THE REPUBLICAN

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# Clearfield Republican.

A WEEKLY PAPER: DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, MORALITY, AND FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Volume 3, Clearfield, Pa., Feb'y 27, 1852. Number 14.

Prices of Advertising

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Our paper circulates in every neighborhood, and is read by nearly every family in the county—and therefore affords a convenient and cheap means for the business men of our county—the merchant, mechanic, and all others—to extend the knowledge of their location and business. We should like to insert "A Card" for every Mechanic, Merchant, and Professional man in the county. We have plenty of room without encroaching upon our reading columns, and no man in a legitimate business will lose by advertising extensively—for, as a general rule, the more extensively a man advertises, the greater will be his profits.

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OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, PRINTED IN THE VERY BEST STYLE, AND ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE AT THE OFFICE OF THE "CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN."

From the Harrisburg Union.

## Census of Pennsylvania.

The following is the census table furnished by the superintendent to the Secretary of the Commonwealth:

CENSUS OFFICE, Was'n., Jan. 30, 1852.

SIR:—I have the honor to transmit, in pursuance of a resolution of the Senate of Pennsylvania, requesting the same, a tabular statement of the population of the State of Pennsylvania, by counties cities and wards.

As the returns from all the states are not completely made, (a portion of those from California not having been received,) the Secretary of the Interior is unable to make the apportionment according to the act of 23d May 1850. No contingency can occur, however, which will affect the certainty of the State of Pennsylvania being entitled to 25 members in the 23d Congress, being a gain of one member over the present number by which she is represented in the 31st Congress.

I have the honor to be sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOS. G. C. KENNEDY.
*Sup't of Census.*

F. W. HUGHES, *Sec'y. of Commonwealth.*

Population of the State of Pennsylvania.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Adams county, | | 25,981 |
| Allegheny city, | 21,262 | 138,290 |
| Allegheny county, | 70,427 | |
| Pittsburgh city | 46,601 | |
| Armstrong county, | | 29,560 |
| Beaver county, | | 26,689 |
| Bedford county, | | 23,052 |
| Berks county, | | 77,129 |
| Blair county, | | 21,777 |
| Bradford, | | 42,831 |
| Bucks, | | 56,091 |
| Butler, | | 30,346 |
| Cambria, | | 17,773 |
| Carbon, | | 15,686 |
| Centre, | | 23,355 |
| Chester, | | 66,438 |
| Clarion, | | 23,565 |
| Clearfield, | | 12,586 |
| Clinton, | | 11,207 |
| Columbia, | | 17,710 |
| Crawford, | | 37,849 |
| Cumberland, | | 34,327 |
| Dauphin, | | 35,754 |
| Delaware, | | 24,679 |
| Elk, | | 3,531 |
| Erie, | | 38,742 |
| Fayette, | | 39,112 |
| Franklin, | | 36,904 |
| Fulton, | | 7,567 |
| Greene, | | 22,136 |
| Huntingdon, | | 24,786 |
| Indiana, | | 27,170 |
| Jefferson, | | 13,518 |
| Juniata, | | 13,029 |
| Lancaster city, | 12,369 | 98,944 |
| Lancaster county, | 86,575 | |
| Lawrence, | | 21,079 |
| Lebanon, | | 26,071 |
| Lehigh, | | 32,479 |
| Luzerne, | | 56,072 |
| Lycoming, | | 26,257 |
| Mercer, | | 33,172 |
| Mifflin, | | 14,980 |
| Monroe, | | 13,270 |
| Montgomery, | | 58,291 |
| Montour, | | 13,239 |
| M'Kean, | | 5,254 |
| Northampton, | | 40,235 |
| Northumberland, | | 23,272 |
| Perry, | | 20,088 |
| Philad'a city proper, | 121,376 | 408,762 |
| Phil'a co, inclu'g city, | 287,386 | |
| Pike, | | 5,881 |
| Potter, | | 6,048 |
| Schuylkill, | | 60,713 |
| Somerset, | | 24,416 |
| Sullivan, | | 5,694 |
| Susquehanna, | | 28,688 |
| Tioga, | | 23,987 |
| Union, | | 26,083 |
| Venango, | | 18,310 |
| Warren, | | 13,671 |
| Washington, | | 44,039 |
| Wayne, | | 21,890 |
| Westmoreland, | | 51,726 |
| Wyoming, | | 10,655 |
| York, | | 57,450 |
| | | 2,311,786 |

SINGULAR FUR FABRICS.—It is ascertained that furs may be woven into the finest textiles for apparel, and in styles the most pleasing and lasting. Specimens of this new material are, or were recently, on exhibition in this city, and we are assured that no experiment ever attempted, has been attended with surer evidences of success. The material has a rich glossy appearance; and to the touch is softer than velvet. Its duribility has been tested; and for cheapness, no garment could be more acceptable to all classes. Qualities may be varied, and also the body of the cloth, so as to be adapted either to the spring, fall or severe winter months. We have not examined this fabric; but the assurance we have, that it equals our representations, we think are strictly reliable.—*N. Y. Cour.*

DROUGHT IN GEORGIA.—There is a great drought in Liberty county, Ga., and the farmers have much difficulty in procuring water for their cattle. Fire had almost broken out in the woods and done much damage. Two negros were surrounded by the flames and finally burned to death.

## HELEN CORRIE.

### Leaves from the Note-Book of a Curate.

Having devoted myself to the service of Him who said unto the demoniac and the leper, "Be whole," I go forth daily, treading humbly in the pathway of my self-appointed mission, through the dreary regions, the close and crowded streets, that exist like a plague ground in the very heart of the wealthy town of L——.

They have an atmosphere of their own, those dilapidated courts, those noisome alleys, those dark nooks where the tenements are green with damp, where the breath grows faint, and the head throbs with an oppressive pain; and yet, amid the horrors of such abodes, hundreds of our fellow creatures act the sad tragedy of life, and the gay crowd beyond sweep onward, without a thought of those who perish daily for want of the bread of eternal life. Oh! cast it upon those darkened waters, and it shall be found again after many days. There we see human nature in all its unveiled and degraded nakedness—the vile passions, the brutal coarseness, the corroding malice, the undisguised licentiousness. Oh, ye who look on and abhor, who pass like the Pharisee, and condemn the wretch by the wayside, pause, and look within: education, circumstances have refined and elevated your thoughts and actions; but blessed are those who shall never know by fearful experience how want and degradation can blunt the finest sympathies, and change, nay, brutalize the moral being.

How have I shuddered to hear the fearful mirth with whose wild laughter blasphemy and obsenity were mingled—that mockery of my sacred profession, which I knew too well lurked under the overstrained assumption of reverence for my words, when I was permitted to utter them, and the shout of derision that followed too often my departing steps, knowing that one day those immortal souls must render up their account; and humbly have I prayed that my unwearied zeal might yet be permitted to scatter forth the good seed which the cares and anxieties should not choke, nor the stony soil refuse!

Passing one day through one of those dilapidated streets, to which the doors, half torn from their hinges, and the broken windows, admitting the raw, cold, gusty winds, give so comfortless an aspect, I turned at a sudden angle into a district which I had never visited. Thro' the low arch of a half-ruined bridge, a turbid stream rolled rapidly on, augmented by the late rains. A strange looking building, partly formed of wood, black and decaying with age and damp, leaned heavily over the passing waters; it was composed of many stories, which were approached by a wooden stair and shed like galley without, and evidently occupied by many families. The lamenting wail of neglected children and the din of contention were heard within. Hesitating on the threshold, I leaned over the bridge, and perceived an extensive area beneath the ancient tenement; many low browed doors, over whose broken steps the water washed and rippled, became distinguishable. As I gazed, one of them suddenly opened, and a pale haggard woman appeared, shading a flickering light in her hand. I descended the few slippery wooden steps leading to the strange abode, and approached her. As I advanced, she appeared to recognize me.

"Come in sir," she said hurriedly; "there is one within will be glad to see you;" and, turning, she led me through a winding passage into a dreary room, whose blackened floor of stone bore strong evidence that the flood chafed and darkened beneath it.

In an old arm-chair beside the rusty and almost fireless grate, sat, or rather lay, a pale and fragile creature, a wreck of blighted loveliness.

"Helen," said the woman, placing the light on a rough table near her, "here is the minister come to see you."

The person she addressed attempted to rise, but the effort was too great, and she sank back, as if exhausted by it. A blush mantled over her cheek, and gave to her large dark eyes a faint and fading lustre. She had been beautiful, very beautiful, *very* beautiful; but the delicate features were sharpened and attenuated, the exquisite symmetry of her form worn by want and illness to a mere outline of its former graceful proportions; yet, even amid the squalid wretchedness that surrounded her, an air of bygone superiority gave a nameless interest to her appearance, and I approached her with a respectful sympathy that seemed strange to my very self.

After a few explanatory sentences respecting my visit, to which she assented by a humble yet silent movement of acquiescence, I commenced reading the earnest prayers which the occasion called for.—As I proceeded, the faint chorus of a drinking song came upon my ears from some far recess of this mysterious abode; doors were suddenly opened and closed with a vault-like echo, and a hoarse voice called on the woman who had admitted me; she started suddenly from her knees, and, with the paleness of fear on her countenance, left the room. After a moment's hesitating pause, the invalid spoke in a voice whose low flute-like tones stole upon the heart like aerial music.

"I thank you," she said, "for this kind visit, those soothing prayers. Oh, how often in my wanderings have I longed to listen to such words! Cast out, like an Indian pariah, from the pale of human fellowship, I had almost forgotten how to pray; but you have shed the healing balm of religion once more upon my seared and blighted heart, and I can weep glad tears of penitence, and dare to hope for pardon."

After this burst of excitement, she grew more calm, and our conversation assumed a devotional yet placid tenor, until she drew from her bosom a small packet, and gave it to me with a trembling hand.

"Read it, sir," she said; "it is the sad history of a life of sorrow. Have pity as you trace the record of human frailty, and remember that you are the servant of the Merciful."

She paused, and her cheek grew paler, as if her ear caught an unwelcome but well known sound. A quick step was soon heard in the passage, and a man entered, bearing a light; he stood a moment on the threshold, as if surprised, and then hastily approached us. A model of manly beauty, his haughty features bore the prevailing characteristics of the gipsy blood—the rich olive cheek, the lustrous eyes, the long silky raven hair, the light and flexible form, the step light and graceful as the leopard's; yet were all these perfections marred by an air of reckless licentiousness. His attire, which strangely mingled the rich and gaudy with the torn and faded, added to the ruffianism of his appearances; and as he cast a stern look on the pale girl, who shrank beneath his eye, I read at once the mournful secret of her despair. With rough words he bade me begone, and, as the beseeching eye of his victim glanced meaning towards the door, I departed, with a silent prayer in my heart for the betrayer and the erring.

A cold drizzling rain was falling without, and I walked hastily homeward, musing on the strange scene in which I had so lately mingled. Seated in my little study, I drew my table near the fire, arranged my reading lamp, and commenced the perusal of the manuscript confided to my charge. It was written in a delicate Italian hand upon uncouth and various scraps of paper, and appeared to have been transcribed with little attempt at arrangement, at long intervals; but my curiosity added to the links of the leading events, and I gradually entered with deeper interest into the mournful history.

"How happy was my childhood!" it began. "I can scarcely remember a grief through all that sunny lapse of years. I dwelt in a beautiful abode, uniting the verandas and vine-covered porticoes of southern climes with the substantial in door comforts of English luxury. The country around was romantic, and I grew up in its sylvan solitudes almost as wild and happy as the birds and fawns that were my companions.

"I was motherless. My father, on her death, had retired from public life, and devoted himself to her child. Idolized by him, my wildest wishes were unrestrained; the common forms of knowledge were eagerly accepted by me, for I had an intuitive talent of acquiring anything which contributed to my pleasure; and I early discovered that, without learning to read and write, the gilded books and enamled desks in my father's library would remain to be only as so many splendid baubles; but a regular education, a religious and intellectual course of study, I never pursued. I read as I liked, and when I liked. I was delicate in appearance, and my father feared to control my spirits, or to rob me of a moment's happiness. Fatal affection! How did I repay such misjudging love!

"Time flowed brightly on, and I had already seen sixteen summers, when the *little cloud* appeared in the sky that so fearfully darkened my future destiny.—In one of our charitable visits to the neighboring cottages, we formed an acquaintance with a gentleman who had become an inhabitant of our village; a fall from his horse placed him under the care of our worthy doctor, and he had hired a small room attached to Ashtree farm, until he recovered from the lingering effects of his accident. Handsome, graceful and insinuating in his address, he captivated my ardent imagination at once.—Unaccustomed to the world, I looked upon him as the very 'mould of form;' a new and blissful enchantment seemed to pervade my being in his presence, and my girlish fancy dignified the delusion with the name of love! My father was delighted with his society; he possessed an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes and strange adventures, was an excellent musician, and had the agreeable tact of accommodating himself to the mood of the moment. He was a constant visitor, and at length became almost domesticated in our household. Known to us by the name of Corrie, he spoke of himself as the son of a noble house, who, to indulge a poetic temperament, and a romantic passion for rural scenery, had come forth on a solitary pilgrimage, and cast aside for a while what he called the iron fetters of exclusive society. How sweet were our moonlight ramblings through the deep forest glens; how fondly we lingered by the Fairies' Well in the green hollow of the woods, watching the single star that glistened in its pellucid waters! And, oh, what passionate eloquence, what romantic adoration, was poured forth upon my willing ear, and thrilled my susceptible heart!

"Before my father's eyes he appeared gracefully courteous to me; but not a word or glance betrayed the passion which in our secret interviews worshipped me as an idol, and enthralled my senses with the ardency of its homage. This, he told me, was necessary for my happiness, as my father might separate us if he suspected that another shared the heart hitherto his own. This was my first deception. Fatal transgression! I had departed from the path of truth, and my guardian angel grew pale in the presence of the tempter. Winter began to darken the valleys; our fireside was enlivened by the presence of our accomplished guest. On the eve of my natal day, he spoke of the birth day fetes he had witnessed during his Continental and Oriental rambles, complimented my father on the antique beauty and massy richness of the gold and silver plate which, rarely used, decorated the sideboard in honor of the occasion; and, admiring the pearls adorning my hair and bosom, spoke so learnedly on the subject of jewels, that my father brought forth from his Indian cabinet my mother's bridal jewels, diamonds, and emeralds of exquisite lustre and beauty. I had never before seen those treasures, and our guest joined in the raptures of my admiration.

"'They will adorn my daughter,' said my father, with a sigh, as he closed the casket, and retired to place it in its safe receptacle.

"'Yes, my Helen,' said my lover, 'they shall glitter on that fair brow in a prouder scene, when thy beauty shall gladden the eyes of England's nobles, and create envy in her fairest daughters.'

"I listened with a smile, and, on my father's return, passed another evening of happiness—my last!

"We retired early, and oh, how bright were the dreams that floated around my pillow, how sweet the sleep that stole upon me as I painted the future—an elysium of love and splendor! I was awakened by a wild cry that rung with agonizing horror through the midnight stillness: it was the voice of my father. I sprang hastily from my couch, threw on a wrapper, seized the night lamp, and hurried to his chamber. Ruffians opposed my entrance; the Indian cabinet lay shattered on the floor, and I beheld my father struggling in the grasp of a man who had grasped his throat to choke the startling cry. With maniac force I reached the couch, and, seizing the murderous hand, called aloud for help. The robber started with a wild execration, the mask fell from his face, and I beheld the features of Gilbert Corrie! . . . .

"When I recovered conciousness, I found that I had suffered a long illness—a brain fever, caused, the strange nurse said, by some sudden shock. Alas, how dreadful had been that fatal cause! Sometimes I think my head has never been cool since; a dull throb of agony presses yet upon my brow; sometimes it passes away; my spirits mount lightly, and I can laugh, but it was a hollow sound—oh, how unlike the sweet laughter of bygone days! . . . .

"We were in London. My apartments were sumptuous: all that wealth could supply was mine; but what a wretch was I amid that scene of splendor! The destroyer was now the arbiter of my destiny. I knew his wealth arose from his nefarious actions at the gaming table. I knew my father was dead; the severe injuries he had received on that fatal night, and the mysterious disappearance of his daughter, had laid him in his grave. Gilbert Corrie was virtually his murderer, yet still I loved him! A passion partaking of delirium bound me to his destiny. I shrank not from the caress of the felon gamester—the plague stain of sin was upon me—the burning plow-shares of the world's scorn lay in my path, and how was the guilty one to dare the fearful ordeal?—For fallen women there is *no return;* no penitence can restore her sullied brightness; the angel-plumes of purity are scattered in the dust, and never can the lost one regain the Eden of her innocence.—The world may pity, may pardon, but never more *respect;* and, oh, how dreadful to mingle with the pure, and feel the mark of Cain upon your brow! . . . .

"A change came suddenly upon Gilbert. There was no longer the lavish expenditure, the careless profusion; his looks and tone were altered. A haggard expression sat upon his handsome features, and the words of endearment no longer flowed his from lips; a quick footstep beneath the window made him start, strange looking men visited him, his absences were long, his garments often changed; the vail was about to be lifted from my *real* position.

"One night he entered hastily, snatched me from the luxurious fauteuil on which I rested, and led me, without answering my questions, to a hackney coach. We were speedily hurled away, and I never again beheld that home of splendor. By by paths we entered a close and murky street, the coach was discharged, I was hurried over a dark miry road, and, passing through a court-yard, the gate of which closed behind us, was lead without ceremony into a wretched apartment, thronged with fierce, ill-looking men, seated round a table well supplied with wines and ardent spirits. Our entrance was hailed with shouts. Gilbert was called by the name of 'noble captain' to the head of the table, and I was suffered disregarded to weep alone. I seated myself at length by the blazing fire, and then first new the real horrors of my destiny.

"From their discourse I gathered that Gilbert had committed extensive forgeries, and had that night escaped the pursuit of justice. Bumpers of congratulation were drunk, plans of robberies were discussed, and the gipsey captain chosen as the leader of the most daring exploits contemplated.

"Since that night how fearful have been my vicissitudes! Sometimes, as the splendidly dressed mistress of private gambling rooms, I have received the selected dupes in a luxurious boudoir, decoying the victims, by fascinating smiles, into the snare laid for them by Gilbert and his associates. Sometimes, encamping with the wild gipsy tribe in some hidden dell or woodland haunt, where their varied spoils were in safe keeping. Anon, the painted and tinseled queen of an itinerant show, when Gilbert enacted the mountebank, and by the brilliance of his fascinating eloquence, drew into his treasury the hard earned savings of the rustic gazers.

"To all those degradations have I submitted, and now, oh, now, more than ever, has the iron entered into my soul! He has ceased to love me. I have been an encumbrance; my beauty has faded from exposure and neglect. I have sunk beneath his blows, have writhed beneath the bitterness of his sarcasm, his brutal jest, his scornful mockery of my penitence and tears. I have endured the agony of hunger while he rioted with his companions in profligate luxury; and yet, if the old smile lights up his countenance, the old look shines forth from his lustrous eyes, he is again to me the lover of my youth, and the past is a hideous dream. Oh, woman's heart, how unfathomable is thy mystery!"

The manuscript here ended abruptly.—How sad a moral might be drawn from the history of this unfortunate! What rare gifts of mind and beauty had the want of religion marred and blighted! Had the Sun of Righteousness shone upon that ardent heart, its aspirations had been glorious, its course

"Upward! upward!
Through the doubt and the dismay
Upward! to the perfect day!"

What mournful tragedies are ever around us, flowing onward with the perpetual under-current of human life, each hour laden with its mystery and sorrow, sweeping like dim phantoms through the arch of time, and burying the fearful records in the oblivion of the abyss beyond! How few of the floating wrecks are snatched from the darkening tide!

I returned the next day to the dwelling of Helen, but it was shut up, and in the day times appeared as if long deserted.—To all inquiries, the neighbors answered reluctantly that it had been long uninhabited, and that its last occupants had been a gang of coiners, who were now suffering the penalty of transportation. I often visited the same district, but all my after-search was in vain, and the fate of Helen Corrie still remains an undiscovered mystery.

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THAT women were "born to love," is as certain as that General Jackson was "born to die." Their very dialect shows the strength of this proclivity. They use the word to indicate any sort of affection, passion, penchant, appetite, or "fancy."—They love their lovers and their husbands, fine dresses and fine dinners, sweatmeats and sweet ribbons, with apparently the same sort and the same measure of affection. To like is too tame an expression for a lady's choice. She loves everything (that she dosn't happen to hate) and finds no word in the dictionary that is equal to her need. That this everlasting and indiscriminate use of the highest and holiest word in the language is improper there can be no ground for debate. "Oh, I dearly *love* turnips!" exclaimed a lady the other day at the table—a lady who merely meant to say that she liked the vegetable in question. "The d——l you do!" said an ascetic old bachelor of her acquaintance, who sat opposite. What more could you say of your husband, or that beautiful child of yours, or even of your Redeemer, Madam? *Love Turnips?* I hope you may yet find something more worthy of your affections!"

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"WHO was the most unfortunate speculator?" Jonah, for he was sucked in.

## Somebody in the Cask.

Quite an exciting scene, says a recent number of the Cleveland Herald, occurred at one of our wharves yesterday.

The hands on one of our steamers were engaged in rolling off a cask, when to the consternation and surprise of the persons engaged in performing this operation, a voice was heard within the cask.

"Roll it easy, these darned nails hurt; I'd rather pay my passage than stand this."

Holding up their hands, their visuals expanded to the size of two saucers, the two laborers exclaimed—

"That beats all!"

The mate coming up at this moment and unaware of the cause of the delay, commenced cursing them on their dilatoriness, when from within the voice again came forth—

"You're nobody; let me out of this cask."

"What's that?" said the mate.

"Why, it's me!" said the the voice; "I want to get out—I won't stand this any longer!"

"Up end that cask," said the mate.

"Oh, don't—you'll kill me said the voice.

"These darned nails prick me, look out! don't" again said the casked-up individual, as the men were turning it over.

"Cooper; said the mate, unhead this cask and take out that man."

As the adze sundered the hoops, and the head was coming out, the voice again broke forth—

"Be easy, now! is there any one about? I dont want to be caught!"

Quite a crowd had now gathered around the scene of action, when to the utter astonishment of the bystanders, a loud guttural laugh broke forth, which made our hair stand on end, and the cask was filled with bacon.

"What does it mean?" says one.

"It really beats my time," said the mate.

We enjoyed the joke too well to "blow," as we walked off arm-in arm with the "Pakir of Siva," the vantriloqnist and magician.

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A BETTER TIME COMING.—A good deacon, at a conference meeting in the town of D——, about thirty miles north of Boston, addressed his auditors, one sabbath evening, as follows:

"My friends, there is a new doctrine going about now-a-days. We are told that all mankind are going to heaven.—But, my brethren and sisters, we hope for better things."

AN OLD WOMAN, was praising in enthusiastic terms, the sermon of a Scotch minister who had acquired a great name for depth and sublimity. The suspicions of her auditor were a little aroused, and he ventured to propose a question to her. "Well, Jenny, do you understand him?" "Understand him?" ejaculated Jenny, holding up her hand in astonishment at the question—"*Me* understand him! wad I hae the presumption!"

☞ A buck, while being measured for a pair of boots, observed:

'Make them cover the calf.

'Heavens! exclaimed the astounded snob surveying his customer from head to foot, "I have not leather enough."

A SMART WOMAN.—There is a married woman, not a thousand miles from Boston, who during a late year earned enough to repair the entire inside of the house that she and her husband occupied. On the following year she earned enough with her own hands to furnish the house with new and costly furniture. The next year she was enabled to buy herself a gold watch and chain. The following year she purchased her husband a bran new suit of clothes. Last year she became a medium for the "spiritual rappings," and we have not learned how much she earned by the operation. If this is a specimen of "woman's rights," we know of many a husband who will go for the doctrine decidedly.—*Mail.*

AN EDITOR in Vermont, having received two gold dollars in advance, in pay for his paper, says he allows his children to play with other children as usual.

THE TAXES are, indeed heavy—said Dr. Franklin on one occasion—and if those layed on by the government were the *only* ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much for our Idleness, three times as much by our Pride, and four times as much by our Folly; and from these the commissioners cannot ease or delivor us by allowing any abatement.

KOSSUTH'S ELOQUENCE.—A London paper thus speaks of the great Hungarian:

"He has stamped himself as far the greatest orator of the day. The practical, far-sighted Peel, the noble Mazzini, the unadorned Cobden, the accomplished Macaulay, the cunning Thiers, the astute Webster, the poetic Victor Hugo, the statesmanlike Clay—all lack, severally, many qualities which Kossuth as an orator combines."