LAYING SPOON-FASHION, OR THE WAY TO CATCH A WIFE.

'Yes, you're right, observed the Doctor, as he drew closer up to the bar-room stove.

'There's a variety of curious incidents connected with the marriage of most people that would excite the risibles of quite a number, were they generally known.'

'I've heard that your marriage grew out of some funny circumstance or other,' said Uncle Eben, as heavored the glowing anthracite before him with a copious expectation of the Virgins leaf. 'Out with it, Doctor, and let's have a chance to laugh a bit. I'll be bound there's a joke somewhere, or the twinkle of your eye belies you very sadly.'

'Perhaps there was a joke, previous to, and accessory to our marriage, in fact but I'm not quite sure that my good lady would care about having it repeated,' said the Doctor.

Nearly a dozen years ago I was on my return to the old homestead in the good State of Connecticut, having just completed my studies as a student of medicine. In company of a goodly number of people, I stopped for the night at a country inn in the town of B—, not being able to resume my journey till a late hour on the following day. Having always been an admirer of the country, I was not at all dissatisfied with the arrangement, and my pleasure was further enhanced by my finding at the well laid up supper-table two ladies of surpassing loveliness, the younger of whom I thought the most bewitching little creature in existence.

The ladies were accompanied by a young gentleman about my own age, with whom I could not but feel exceedingly annoyed, he not only engrossed all their attention, but lucky dog as he was, seemed determined that no other person should participate in the amusement. An offer of some little delicacy by myself to the younger of the two ladies was met by an icy sort of politeness on his part, that effectually chilled any further attempts at intimacy. I soon left the table, but I could not drive the image of the lovely being we had just left from my mind. Something whispered me that we should become acquainted at some future time, but in the interim I felt more than usually uneasy. I longed to be not only an intimate acquaintance, but an accepted lover, and had I been possessed of all the wealth of Cressus, I would have unhesitatingly poured it into her lap.

In the excitement under which I was then laboring, I thought a walk might do me good, but on opening the door for that purpose, I found the night had set in as dark as Erebus, and being an entire stranger, there was no knowing what mischief I might encounter, so I made up my mind to compromise the matter by taking up my candle and going to bed.

I retired, but for a long time I rolled and tossed about sadly, now one plan by which I might make the acquaintance of the young lady would suggest itself, and then another, until at last I found myself in a state of dreamy languor, neither fairly asleep, or quite awake.

I fancied I had heard for the last few moments a sort of light breeze going on near my bed, but it gave me no uneasiness and suddenly some one sprang into the bed, and clasping her arms about me, whispered:

'Ogh! how dreadful cold it is to be sure! I say, Julie, we shall have to lay spoon fashion or else we shall freeze.'

Here was an incident. What to say or how to act was a question not easily solved. At last I mustered courage enough to ejaculate,

Dear madam, here is some mistake I'll—

The lady did not wait for me to say more. With a sharp quick scream, she sprang from the bed and bolted from the apartment. I was wondering what the deuce it could all mean, when a servant brought a lamp into my room, picked up what ladies apparel he could find about the premises, and left the apartment. You can well believe, gentlemen, that my slumbers that evening were far from quiet.

In the morning I know not how it was, but I was vividly impressed with the idea that my nocturnal visitor was one of the two ladies who had supped with me the evening previous, by which I could not conjecture. I resolved, however, to ascertain on the first favorable opportunity which might present itself, as satisfy myself beyond the doubt.

On taking my seat at the breakfast table next morning, I placed myself opposite the ladies, and was revolving in my mind an incident of the previous evening, when the younger of the two passed her plate, and begged me to favor her with the presence near me.

'Certainly, ma'am,' said I, and as the thought sprang into my mind that she might be the lady in question, I added 'Will you take them Spoon-fashion.'

Eureka! what an explosion. The lady's face instantly assumed the hue of a crimson dahlia, while her companion seemed cold and passionless as I was satisfied she had kept her own counsel—scrapped an acquaintance—fell deeply in love, and when I reached home I had the pleasure of presenting to the old lady my estimable lady, the present Mrs. Maddox.

THE MODEL LADY.—She puts her children out to nurse, sits tending lap-dogs—lies in bed all noon—wears paper-soled shoes and pinches her waist—gives the piano fits, and forgets to wash her milliner—casts her poor relations, and goes to church etc etc has a new bonnet—turns the cold shoulder to her husband.