H. B. MASSER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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will be put to press immediately. H. B. MASSER, Agent. mbury, Aug. 16, 1851,-

IATIONAL HOTEL. SHAMOKIN. Northumberland County, Pa.

is' Reports, 4 volumes, and all of Yestes'

IE subscriber respectfully informs his friends new Hotel in the town of Shamokin, Norberland county, on the corner of Shampkin c he formerly kept. He is well prepared to amodate his guests, and is also provided a good stabling. He trusts his experience, d strict attention to business, will induce peral patronage he has heretofore received. WHILIAM WEAVER. Shamokin, April 19, 1850,---tf.

JAMES H. MAGEE AS removed from his old Stand, No. Vine street, to

. 52 Dillwyn St., (bet'n Cal'hill & Willow,) ere he has constantly on hand, BROWN STOUT, PORTER,

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soming Mutual Insurance Company. R. J. B. MASSER is the local agent for the above Insurance Company, in Northumbercounty, and is at all times ready to effect rances against fire on feat or personal proor renewing policies for the same.

SELECT POETRY.

How deeply and touchingly beautiful are

From the Louisville Journal,

TO MARY.

'Tis a long time since we met, Mary, And I often womler now, What traces those long years have left Upon your girlish brow,

You were a pay young girl, Mary, When I beheld you last, And fear that you are a woman now, That these two years have passed!

I have been far away, Mary. These long yet happy years, And I've made another home, Mary, With its own new hopes and fears

Yes, faces that you never saw Have loving smiles for me, And voices that you never heard Are full of Melody!

But the dear old times come back, Mary, The places which we loved. The deer rooms where we used to sit, The meadows where we roved; The songs are homoning in my ears, That often you have sung; And I see the seems we looked upon;

When you and I were young! Ay-young I for though few years, Mary, Have firted o'er each head, Yet my heart, like desert sands, retains The deep marks of their tread !

And you—are you the same, Mary, The same blythe joyous girl, Whose smile was still as beautiful As the sonlight on each curl ! I used to love con dearly then, And deatly lave you yet.

For around you cling tood memories That I will not now longer! You were my boyhand's love Mary, And that love was doep and strong Though it found no longue in spoken words, It was often fold in song !

It has finded now and gone, Mary, But its spell is with you yet. And I think of that dear dream, Mary, With a sigh of load regret-Regret that aught so beautiful Should lade with ut a trace; Even though a dearer lave, Mary, Now necepies its place!

That was a boyish passion-dream,

That can never come again-And I only think most monufally Of its pleasure and its pain! Yet it belt so deep a trace, Mary, That even new it seems Almost as though I lived once more Amid those childish dreams.

It may be that on earth, Mary, We never meet again; And the wind-harp of your memory For me will have no strain; So I shall ever think of you As I beheld you last

Though I know you are a woman now Since these two years have passed EVANSVILLE, July 16.

A historical Sketch. MARIE LOUISE DEFENDED.

SULATE AND EMPIRE.

Borne away from Vienna as a trophy of -he had mounted upon his by the force of victory, conquered more than courted, suc- arms, and by trampling hereditary rights ceeding, in the hero's couch, the still liv- under foot. Her early prejudices and eduing Empress Josephine, whose Creole gra- cation had taught her to consider Napoleon ces, apparent goodness, and light-hearted as the scourge of God, the Attilla of modtects, more popular with so light and super- the murderer of princes, the ravager of naficial a people; a stranger in the midst of tions, the incendiary of capitals; in a France, speaking its language with timidi- word, the enemy against whom her prayty, studying its manners with embarras- ers had been raised to heaven from her ment, Marie Louise lived in seclusion, like cradle in the galace of her ancestors .the above named arriveles, just received a captive amidst the official circle with She regarded herself as a hostage conceded which the Emperor surrounded her. That through fear to the conqueror, after the uncourt of beautiful women, newly titled, grateful and tolerated repudiation of a wife anxious to repress every attraction except who had been the very instrument of his that of their own rank and high favor, al- fortunes. She felt that she had been sold, lowed nothing to be known of the new not given. She looked upon herself as the wardings natural to one who was almost a She had resigned to her fate as an immolavolumes of Binney's Reports. The first vol- child, and which was calculated to render tion. Cast alone and without a friend, into of Alden, containing Dallas' Reports, 4 vol. her unpopular in her own court. That a court composed of parvenu soldiers, revost and Yeates' Reports, volume I, is also on court was the hanglity standerer of the lationary courtiers, and bantering women, in court ceremony-in solitude and in si- unknown to her, her youth was consumed lence against the malevolence that acted as in silent ctiquette. erts, 4 volumes, besides the two first volumes amey's Reports. The third volume is ready | a spy on her every word and action. In- Even her husband's first addresses were timidated by the fame, by the grandeur, not calculated to inspire confidence. There pledge of posterity.

charms, clouded her features, intimidated and frequent absences; his severe and miher mind, and depressed her heart. She nute orders so strictly observed by a housewas only regarded as a foreign ornament | hold of spics instead of friends, chosen raattached to the columns of the throne. ther to control than to execute the will of Even history, written in ignorance of the the Empress; his pettishness of temper on truth, and influenced by the resentment of his frequent abrupt returns; morose and Napoleon's courtiers, has slandered this melancholy after experiencing reverses princess. Those who have known her ther only recreation being ostentatious, will award her, not the stoical and theatri- tiresome and frivolous ceremonies;) nothcal glory which people required of her, ing of such a life, of such a character, of but her natural qualities. She was a charm- such a man, was calculated to inspire Maing daughter of the Tyrol, with blue eyes rie Louise with love. Her heart and her and fair hair. Her complexion varied with | imagination expatriated in France, and re-

the whiteness of its snows and the roses of | mained beyond the Rhine. The splendors its vaileys; her figure, light and graceful, of the Empire might have consoled anothglance, full of internal visions, was veiled by the silken tringes of her eyes. Her lips were somewhat pouting,-her bosom full of sighs and fruitful affection; her arms were of due length, fair and admirably don papers, relates the following rather inmoulded, and fell with graceful languor on credible story :her robe, as if weary of the burden of her wards her shoulder. She appeared of northern melancholy transplanted into the tumult of a Gallic camp. The pretended

STAMBITOT MEN

tion far from that court to her magnificent but rade place of exile. The moment she returned to her private apartments, or to the solitude of her gardens, she again became essentially Gerpainting, and music. In these accomplishments education had rendered her pertect, as it to console her, when far from her native land, for the absence and the sorrows to which she would one day be exposed. In these acquirements she excelled; but they were confined to herself alone. She simple, but pleasing, and absorbed within nal feelings; formed for domestic love in throne, she felt herself exposed to the gaze of the world as the conquest of pride, not the love of a hero. She could dissemble nothing, either during her grandeur, or after the reverses of her lord; and this was her crime. The theatrical world, into which she had been thrown, looked for the picture of conjugal passion in a captive of victory. She was too unsophisticated to affect love, when she only felt obedience, timidity, and resignation. Nature will

pity, though history may accuse her. This is a true portraiture of Marie Louriod, during her liberty and her widowtress was wanting, but the woman remain- man told his own story." ed. History should award her-what a partial verdict of Napoleon's courtiers has

refused--pity, tenderness and grace. * * She had been condemned for not having she never felt. Overlooking the feelings of a woman, her accusers forgot that the heart will make itself heard even in the drama of such an unparalleled destiny;

Marie Louise never loved Napoleon .old in camps, and amidst the toils of ambition; she was only nineteen. His soldier's heart was cold and inflexible as the spirit FROM LAMARTINE'S HISTORY OF THE COX- of calculation which accomplished his greatness. That of the fair German princess was gentle, timid, and pensive as the disposition, made her, even with these de- ern kingdoms, the oppressor of Germany, Empress, except the simplicity and awk- cruel ransom of her father and her country. young Empress. Marie Louise took refoge whose names, manners and language were

and by the impetuous tenderness of the was something disrespectful and violent in ravisher, whom she dared not to contem- his affection; he wounded even when he plate as her husband, it is unknown whe- sought to please. His very love was rough ther her timidity permitted her to love him and imperious; terror interposed between with unrestrained affection. Napoleon him and the heart of his young wite, and loved her with feelings of superiority and even the birth of an ardently desired son pride. She was the blazon of his affilia- could not unite such opposite natures. Mation with great dynastics; she was the mo- rie Louise felt that to Napoleon she was ther of his son, and the establishment of only a medium of posterity-not a wife his ambition. But though he exalted no and a mother, but merely the root of an tavorites, less from virtue, than constitu- hereditary dynasty. This master of the tional dislain, he was known to have pass- world could not boast even the inherent ing predilections for some of the beautiful virtues of love-faith and constancy to one nen with whom he was surrounded .- woman; his attachments were transient Jealousy, therefore, though she dare not and numerous. He respected not the jealaccuse her rivals, might have chilled the onsies natural to the bosom of a wife; and unjust enough to require from her the most | amours like Louis XIV, neither did he pos- | storm be ober." passionate and devoted love, when her na- sess that monarch's courtesy and refineture could only inspire her with duty and ment. The most noted beauties of his own respect for a soldier who had merely recog- and of foreign courts were not to him obnized in her a hostage for Germany and a jects of passionate love, but of irresistible, transient desire; thus even mingling his This constraint obscured her natural contempt with his love. Napoleon's long

its attitude yielding and languid, like those | er; but Marie Louise was better formed German maidens who seem to look for the lor the tender attachment of private life, that they were so arranged as to give four support of some manly heart. Her dreamy and the simple pleasures of a German home.

A PRENCH STORY.

A Paris correspondent of one of the Lon-

"A commercial traveller, whose busidestiny. Her neck habitually inclined to-Paris, M. Edmund D-, was accustomed to go to an hotel with the landlord of insipidity of silence concealed thoughts few days ago at the hotel where he was in another to conquer-set a city on fire, and delicately feminine, and the mysteries of the habit of staying. On Thursday even- died in a disgraceful scene of debauch. sentiment, which wafted her in imaginaing, 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. man. She cultivated the arts of poetry, "My story," said he, "has a said denoueup anything which lay bandy calculated to | in a foreign clime. add to the effect, no surprise was felt at his having prepared pistols. He began by reread and repeated from memory the poetry lating the loves of a young girl and a young of her native bands. By nature she was man. They had both, he said, promised herself: externally silent but full of inter-fidelity. The young man, whose profession obliged him to travel, once made a an obscure destiny: but, dazzled on a long absence. While he was away he re- bad gained the highest object of his ambiceived a legacy, and on his return, hastened to place it at her feet. But on presenting himself before her he learned that in 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, other 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. At

A ROYAL MARRIAGE IN SICARAGEA.

town, September 1st.

On the marning of the wedding, three and if the heart is not always a justifica- hundred balf-naked ladians made their aption, it is at least an excuse. Justice pearance at the main enfrance that leads to I knew man kept no promise or none should weigh such excuses, even when she | the palace. The princesss had arisen from | And least with women-and yet knowing her couch of tigers' skin, and was standing With credulous folly still I trusted one at the main gate of the palace, bare footed How could she love him? He had grown and devouring a raw plantain. The King soon made his appearance, and addressed his The lesson I had learnt full oft before; subjects in the following eloquent language: And I believed, because he said he'd come, ger. Me no like it. Nigger disgrace in- I watched the clouds and saw them pass dian Cossed shame I drown myself !"-Marie Louise was little known to the poetic dreams of her native land. She had this Majesty could say no more. Overcome Parisians, and but little beloved in France. fallen from the steps of an ancient throne with grief, he entered the palace, threw As spotless, and serene, and beautiful himself upon a pile of dired hides, and there relieved the auguish of his soul by giving vent to a flood of tears. "Woh !" said his Mojesty, bef me, big King, feel so Nor thinks how often woman's happiness much bad cos my sister marry Nigger,

The royal palace was tastefully decorated with highly-scented hides. Every prepara-Princess entered the palace ball, anattended except by her pet-goat. Her beautiful black air, greased with possion fat, hong in prosion over her shoulders, and contrasted inely with her splendid doess, which was In secrecy and silence, but their power nade of a coffee sack. On the middle finger of her right hand she wore a rich and sostly tin ring, made from a sardine box -The guests were all assembled, but the hapby lover had not yet arrived. The Princess. became impatient, and went to seek him. - And snap at length, the springs of life. - he found him playing at marbles. She But this is woman's fate. It is not thus constel ban thus: "Jim, weddin all ready and you no cam !" Jim replied, that "he had cam to the clasion not to marry, cos, if And all the warmest feelings of his heart he did, Victory wod'at giv her no more Are sacrificed at cold ambition's shrine: penshing "The Princess was terrified; but He feels that the whole world was made for lucky thought struck her. "Jim," said Not broken promises nor hopes destroyed, she, 'bimeby my buther die, then you'll Are e'er allowed a place on memory's page be King " The words had their effect .-Jim threw his arms around the neck of the And in the silent, melanchuly hours, Princess; their lips met; the sound that ollowed was like that heard pulling a ball palace. The King had thrown off his tadia robber crown, left the throne, (which was a whiskey barrel,) and vamosed. Jim is loxuciating at Bluefields waiting for the King to die. He says "it his intention to visit heart of Marie Louiss. The public were though he did not openly proclaim his the Nited States as soon as de equisomical

Time's Changes.

I do not blame the bachelor, If he leads a single life, The way the girls are now brought up,

He can't support a wife. Time was when girls could card and spin, And wash, and bake, and brew ; But now they have to keep a maid, If aught they have to do.

Time was when wives could help to buy, The land they'd help to till-And saddle Dobbins-shell the corn, And ride away to mill.

The old bachelor is not to blame, If he is a pradent man; He now must lead a single life. And do the best he can.

THE FOUR MASTER SPIRITS.

A H DRAGOS

Happening to east my eyes over the portraits in a gallery of paintings, I remarked personages, -Alexander, Hannibal, Casar, and Bonaparte-the most conspicuous places, I had seen the same before; but never did a similar train of reflections arise in my bosom, as when my mind now hastily glanced over their several histories

Alexander, having climbed the dizzy heights of ambition, and with his temples bound with chaplets dipped in the blood of countless nations, looked down upon a conwhich he was acquainted. He arrived a quered world, and wept that there was not

Hannibal, after having, to the astonishment and consternation of Rome, passed the Alex.-after having put to flight the armies of this "mistress of the world," and stripped three bushels of gold rings from the fingers of her slaughtered knights, and made her ment, and I require the pistols to make it very formulations quake-returned to his clearly understood." As he had always country, to be defamed, to be driven into exbeen accustomed, in telling his tales, to in- ile, and to die at last by poison administered dulge in expressive pantomime, and to take by his own hand, unlamented and unwept,

Caesar, after having taken eight hundred cities, and dyed his garments in the blood of his fellow-men--after having pursued to the

days in lonely banishment; almost exiled His purposes. bring him aid.

last in lonely exile.

bal, or Caesar, or Napoleon !

The Broken Promise.

Whose words seemed so like truth, that I forgot

As if no promises were boken e'er Man forgets in his busy hours Beneath it What in his idle moments he has said. Hangs on his lightest words. It is not things Of great importance which affect the heart now common Mexican feel when him dog Most deepty. Kisses often weave the net Of misery, or of "bliss of human life;"

From sources which admit of no complaint! ny was imposed upon us. tion being made for the celebration, the From things of which we cannot, dare not speak ;

of yet they seem but tritles, till the chain, Link after link is fastened on each thought, And wound around the heart. They do their

Is far more fatal than the open shafts. Of sorrow and intefortune; and they prey pon the heart and spirits, till the ble hope is changed to fever's beetic flush; They break the charm of youth's first bright

And thus wear out the pleasures of the world, With proud, aspiring man. His mind is filled. With high and lofty thoughts; and love, and

"Tis only woman, in her loneliness, Who treasures in her heart the idle word That has no meaning; and who lives in hope Till it has stolen the color from her cheeks, out of the mire. They proceeded to the The brightness from her eyes, who trusts her

On the vast ocean of uncertainty :

Than in her single heart.

And, if 'tis wrecked, she learns her loss to bear: Or she may learn to die, but not forget; t is for her to heard her secret thoughts, To broad o'er secret promises, and sigh O'er disappointed hopes, 'till she believes There's less of wickedness in the wide world

WHO WOULD NOT DIG WITH SUCH A SPADE AND BARROW !--- We are informed by an gantly polished black walnut wheel-barrow your free country ever continue to be the country, and that he expects a European to the Governor-General. With the silver spade the first shovel full of earth was taken out by the lady, and in the black walnutbarrow it was wheeled away by her spouse. This is the style in which they "manage to-day." Very few of them that 100m for these majture" in Canada,

KOSSUTIE'S ADDRESS TO THE AMER-ICANS.

The address of Kossuth to the people of the United States, appeared in the Washing-Bronssa, Asia Minor, on the 27th of March, France, asking for a free passage to England by Gov. UJHAZI, to Maj. Tochman, with school, before taking his departure for the in the Magyar language, in the archives of dress to the Democrats of Marseilles; Congress. The publication at that time, it | Citizens-The government of the French was supposed, would defeat the negotiahence it was delayed till that event had occurred. It is a noble production, carnest, eloquent, patriotic and democratic, and embodies the main historical events which led ry, though worsted, comes from the contest exalted in the estimation of every liberal limits forbid us to copy more than the fol-

lowing extracts:

from the world, yet where he could some. Ye great and free people! receive the salvation! To us poor Hungarians, the duty times see his country's banner waving over thanks of my country for your noble sympa- of meriting it !" We shall merit it ! My the deep, but which would not, or could not, thy, which was a great moral support in our nation will understand the appeal of your terrible conflict.

Thus those four men, who, from the pecu- Oh, that Hungary had received but a respond to it, as those ought to do who are isc. I wrote it in her presence ten years the same moment he pulled the trigger." liar situation of their portraits, seemed to slight token of moral support from the Euro-honored in being called "brothers" by the afterwards. She had developed at that pe- Here the man discharged the pistol, and stand as representatives of all those whom pean powers—from those powers whose French people. These are the only thanks his head was shattered to pieces. Pieces the world calls "great," -- those four who dreams are troubled with fear of the ad- worthy of the people of Marseilles-worthy hood, all the hidden graces of her youth. of the bone and portions of the brain fell on made the earth tremble to its centre-sever. vanc of the Cossack ! Had only an English of that manifestation with which they have They wished her to play a part; the at- the horrified spectators. The unfortunate ally died one by intoxication, the second by or a French agent come to us during our honored me-yet not me, but my nation ! suicide, the third by assassination, and the struggle, what might be not have done !- and, in my nation, the past less than the He, too, would have seen and estimated our future ! How vain is the greatness of this world! ability to sustain ourselves; he would have Permit me not to speak any more of the The Picayone gives the following account How fearful is the gift of genies, if it be observed the humanity, the love of order, refusal of the government of the French reof the nuptials of the Princess Adelaide abused! Who, that is new living, would the reverence for liberty which characteri- public to grant me a passage through its terbeen the theatrical heroine of an affection Clatikla Louisa Quashee, sister of the King not rather die the death of the humble, right- zed the Hungarian nation. Had these two litery. I know that the French people are of the Mosquitoes, in a letter dated Grey- cons mar, than that of Alexander, or Hannis powers permitted a few ships to come to not responsible for, and are not identified Ossore, laden with arms for the noble patri- with its nets. I know that neither M. L. N. ots who had neked in vain for weapons, the Bonsparte nor M. Fancher are the French Hungarians would now have stood a more nation. I knew, and I know, that the exeimpregnable barrier against Russia than all cutive power is delegated to them, but that

> There was a time when we, with the neighboring Poles, saved Christianity is ity shall not semember it, if by any chance Europe. And now I hesitate not to avow those who have been already in exile, and before God, that we alone-that my own who, to all appearance, have forgotten it, -"Me big King. My sister go marry nig- That he would come-and then, night after Hungary-could have saved Europe from should again be so. Last evening, one of Russian domination. As the wars in your brethren, (of our brethren,) an operative Hungary advanced, its character became of Marseilles-oh! I know his name, and From the bright moon, and leave the clear changed. In the end, the results it contem- I shall not forget it, came, in spite of the plated were higher and far more important cold, and swimming through the water, on -nothing less, in fact, than universal free board the American frigate, to press my dom, which was not thought of in the be- hand. I pressed his hand with pity, with gioning. This was not a choice; it was emotion, and gently reproached him for his forced upon us by the policy of the Europe- temerity. "Que voulez vous!" he answered, an nations, who, disregarding their own in- of desired to touch your hand, I could not terest, suffered Russia to invade and provoke find a boat, I took to the water, and here I os. Yes, we were martyrs to the cause of am. Are there any obstacles to him who There's many a deep and hidden grief that freedom, and this glorious but painful desti- wills ?" I bowed to these noble words .-

> > down, and the flower of her sons executed, Marseilles; but it is at Marseilles I have or wandering exiles, and I, her Governor, found the motto, "There are no obstacles to writing from my prison in this distant Asi- him who wills." That motto shall be mine. atic Turkey, I predict-and the eternal God | Vive la republique ! Health and fraternity ! hears my prediction-that there can be no freedom for the continent of Europe, and that the Cossacks from the shores of the Mississippi, of the United States, Sept. 29, Don will water their steeds in the Rhine, 1851r unless liberty be restored to Hungary. It is only with Hougarian freedom that the European nations can be free; and the smaller nationalities especially can have no future | Tennessee, believed to be clear of taxes,

Five citizens of America! you inspired the tate of five cents per acre. my countrymen to noble deeds; your approval imparted confidence; your sympathy consoled in adversity, gave a ray of hope for the future, and enabled us to bear the weight of our heavy burden; your fellowfeeling will sustain us till we realize the hope the faith, "that Hungary is not lost forever." Accept, in the name of my countrymen, the acknowledgments of our warmest gratitude and our highest res-

1, who know Hungary so well, firmly believe she is not lost; and the intelligent citizens of America have decided, not only with impulsive kindness, but with reason pletely every day! 28,000 bank notes and policy, to favor the unfortunate but not thrown off daily, and all se registered that subjugated Hungary. The sound of that the abstraction of a single note is followed encouraging voice is not like a funeral dirge, by immediate detection. but as the shrill trumpet that will call the world to judgment.

May God bless your country forever !eye-witness, says the Buffalo Republic, that May it have the glorious destiny to share made of the juice of the wild or sour Orange upon the occasion of the commencement with other nations the blessings of that which abounds in almost every plantation celebration of the Canadian Railroad, on liberty which constitutes its own happiness in the State, Wednesday last, when Lady Elgin and the and fame! May your great example, noble Governor General attended to turn the first Americans, be to other nations the source of sod, a solid silver spade was presented by social virtue; your power be the terror of all the Corporation to Lady Elgin, and an eleasylum for the oppressed of all nations.

> A South Carolina paper says :- "We are unable to find room for 'Common Sense' that commodity any day.

KOSSUTH'S ADDRESS TO THE DEMO-CRATS OF MARSEILLES.

The London Times of the 6th contains the letter of Kossuth to the prefect of the deton Union of Saturday. It was written at partment of Marseilles, on his arrival at 1850, and in February last, was delivered for the purpose of placing his children at the request that he would cause it to be United States. The demand being refused published, and deposit its original, written M, Kosenth published the following ad-

republic having refused me permission to tions pending for Kossurn's liberation, and traverse France, the people of Marseilles, yielding to the impulse of one of those generons instincts of the French heart which are the inexhaustible source of the nobleness of your nation, has honored me by a manito the memorable struggle in which Hunga- festation of its republican sentiments-a munifestation honorable for its motives, manly for its resolution, peaceable in its arand enlightened nation. We regret that our dor, and as majectic in its calmness as nature, the grand image of God, before the tempest. I have heardeny name blended with Free citizens of North America! you the hymn of the "Marseillaise," and with have given, in spite of Austrian slanders, the the shouts of Vive & Republique !- a city fullest sympathy for the cause of my which is the only legal one in France; the country. We had no opportunity to explain only one whose legitimacy has been won by to you our motives and our conduct, and re- the blood of the martyrs of liberty! It is so fute the libels against us : but we said - matural to love freedom! It is so light to and how truly your noble and magnanimous suffer for it! It it almost less than a mere death the only rival he had on earth-was conduct shows it !- that such a nation duty; but there is, indeed, a supreme glory assassinated by those he considered his near- knows how to defend a just and holy cause, in the thought of being identified with the est friends and at the very point in which he and will give us its sympathy; and this principle of liberty in the mind of the conviction inspired us with more confidence. French people. I have no desire for glory-Oh, that you had been a neighboring ma- but this glory I accept, in order to merit it. Bonaparte, whose manuates kings and tion! The Old World would now be free, I accept it as a pledge of common interests. priests obeyed, after having filled the earth and would not have to endure again those (soidarite,) and I accept it as a testimony of compliance with the wishes of her tamily, with the terror of his name-after having terrible convulsions and rivers of blood the fraternity of the French nation with all beloged Europe with tears and blood, and which are inevitable. But the end is with nations. I accept it as the sign of salvation clothed the world in sackcloth-closed his God, and He will choose the means to fulfil for my beloved country. To you, Frenchmen! republicans! is the honor of that fraternity. It will be proud of, and bravely

> the arts of a miserable and expensive diplo- the honor of the French nation is not in their keeping. I shall no longer bear in mind their refusal, and I desire that human-The lave of liberty, the sentiment of Juty Though my dear native Hongary is troden and fraternity, were mine before coming to

> > Louis! Kossuth. Marseilles Roads, on board the frigate

CHEAP LAND .- The Baltimore News states that 100,000 acres of land in Warren county, were sold at their Exchange on Monday, at

A LETTER in the St. Louis Republican, states that the cholera is raging among some tribes of the Rocky Mountain Indians. At Fort Berthold and Fort Clark, it has been

A GENTLEMAN, speaking of Cincinnati, said its most appropriate name would be the Ham-burg of America, "Yes," replied another, "I think it will be the meat-ropolis of the United States."

THE Bank of England uses in her accounts no less than 60 folio ledgers, filled up com-

ORANGE-WINE is a new curiosity introduced in the New Orleans market. It is

THE BRITISH MINISTER.-It is reported that Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer has retired

Your character cannot be essentially injuted except by your of an acts.

MARY no baste to be sich if you would