

AMERICAN VOLUNTEER.

JOHN A. BRITTON, Editor & Proprietor.
CARRISLE, Pa., NOV. 23, 1854.

OBITUARY NOTICES.—We must ever give notice that we cannot afford to insert obituary notices gratis. No notice is inserted that must be accompanied by the money to pay for them. Our charge is 50 cents per square.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—We learn that on Wednesday night the 18th inst., an accident, which terminated fatally, occurred at the Mount Holly Iron Works, in this county. It appears that a teamster, employed at the Works, accompanied by his father, named JOHN MATHER, was driving a public team, and having taken the road to discharge his load, the old man alighted with the intention of walking. He then stooped to lift up his horse, which he did. The father, however, being partially intoxicated, and the night very dark, he stumbled and fell, the wagon passing over his breast, crushing and bruising him in such a dreadful manner that he died in a few hours afterwards. On Thursday last, an inquest was held upon the body by CORNER THOMPSON, and the jury returned a verdict in accordance with the facts.

ANOTHER ACCIDENT.—On Thursday afternoon last, as the burden train of cars was crossing the bridge, at the lower end of town, some obstruction happened to delay its progress, one or two of the workmen who were in the cars became alarmed, and jumped therefrom. One of them, Mr. JESSE BROWN, of this borough, jumped from the cars to the ground, a distance of about 30 feet, falling on a pile of stones, breaking both his legs, dislocating his shoulder blade, and being otherwise injured and bruised. Mr. Brown was conveyed to his residence, where he now lies in a very precarious condition. Another person, we believe a resident of Shippenburg, whose name we have not learned, was also somewhat injured.

WINTER EVENINGS.—The evenings are now getting long, says an exchange, and if appropriately set, the two or three hours between tea and bed-time may be made to tell with surprising profit to the whole family, by subscribing for a good newspaper, such as instance as the 'AMERICAN VOLUNTEER.' Besides the direct advantages resulting from reading a well conducted paper, it rarely fails to prove a stimulus, especially to the young, to the study of no substantial matter. As a promoter of learning, the adjustment of the school teacher, it is worth a parent's schooling to every child in a family. There is room on our books for a few more names yet.

RESIGN.—The Norristown Register says: Rev. J. B. KELLER, we learn, has resigned the Pastorship of the German Reformed Congregation, worshipping at the Yellow, Boen's and Whitehall Churches, in Montgomery county, on account of ill health. In two weeks from last Sabbath he will preach his farewell sermon at Boen's Church, near the Blue Bell, in Whitpain township. We understand Mr. Keller intends removing to Carlisle, in this State, his native place, and contemplating retiring from the active duties of the ministry until his health shall be more firmly re-established.

SALE OF TOWN PROPERTY.—On Thursday last, the valuable town property, belonging to JACOB SZKES, Esq., situated on North Hanover street, in this borough, was disposed of at public sale to the sum of \$3000. Mr. G. GRANT was the purchaser. This is considered one of the best business stands in the place, and the price paid for it is considered quite moderate. A number of town properties have changed owners within the last week or two.

NEW STORE.—By reference to his advertisement in another part of to-day's paper, it will be seen that Mr. ROBERT DICK has opened a new Dry Goods and Grocery Store, in 'Leonard's Old Stand,' corner of North Hanover and Lough streets, this borough. Mr. Dick is from Columbia, Lancaster county, and is represented as a good salesman and an accommodating man of business. Call and examine his stock.

COL. JOHN CLENDEN, the newly elected Director of the Poor, has been sworn into office, and entered upon the discharge of the duties appertaining thereto. Col. de will be a faithful and efficient Director. The Board of Directors now consist of Messrs. George Brindle, of North Middleton; John C. Brown, of Frankfort; and John Clenden, of Silver Spring.

THE FAVORABLE.—If we may credit the accounts in the Whig and Know-Nothing journals, the approaching inauguration of Gov. POLLOCK promises to surpass anything of the kind that ever took place in Pennsylvania. We see it stated that the 'National Cadets,' of Shippensburg, and the 'National Guard,' of Newville, are making arrangements to be in attendance at the inauguration. The first named company will be accompanied by the Valley State Band. We presume the old 'Carle's Light Infantry Company,' Capt. SAMUEL WALKER, will also be in attendance at Harrisburg on the occasion referred to.

CELEBRITY IN CONGRESS.—There will be a good sprinkling of clergymen in the thirty-fourth Congress. James Macmahon, from the first District of Vermont, is a clergyman, and so is ALVAN GALE, from the Third District. Ebenezer Knowlton, from the Third District of Maine, is a Free Will Baptist preacher. John J. Pearce, elected to the Fifteenth District of Pennsylvania; Robert B. Hall, in the Fifth District of Massachusetts, and Mark Triffin, in the Eleventh, are ministers of the Gospel.

PENNSYLVANIA LEGISLATURE.—The Legislature of this State will assemble in Harrisburg on the first Tuesday in January, and the inauguration of the Governor will take place on the third Tuesday of the same month.
DEATH OF AN EDITOR.—JOHN KROENGER-SMITH, Esq., one of the editors of the Greensburg Democrat, died at his residence, on the 21th inst. He was a young man of bright promise, and his sudden death is deeply regretted by his numerous friends.
A FORTUNATE DETENTION AFTER ALL.—Dr. John B. Phillips, of Kennett township, Chester county, who, on the eve of leaving Switzerland, about two months since, was rudely arrested and thrown into prison on suspicion of being Mazzini traveling in disguise, and detained in consequence some seven or eight days, was en route for home, and but for this detention would have arrived in Liverpool just in time to take his passage for New York in the ill-fated Arctic. His unexpected imprisonment in Switzerland fortunately prevented him from sharing the fate of the passengers of that noble steamer.

Col. Simon Salade, for a number of years a member of the State Legislature from Dauphin county, died on the 9th inst.

HARRISBURG TELEGRAPH.

Our Recurrent friend of the Harrisburg Telegraph, it is well known, is a gentleman of excellent kindness of heart. When he, in his wisdom, has occasion to speak of a political opinion, he uses the most mild and flowery expressions, such, for instance, as 'dear,' 'valuable,' 'minion,' &c. The freedom with which these words, affords amusement and must be quite refreshing to those who have not been schooled in the higher branches of backguardism. We made a narrow escape from annihilation by this plausible knight of the quill a few days since. He informs us—good soul that he is—in his last Telegraph, that but for two circumstances we should have fall a victim to his remorseless vengeance. Having at one time been the editor's personal friend, and he ours, and the great respectability of our family connections, is what saved us—so he says. Very kind in you, indeed, friend MEXIA. Fortunately circumstances that you at one time considered as your personal friend, and that our relations stand so high in your estimation, or you should have been subjected to the detouring sarcasm of the quill-crushing Telegraph. We are now, more than ever, anxious for your appointment as Front Inspector, and if no one else will volunteer to Front Judge POLLOCK that you nominated his Excellency for President 'at 10 o'clock on the night of the election,' we shall esteem it our privilege and duty to acquit him of your disinterested zeal in his behalf.

The Telegraph reminds us that we labor for 'our own good and better.' We plead guilty to the 'soft impeachment,' and are not ashamed to acknowledge it. We never expected to be a 'Front Inspector' at \$30,000 a year, when we are so fortunate as to obtain a fat office of this kind, can get their 'bread and butter' without work, and they often become impudent and sneer at those who have to make their living by the sweat of the brow. But, friend MEXIA should not show his teeth before his appointment is announced. He should remember the adage—'many a slip between the cup and lip.' Let him not swagger and bluster and growl at his political opponents too unceasingly, or even Judge POLLOCK (who is a gentleman of refined feelings,) may become disgusted with his hypocrisy and tactlessness. When he receives his appointment to steal the big pardon—knowing, Judge POLLOCK no doubt will crop his ears, that all may know to whom he belongs, and as a warning to pedestrians not to kick him when he snags and shows his teeth.

LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER—ITS STRANGE POSITION.

The Washington Union (the organ of the National Administration) is disposed to claim nine Democratic members from Pennsylvania, and the Know-Nothing members of the Pennsylvania Press in York, the 'Carle's Volunteer,' and the 'Perry Democrat,' for thus daring to maintain that the Democrats of that District have not been defeated at all. Mr. Tomp is the nominee of the Whigs and Know-Nothing of the District, and they elected him, and yet the Intelligencer endorses him as a most excellent Democrat, and rejoices over his election! But, to show the consistency of the Intelligencer. The leading editorials in the last number of this same paper denounce Know-Nothingism in unmeasured terms. In speaking of men who 'called themselves Democrats,' but who for the sake of obtaining office joined the Know-Nothing order, the Intelligencer holds the following strong language. How well the remarks apply to this county: 'We ask the men who have been called Democrats, but who deserted their colors in the face of election, why they were so ready to desert their personal promotion? If so, you have a solemn appeal to settle in days to come. Were you deluded with the idea, that you could begeth the foot, and hereafter say you were called? Could you have supposed that the generous party which you belied and deceived could have taken you immediately back in good faith? Your intention will bring and your penance laid, before that time will come. You betrayed your party—you abandoned your principles—did you not go in? A Know-Nothing Whig Governor and a Know-Nothing Whig member of Congress. These are your gains; are you not proud of the achievement? Do you suppose that you are elevated above the men you have proscribed? They fell on the imperishable rock of principle—and their colors in their hands—and will rise again. You say that you have no strength, that you are a Federalist, and there you will remain. You consorted with men in the dead watches of the night, because their adulations seemed not to be a party of day-light—in stables—in hog sties—in corn-cris—[in dog kennels, and were there longed to them by you, which you are now proud to have done? Will that democracy receive you again and give you a position? Will they receive you as a party of reasonable acts, your claims may possibly be a long time postponed. Are you not aware that you are 'shaking marks'?' 'In your moments of reflection, and you will have many, turn these considerations over in your mind. Reflect upon your political disgrace, and that while you may fancy the without which you have found the Democratic body—he may, like Sampson, be upon you when you little suspect it.' 'You have aided to restore the dismembered fragments of the old Federal party—helped to revive the Allen and Scullion laws—and have joined yourselves to the new idols. In the end it will remain to be seen what you are given by all this! Time and the future will determine all! In sneaking through some dark alley at midnight to your haunts—think will you go, and return, and while there, what an I to gain by all this! Fancy not that the republican principle is a stain, in ten men, nor in an hundred. It is immortal and will live—while Know-Nothingism will be hoveled out of the sty with the kindred filth.'

Such is the language of the Intelligencer when speaking of treacherous Know-Nothingism in general. The Know-Nothing in this State, according to the Intelligencer, are a desperate set of political freebooters. Mr. Tomp, of this county, always excepted! We can understand the position of our friend the Captain, when we may say that the Washington Union never claimed Mr. Tomp as a Democrat. The Intelligencer felt 'disposed' to stretch it a little when it made this assertion. The Union, shortly after the election, copied

an article from the Lancaster Intelligencer, in which Mr. Tomp was claimed as a Democrat, but the Union never endorsed our Know-Nothing member, and we feel sure it never will. If Mr. Tomp, when in Congress, acts with the true and National Democracy we shall be disappointed, but not more so than will be those who are numbered as his late supporters.

THE LATE ELECTIONS.

New York.—Our Democratic friends in New York, it appears, were a 'little ahead of time' in claiming the election of SEYMOUR, the Democratic candidate for Governor. It now appears that CLANK, old-line Whig, is elected over SEYMOUR, by a plurality of about 300. The Know-Nothing candidate is far behind.
ILLINOIS.—The telegraphic despatches that reached us a few days after the late election in Illinois, were entirely erroneous, it seems, in proclaiming that the fundamentalist had carried seven of the nine congressional districts of that State. The latest intelligence is that the Democrats have carried five of the nine members, but not six—that WILLIAM A. RICHMOND has carried his district by a handsome majority—and that THOMAS L. HARRIS, Democrat, has carried the district now represented by Yates, whig.

Into Foreign News.

The steamship Asia has arrived at New York from Liverpool, bringing news from the old world three days later. The allies have met with very serious reverses at Sebastopol. Two of their steam vessels have been injured in their attack on the outer forts. The Russians, to the number of thirty thousand, have also made a desperate attack upon their fortifications at Dalakaya, captured several forts and eleven guns, and caused a loss of five hundred men to the English cavalry.

The battle took place on the 25th. The attack was first made upon the Turks and Scotch, the former of whom broke and fled, leaving their guns, which were seized by the Russian and turned against them. According to the British accounts the Scotch remained firm until other forces arrived, when the Russians were obliged to retire. The same accounts say that the next day 8000 Russians attacked the position, but were repulsed with great slaughter. The scene being fixed near Eupatoria, instead of Balaklava. There is nothing new of an authentic nature respecting the South difficulty. The Paris correspondent of the London Times alleges that Soule was concerned in a vast conspiracy to revolutionize Europe, and the diplomatic conference at Ostend discussed the matter.

Know Nothingism.—Judge Douglas deems that with this treason in the following bold and pointed manner. In a recent speech delivered at Galena, Illinois, he denounced the institution as at war with civil and religious liberty, as subversive of the peace of the country and its institutions, as destructive of Christianity, and highly immoral in its tendency. He showed that every who went into it was sworn to perpetrate falsehood, and if necessary, to perjure himself. This will not be denied, because they pledge before high heaven; if questioned as to their knowledge of, or identity with, this secret oath-bound order, to say that they know nothing about it. Every time that one makes such a reply he tells a falsehood, and he has pledged in presence of his God to do so. Seymour, a member of the order, was called to testify in a court of justice, and the question was put to him whether he knew anything about the order, which was his position? It is that of having taken two oaths—one to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, and the other to tell a falsehood. Whatever might be his answer, he would be a perjured man.

MARTIN VAN BUREN.—This gentleman is now at Veray, in Switzerland, earnestly at work upon his autobiography in which he has already advanced some two or three hundred pages. A correspondent of the Evening Post says: 'He is very much interested in the work, and so will his readers be when it is published, which, I regret to say, will not be till after his death, and that event, judging from his present appearance and condition, will be many years hence. The old gentleman seems to have parted with all his partisan animosities and prejudices, for he had some, though fewer than any man I ever knew who had spent so large a portion of his life in party conflicts. He has been in an indifferent spectator of politics in the United States so long now, that all his old prejudices and antipathies seem to have exhausted. He will not be home until next year. Martin's health is not materially better.'

CHURCH DIFFICULTY AT UTICA.—In the German Catholic Church of Utica, on Sunday, a difficulty occurred during service, growing out of a misunderstanding between the Priest and the St. Joseph's Society, concerning a banner, and with regard to which legal measures had resulted in favor of the Society. The priest stated that there were thieves and liars present in the congregation, and he could not therefore proceed with service. The priest then withdrew, when a fight ensued among the congregation, resulting in the interference of an officer, and the arrest of four persons.

'DIED IN THE HARBOR.'—Rev. Joshua T. Russell, a Baptist clergyman at Jackson, Mississippi, recently closed a very eloquent address before the Bible Society with these words: 'Millions who are now around the Throne of God, singing the song of Moses and the Lamb, have been saved by the influence of this book. While uttering these words, he looked up as if he had a vision of what he described, and paused a moment, and saying, 'I have done,' sat down, and was immediately seized with a fatal attack of apoplexy.

LEGAL SUIT BY A CANDIDATE FOR CONGRESS IN MASSACHUSETTS.—A suit for libel, upon Rev. Robert B. Hall, of Plymouth, who is the Know-Nothing candidate for Congress from the First District, in Massachusetts, has been commenced against Benjamin Lindsey, proprietor of the New Bedford Mercury. The damages are set at \$20,000, and property has been attached. Certain articles in a late edition of that paper, charging Mr. Hall with the perpetration of a foul and disgusting crime, while in his connection with a religious society in Roxbury, are the cause of the commencement of this suit.

IMPORTANT TO TEACHERS.—School teachers under the new law are instructed by the State Superintendent to be careful to make out monthly reports as required by the 27th section. It says the duty is required peremptorily and advises Directors to withhold the compensation until it is complied with.

'WHEN I AM DEAD.'

In the dim crypts of the heart, where despair abideth, these words seem written. A strange meaning—a solemn intimation unfolds itself at their utterance. Four simple monosyllables—how much of gloom y convey! How y speak in funeral tones of the extinguishing of earthly hope—of the spirit that has struggled in vain, and is painfully quiet now!

'When I am dead' is uttered calmly; but what a solemnity—such as the tornado leaves when silence broods over desolation. The voice pronouncing that despairing phrase, has not all its mournfulness from itself. The listening ear hears something more; for from those words the groan of high aspirations quivered, and hopes pale and bleeding upon the sharp rocks of adversity, come up, phantom-like and dim, like the pale gleam of the buried past.

'When I am dead'! We have heard it often, like the pealing bell that tolls the body of the departed to its final rest. The last word 'dead,' hangs strangely, and echoes singly in the ear, and through the portals of the sympathizing soul. Dead—dead—and the world grows gray, and the heart stills, and the eye moistens, to that mysterious sound.

The spirit trembles before the rushing flood of conflicting emotions which follow the dark echo, and essay to glance through its import. But the gloom fades amid enraptured mist, and the spirit runs back confused with blindness. Even the echo of death cannot be penetrated. The few fet of mould that compass the grave, are wider than the globe, higher than the stars. Not the mind's eye, nor the anxious soul can glance through the barrier—the boundary between Time and Eternity.

'When I am dead'! More or less significant resignation, or dependent on, a fulfillment of desire, or a perversion of its end, may these words express, though sad they are at best. When the aged man, whose steps have grown feeble in the walks of goodness, and whose hands tremble with the fruits of his oft-given charity, utters these words, they fall from his lips as a prayer to heaven. In them his will harmonizes with his destiny; and the tear that glitters in his eye about to leave its clay, glimmers in the light of happier days that gleams at the prospect of reward of the future.

The lips, too, that never pressed them of the fount of Nature's Poesy, may murmur 'When I am dead'! But death to such an one is better perhaps than life. His heart holds no music, changing in cadence to weal and woe; his rough existence is void, and the rough surface of his being checked, though not brightened by the half-stray thoughts, darkens but little with the dimness of the tomb.

How different, when youth, glowing with beauty of soul and heart, rich with the treasures of mind, and warm with sympathy for all, utters these words. We recall to us that 'When I am dead'! A spirit seems to wait its anthem, and an eclipse of the noonday sun to fall upon the picture of a high nature checked in its progress—turned from dulcet waves upon a coral reef, against the rocks of a destructive sea.

'When I am dead'! It is as mournful as the plaint of a ghost on the tempest and midnight wind. But we must all say it some time; for the grave lies at hand, yawning through a bed of thorns, or gleaming like a wild sea of hope leaning against the stars.

But it is sad to utter, but it is a weak impulse only to others, the great world. Who speaks it? Many think the single going forth of a soul will move none—all will be as before.

When he, and you, and we, gentle reader, are in our shrouds, friends dearer, and those who loved us best, will dry their tears, and have all begun to flow. The heart that beats with rapture against our own will freeze about our memory in a brief time—briefer than woman's trust or man's period of goodness.

But it will tell: 'Is the world's custom and nature's law. We weep not for the dead but while they die. We shall soon be with them; and it may be good, we gearily to their narrow homes.'

SOUTH MOUNTAIN RAILROAD.—A meeting of the stockholders of the South Mountain Railroad Company was held in Johnston, Lebanon county, on Wednesday last. The following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year, viz:—President, Gen. William Ayres, of Harrisburg; Treasurer, John Brunner, Esq.; Secretary, John Meily, Esq.

LYNN'S FIGHT IN OREGON.—We learn from the Portland Times that volunteers have taken the field to punish the Indians for the late massacre in Oregon. Reports had been received at Portland that the volunteers had reached the scene of the massacre, and had a battle with the Indians. It is not stated where the battle took place, but the reports state, according to the Times, that five Indians were killed, and many more taken prisoners, among whom was a pretended chief, who professes to be able to restore stolen property, and to otherwise assist the whites—probably with a view to save his own life. Among the booty recovered from the Indians was some money and silver cups, accented. There are two reports as to the future operations of the volunteers: one is that they are exhausted, and they are about to retire; the other, and more probable one is, that they are pushing on to attack a large body whose retreat they have discovered by the aid of Indian spies. The reports are silent as to the troops under Major Hall, but they are supposed to be co-operating with the volunteers.

A young man, in this city, says the India Sentinel, has been frequently observed, after dining, to take a piece of fresh mutton, soaked, weighing about two pounds and packed to the Poleman. After going through sundry mutilations, with marks and crosses on his breast, he throws it into the river. We learn, he gives as his reason for so doing, that he has been informed from some source, that he is required to minister to the wants of two souls in the other world who were probably drowned. In all other respects this young man is entirely sane, and industrious, and works at the Jewell's trade with constancy and attention. The young man has doubtless been made conversant with the spirits of the other world by the 'rapping medium.'

Reported for the Volunteer.

COURT PROCEEDINGS.

The Court of Quarter Sessions of Cumberland county, convened on Monday the 18th inst. In the forenoon, the following cases were tried and disposed of: Commonwealth vs. John Stone.—True Bill. Commonwealth vs. John Stone.—True Bill. Commonwealth vs. John Stone.—True Bill.

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MR. SOULE IN FRANCE.

London, Friday, Oct. 27, 1854.

The steamer of to-morrow will carry 'the startling intelligence' that His Excellency the Minister of the United States of America at the Court of Madrid has been expelled from France, through which country he was returning to his post.

The simple narrative of such an event, I think, the best manner of letting you know the extent of the indignation which has been expressed against Mr. Soule's free passage through France. Louis Napoleon never invites Mr. Soule to proceed through the Empire on his way to Madrid.

Mr. Soule, on his arrival at Calais, was asked to show his passport, and having done so, was requested to step into an inner room of the Bureau de Police. Here he was told he must leave the country by the next steamer, and that he would not be allowed, in the meanwhile to go any where out of Calais, being in fact placed under surveillance.

'There must be a mistake, sir,' said our Minister: 'do you know who I am?' 'There is not the slightest mistake, sir,' was the reply: 'you are Mr. Soule, Ambassador of the United States of America at the Court of Spain, and I have orders not to let you pass.'

'Where are your orders, sir?' asked Mr. Soule. 'This is no business of yours, sir; these orders are for me, and I am acting upon them,' said the Commissary.

This happened at Calais. Something more was said, but of a public nature, but Mr. Soule left by the next steamer, and reached London late in the evening day before yesterday. The news being made known in American circles, the greatest excitement prevailed, and, as may be imagined, measures of all sorts were suggested amidst great indignation.

The Legation, partook of course, of general excitement. I have not had the honor of seeing Mr. Buchanan since he returned, but I fear, he maintained throughout this irritating affair a required resolution to concur in every step, to require due apologies for an insult against our national honor. The whole morning yesterday was spent in consultation, the result of which was the decision to send over Mr. Sicles, in order that he might obtain a real knowledge of what that proceeding really meant. It was thought that the act might have been a mere practical affair, capable of such a construction as not to assume the menacing aspect of an insult from one power to another.

The mission of Mr. Sicles was, accordingly, to be of inquiry. It was not to push undue explanations that might be accepted, at least for the moment, as an apology to the United States. It was to be a personal mission, and the advice of the Legation in London, to that in Paris. I must not omit to say that this mission was accompanied by Mr. Sicles, direct, not to be explained away, and consequently not admitting any other step, if immediate satisfaction should not be obtained, the withdrawal of Mr. Mason, and the whole Legation from France.

That act is the answer of European despatch to the Congress of American Democrats. Diplomats, if it were a personal affair, Mr. Soule would not have been allowed to enter France on his leaving Spain, but he was suffered to do so. He went all over the country—may more, he had his diplomatic portfolio held one of their consultations on French territory, at Bologna, so it was not the man, Mr. Soule, but the Minister Soule, to whom the affront had been offered. Among the persons whom Mr. Soule held this opinion is Mr. Rowley Johnson, of Baltimore, who wrote in that spirit a long letter to Mr. Mason.

These were the arrangements yesterday morning. But, Sir, Mr. Sicles, who was sent after Mr. Soule, he was prevented from doing so by a messenger, who came over yesterday, on Mr. Mason's part, who had just received Mr. Mason's reply to his pressing application. He had just received Mr. Mason's reply to his pressing application. He had just received Mr. Mason's reply to his pressing application.

He dropped the matter, however, and passed to the object of his official call, and asked the reason why Mr. Soule had not been permitted to pass through France en route to Spain.

'I will,' said M. Dronyn del Hays, in a very impudent tone, 'there are reasons for that.' Being pressed for these reasons, Mr. Mason was told that there were three of them.

First.—The treatment of M. Dillon, French Consul in California.

Secondly.—The letter of Mr. Saunders to the French people.

Thirdly.—Cuba!

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That act is the answer of European despatch to the Congress of American Democrats. Diplomats, if it were a personal affair, Mr. Soule would not have been allowed to enter France on his leaving Spain, but he was suffered to do so. He went all over the country—may more, he had his diplomatic portfolio held one of their consultations on French territory, at Bologna, so it was not the man, Mr. Soule, but the Minister Soule, to whom the affront had been offered. Among the persons whom Mr. Soule held this opinion is Mr. Rowley Johnson, of Baltimore, who wrote in that spirit a long letter to Mr. Mason.

These were the arrangements yesterday morning. But, Sir, Mr. Sicles, who was sent after Mr. Soule, he was prevented from doing so by a messenger, who came over yesterday, on Mr. Mason's part, who had just received Mr. Mason's reply to his pressing application. He had just received Mr. Mason's reply to his pressing application. He had just received Mr. Mason's reply to his pressing application.

He dropped the matter, however, and passed to the object of his official call, and asked the reason why Mr. Soule had not been permitted to pass through France en route to Spain.

'I will,' said M. Dronyn del Hays, in a very impudent tone, 'there are reasons for that.' Being pressed for these reasons, Mr. Mason was told that there were three of them.

First.—The treatment of M. Dillon, French Consul in California.

Secondly.—The letter of Mr. Saunders to the French people.

Thirdly.—Cuba!

MR. SOULE IN FRANCE.

London, Friday, Oct. 27, 1854.

The steamer of to-morrow will carry 'the startling intelligence' that His Excellency the Minister of the United States of America at the Court of Madrid has been expelled from France, through which country he was returning to his post.

The simple narrative of such an event, I think, the best manner of letting you know the extent of the indignation which has been expressed against Mr. Soule's free passage through France. Louis Napoleon never invites Mr. Soule to proceed through the Empire on his way to Madrid.

Mr. Soule, on his arrival at Calais, was asked to show his passport, and having done so, was requested to step into an inner room of the Bureau de Police. Here he was told he must leave the country by the next steamer, and that he would not be allowed, in the meanwhile to go any where out of Calais, being in fact placed under surveillance.

'There must be a mistake, sir,' said our Minister: 'do you know who I am?' 'There is not the slightest mistake, sir,' was the reply: 'you are Mr. Soule, Ambassador of the United States of America at the Court of Spain, and I have orders not to let you pass.'

'Where are your orders, sir?' asked Mr. Soule. 'This is no business of yours, sir; these orders are for me, and I am acting upon them,' said the Commissary.

This happened at Calais. Something more was said, but of a public nature, but Mr. Soule left by the next steamer, and reached London late in the evening day before yesterday. The news being made known in American circles, the greatest excitement prevailed, and, as may be imagined, measures of all sorts were suggested amidst great indignation.

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