PITTSBURGH GAZETTE.

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PITTSBURGH.

MONDAY MORNING, MAY 30, 1853.

☞ READING MATTER WILL BE FOUND ON EACH PAGE OF THIS PAPER.

☞ PITTSBURGH WEEKLY GAZETTE.—The extensive circulation of our Weekly Gazette offers to our business men a most desirable medium of making their business known. Our circulation is between four and five thousand; reaching almost every village and county in Western Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio.

☞ TO ADVERTISERS—Neither the Editorial Rooms nor Printing Establishment of the DAILY GAZETTE are opened on Sunday. ADVERTISERS who desire their notices to appear in the paper on Monday morning, will please hand them in before 5 o'clock, on Saturday evening.

DEMOCRATIC WHIG NOMINATIONS.

FOR CANAL COMMISSIONER,
MOSES POWNALL, *Of Lancaster County.*

FOR AUDITOR GENERAL,
ALEX. K. McCLURE, *Of Franklin County.*

FOR SURVEYOR GENERAL,
CHRISTIAN MEYERS, *Of Clarion County.*

BISHOP O'CONNOR AND THE SCHOOL QUESTION—On Saturday afternoon, too late for to-day's paper, we received another communication from Bishop O'Connor, on the school question, which we will give to-morrow.

TELEGRAPHIC REPORTS.—We have received from Mr. W. W. Fulton, agent of the "Associated Press" in Philadelphia, a letter in explanation of the telegraphic market report from Baltimore, of which we complained a few days ago. In this letter Mr. Fulton seems to be laboring under the impression that we charged *him* with an attempt to "use us for the purpose of spreading fictitious commercial quotations," but we made no charge against *any* one. We pointed out, merely, the fact that we had received a totally incorrect report of the Baltimore market; it is for those who were instrumental in furnishing it, to us to find out and explain who is responsible for it.

Mr. Fulton assures us that he copied the report of the Baltimore market, as sent to him in Philadelphia, and that he forwarded it to the West; he also sends us a *copy* of the dispatch as sent by him to the West, and we can say that it differs essentially from the dispatch furnished to us from the telegraphic office here. Mr. Fulton, therefore clears *his* skirts of the responsibility; but this does not, by any means, explain how we came to be furnished with the report complained of. We pay for *correct* and *reliable* telegraphic reports; *that* report was so palpably incorrect that we were forced to withhold it from its regular place of publication. It is not for us to hunt up the person responsible for the error; we have pointed the error out, and it is for those who are paid *for* rendering us correct reports, to examine and explain how it happened. Mr. Fulton releases *himself* from the blame; but that only shows us where the blame is *not*, and not where it is.

Telegraphic market reports, to be worth anything to us, must be *absolutely* reliable. If there is a likelihood of their being wrong, they lose their entire value. Our merchants say to us, "when we get private despatches relative to the markets, we find them *always* right, and can rely upon them; but we cannot rely upon the *published* reports, for we have found them frequently wrong." This cannot be blamed upon our proof reader, for the proof is always read by copy; and if mistakes occur, we are forced to believe they are attributable to carelessness or inattention, somewhere, before the reports reach us. Mr. Fulton will see that unless confidence can be placed in these dispatches, they can be of no possible service; and that one such blunder as that pointed out by us, is, unless it can be guarded against in the future, calculated to destroy every thing like reliance on telegraphic market reports. We feel that we have done our duty in calling attention to the matter; we leave the rest to those interested; and it is time it should be understood that we must have reliable telegraphic reports, or none. If, as Mr. Fulton asserts in his letter, "the intelligent and enterprising Journals of the Atlantic cities gladly avail themselves of the advantages of the telegraph, and are willing to pay liberally to obtain reports," it is because the reports furnished to them are full and reliable. The press of Pittsburgh and the West is as willing to pay liberally for correct reports as the press of the East; all they ask is to be certain that they can rely upon what they get.

We desire to say to Mr. Fulton in conclusion that we do not believe it is the practice of the agents of the associated press to send out fictitious or incorrect reports: yet the fact that we have received incorrect reports is incontestible. In calling attention to their incorrectness, our only desire is to see the error traced to its cause, and guarded against hereafter.

TESTIMONIAL TO KOSUTH.—Let no one say that the spirit of true liberty does not exist in England. The attempt of the Government to entangle Kossuth in difficulties, and to coerce him to leave his asylum in that country, has aroused the great heart of true Old England, so that what was intended to ruin the great Hungarian Chief, has turned to his advantage. The people of England are the true friends of liberty, and they have the right gift in them. They are not afraid to express what they feel.

The speech of Kossuth, on the occasion of receiving the testamonial of the sympathy of the British people, is marked with the ability, the delicate touches, the quick sarcasm, and the burning eloquence which distinguish this great man. It goes right to the heart, and fires the soul, and prompts one to desire, with the ardor of the noble Hungarian Patriot himself, that something may soon take place which will lift the black pall of tyranny from his Fatherland.

Kossuth does not speak hopelessly or despondingly. His faith is strong, bright and vigorous. He will not be disappointed. Freedom will triumph over oppression sooner or later. Books and newspapers, the schoolmaster and public opinion, are stronger than bayonets, and the rotten system of heavy despotism.

The Cleveland Herald learns that Gov. Wood declines the Consulate to Valparaiso, and that it was probably not intended by Pierce that any thing should be offered to Gov. Wood which he could accept.

In this connection the Herald adds that in the Baltimore Convention, last year, before Pierce was nominated, the Virginia delegation proposed to the delegation from Ohio to unite on Gov. Wood as the candidate for President, but the offer was declined: the Virginia delegation then made the same offer to the New Hampshire delegation, in behalf of Gen. Pierce, which was accepted, and he was nominated. Had the Ohio delegation accepted the offer made them, Gov. Wood would probably have received the nomination for President, and would to-day have been occupying the place of Gen. Pierce.

Under such circumstances it does seem reasonable to conclude that Gov. Wood had a claim upon the President for a higher honor than the Consulate at Valparaiso; but as it is a democratic family affair, we do not purpose to mix in it, and have no tears to shed over the fate of the man who, although he 'came within one' of being President, is thus scurvily treated by one more fortunate.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY, for June, is early to hand, and is as welcome as it is early. Its table of contents present a very interesting variety of original matter. H. S. Borworth & Co., Market street, agents for the work.

Of the various dignitaries in the Roman Catholic Church in the United States, it is worthy of remark that the priests, bishops, and archbishops are almost wholly of Irish, Italian, or French origin. There are thousands upon thousands and tens of thousands of German Catholics in America, but there is no such thing as a German bishop or archbishop.

A Washington despatch says:—"The report of the failure of negotiations for the adjustment of the Fishery question is premature. It is believed that the negotiations have not been pursued for a month past, but they will be resumed. The collection of materials for the purpose is now going on."

FROM WASHINGTON.

Correspondence of the Daily Pittsburgh Gazette.

WASHINGTON, May 25, 1853.

The bubble of another Washington wonder has been punctured, and nothing found therein. All the city papers yesterday morning contained a list of some twenty or thirty names of persons appointed to diplomatic and consular offices. I have from time to time detailed in my letters to the Gazette the movements leading to the appointments now officially promulgated, and have in fact communicated all the names for important places appearing in the list, except that of Hon. Peter D. Vroom, of New Jersey, to be Minister to Prussia. Pennsylvania, upon the whole, has done well; she has

James Buchanan, Full Minister to Great Britain.

Frederick A. Beelen, of Pittsburgh, Secretary of Legation to Central America.

John B. Clay, of Philadelphia, Minister to Peru.

Hon. A. Gilmore, of Butler County, Consul to Bordeaux, France.

James Keenan, Consul to Hong Kong.

George F. Goundie, Consul to Zurich.

Now let us survey the ground occupied by this Pennsylvania reserve. First we have old Buck. He is a great light of the new democracy, which originated in the focus of Jackson-ism, and could just as well have originated in the personal prestige of Napoleon or Old Mad Anthony, or Benjamin Franklin, or any body else upon whom the party might have chosen to settle its affections. He was also a considerable luminary of the honest, stern, old Federal party, which hated and despised the democracy as bitterly as the latter abhors cold water. He had a very special contempt and detestation of this same democracy, insomuch as that at one time he consulted the most popular physicians as to letting out the blood of his right arm, on suspicion that it might be tainted with democratic virus. But with a change of the tide he turned his coat,

"And would have changed his skin,"

had the emergency required it. In fact he did change his skin, for in 1818, '19 and '20 he was a white man, contending vigorously for the right of freedom and white labor to appropriate and possess the new territories, and from 1847 to 1853, he has been as zealous to turn them all over to the slaveholder and his black chattels.

But, having joined the democracy, he did it good service, and it has done well by him. He was a pet of Gen. Jackson, was sent by him to Russia, where he staid just long enough to draw $22,000, and has since been either in the Senate, the Cabinet, or the popular forum, contending for the prize of the Presidency. In 1844 he contested the nomination with Van Buren and Cass, and the trio were chiseled out of the pool and their individual stakes by Bob. Walker and Polk. In 1848 Cass had the inside track, and Buchanan declined in time to develope his magnanimity and love of the party. This was decidedly no *faux pas*, but a *fox pass* worthy of Martin Van Buren himself. In 1852 he made his grand brush, coming down the back stretch of his political life. But it would not do! His decided Fogyism, and the combination of his Fogy competitors with Young America, were too many for him. He ran neck and neck with Cass for a week, Douglass and Marcy lapping his quarter, but Pierce distanced the field; and the old hag, grown bald in service, and a little winded, was turned out to grass. But by careful grooming he was kept in some sort of trim, and now after a year comes out in fair condition for another race. Pierce and Marcy unite to send him out of the country, as a measure of precaution and safety to themselves. It will be amusing and interesting to observe the effect of the proceeding. It is but candid to admit that Mr. Buchanan has talents, business capacity and experience in statesmanship. He is able, pity that he is not honest. He loves himself, would that he loved his country as well.

Mr. Beelen, of your burgh, is a young gentleman who has yet his spurs to win in the public service. He promises well, has accomplishments and a good address. If I might advise him, I would recommend that he study diligently, practice great circumspection, prudence and firmness in his personal intercourse with his principal in the legation, and in view of all contingencies learn the use, in order to guard against the abuse, of Colt's revolver and the Arkansas tooth-pick.

Mr. Clay was the first diplomatic appointee of the administration. He is regularly bred to the business, having gone up through twenty years of service, and the grades of Secretary of Legation and Charge, to the position he now holds. He originated in Philadelphia, but has been so long abroad that he can hardly be said to belong any where but to the State Department.

Hon. Alfred Gilmore, late of the district adjoining your city, is named Consul to Bordeaux. He applied for, was promised, and was actually appointed to Valparaiso, a post for which there has been almost as much competition as for some of the full missions. The dignity and the revenue, which is reported to be very great, were his for three or four days, but Mr. Buchanan came down from Wheatland with two bench men, good men and true, and must have them taken into the list and done for. Consequently Mr. Gilmore must be reduced. Mr. Gilmore was reduced accordingly. It is said that he will not accept. That is an assumption too hastily made. It is very possible that Mr. Gilmore may be inclined to reject this infinitesimal dose of Executive favor with proud disdain, but on reviewing the ground he will relent. Bordeaux is in the neighborhood of $8,000 a year, and of dear delightful Paris, the centre of fashion, politeness, and revolutions. Mr. Gilmore is not rich, as I learn, but well to do, and a modest country gentleman can live at Bordeaux on $3,000 a year. Mrs. Gilmore is in delicate but improving health. The sea voyage, Bordeaux with its three thousand, and the neighborhood of dear delightful Paris, will facilitate her convalescence. She is a fair daughter of New England, grafted on a Pennsylvania stock, and will be in Europe a true representative of the Republican dames of our country. I have no doubt that Mr. G. will accept, but probably will not go out before September. Buchanan ought not to have thwarted the aspirations of Mr. Gilmore for Valparaiso, but under the circumstances the Old Fogy has drawn it as mild as could be expected.

I know nothing more of Keenan and Goundie than that the first is a clever old gentleman, and that the second has been in Europe for a number of years in the situation now assigned him.

Belmont's appointment excites intense disgust, and justly so. He has been foisted into the diplomatic service through the power of money, the Roman Church, and the foreign voters. The influence of Mr. Buchanan, Bishop Hughes, and the Post Master General has procured the appointment. When the party was in emergency last winter two powers were invoked for its extrication, the power of money and the power of Rome. New Hampshire was a democratic but a Protestant State, Protestant in the sentiments of its people and its constitution. A very injudicious attempt was made to fasten the charge of intolerance upon Gen. Pierce from these circumstances. The Romish clergy were appealed to and a treaty was made with them, by which votes was got. The foreign capitalists were appealed to, and Belmont, the agent of the Rothschilds, responded to that appeal, and cashed every draft made upon him. Mr. Buchanan, the head of the Pennsylvania democracy, insisted that he should have his reward, and he has received it. It remains for the Senate to ratify or repudiate the bargain, with its conditions.

The appointment of Peter D. Vroom, ex-Governor of New Jersey, to be Minister to Prussia, was rendered necessary by a domestic feud in that State. Mr. Vroom should have been United States Senator, but the influence of the railroad monopoly of the State defeated him, and Hon. William Wright was elected. Then a son of ex-Senator Wall and a Mr. Stevens were rival applicants for a Chargeship. Mr. Marcy preferred Stevens, but the President decided in favor of Wall. A new shuffle and deal took place, Stevens and Wall went to the wall, and the monopoly compromised on Gov. Vroom for a full mission, knowing that some concession to the democratic feeling was necessary.

But the most awful overturn of milk-pails has been in Ohio, where Gov. Wood has been degraded by Presidential fiat from the Executive Chair of the State, and banished to a petty office in Valparaiso, Chili, and Sam Medary has been exalted from the organship of Gov. Wood's administration, and made the representative of his country's sovereignty at the capitol of that same nation. The office assigned to Wood is said to be worth $15,000 per annum, though not correctly so, and it is barely possible that the love of money may induce him to accept the appointment, and to pocket the indignity with the dollars, but I do not believe it. Pending his decision, Manypenny, Indian Commissioner, has gone home to reconcile the Governor to his inevitable decline, and to adjust other matters of unfavorable portent to the democratic cause in Ohio. JUNIUS.

The *Post* of Saturday states that DAVID ACHESON has been appointed Postmaster at Washington.

This appointment illustrates most forcibly the ruthlessness of party politics. Mr. Acheson is a young man of only 22 or 23 years of age, who has never rendered any political service to his party; while the man he displaces is a poor man, well advanced in years, and too old to work at his trade, and was, moreover, a soldier in the last war with Great Britain. It might well be supposed that if any exception was to be made to the rule that the spoils belong to the victors, it would be in such a case as this; but the democracy stop not at sacrificing a poor old soldier, even to bestow office on one having no shadow of claim for party services.

We do not complain of this removal; we only include to it to show that proscription may be practised solely for proscription's sake. Mr. Acheson, the appointee, is, beyond doubt, well qualified for the place given him, and his appointment is wholly unobjectionable, on the score of personal merit; but that does not change the fact that he owes his appointment to no political services of his own, but wholly to the fact that the incumbent was a Whig.

FROM NEW YORK.

Correspondence of the Pittsburgh Gazette.

NEW YORK, May 26, 1853.

Merchants have ceased to be very busily employed, and the arrivals of strangers are now made up mainly of pleasure travellers. Preparations are already making for the Autumn trade by the importers, if enormous importations are any indication, and if August passes without a brisk demand for money, financiers of repute will be much at fault in their anticipations. The last mail from England announces that freights for the United States are firm and active, and private letters say we are to have as many goods as we can take. As we have about crowded Europe full of bonds, it requires a small degree of sagacity to foresee the time when our coin must be sent abroad to pay for goods we could better make at home. On Saturday last a half a million went from this port, and on Wednesday three hundred thousand from Boston. On Saturday next we shall lose near a million more, making our golden exports near two millions, against the semi-monthly receipts from California of three millions. Our cotton has gone forward without interruption, and the gold is sure to flow as freely during the next sixty days.

Money remains easy on call, but there is no demand for any speculative paper, and only a fair request from merchants. Stocks are very quiet, and as a general thing, broker has the market quite to themselves. Prices of fancies are perpetually sinking, nor can a more favorable state of things be looked for until after the warm weather is over.

The M. E. Conference is proceeding with its business with great harmony and dispatch. The "Book Concern" is shown to be in a very flourishing condition. Its assets are $706,638 05. Due on notes and book accounts, $2,858 66.—The net amount of capital stock, January 1st, 1853, was $576,674 49. Amount of sales and receipts for periodicals, for the past year, has been $252,648 57; ditto for 1851, $244,649 70—showing an increase in 1852 of $7,998 87.—The whole amount of assets, after deducting 30 per cent. on notes and book accounts, is $613,812 36.

Something new in the way of hatting has been developed by a Bowery shop keeper who offers to put into all hats costing three dollars, a detective guerreotype of the purchasers. The chief of police, under this new plan, will know who to avoid at sight.

A new Ice Cream Saloon belonging to Taylor, is about ready to make its appearance and astonish the people of Broadway. The cost of the saloon and of a hotel attached is $350,000; a room large enough to secure all desirable splendor as well as comfort. Except to a select few, entrance to the new palace of ice cream has been denied, but these who have been allowed a private view are ready to pronounce it the most gorgeous Saloon of the times, surpassing all the bridal rooms and saloons either of private or public mansions. Ice Cream Saloons have come to be 'institutions' in New York, and this one is certainly worth viewing.

The trouble with the Sardinian ship of war has been settled by the Captain making a private apology for the rudeness of his officers, and here the matter ends. C.

For the Pittsburgh Gazette.

TELEGRAPHIC DISPATCHES.

MR. EDITOR.—A good deal of censure has been cast upon the reporters of the Associate Press in relation to telegraphic dispatches, and Mr. Fulton, of Philadelphia, has received no small portion of it. I desire that justice be done and send the following, which I received by Friday's mail, which will show that the Agents of the Associated Press *are not always to blame* for the late receipt of news. It will be seen, that the Foreign News by the Franklin, and other dispatches, were put into the Telegraph Office at Philadelphia *prior to eleven o'clock in the morning*; this news was not received by us until *half nine in the morning*, when, after having called twice at the Telegraph Office, *ten pages* were given me *en masse*, greatly to my inconvenience and to the annoyance of the printers who were consequently obliged to work long after midnight. JOS. SNOWDEN.

PHILADELPHIA, Tuesday, Midnight.

Enclosed you have duplicates sent since yesterday at 4. P. M. except the H. Y. Cash Market, List of Foreign Appointments; Church Struck by Lightning, Foreign News per steamer Franklin, *all sent prior to eleven o'clock this morning*; the Presbyterian, Old School, Assembly, sent at 4, P. M., and Halifax steamer's news sent this evening, as far as received up to closing the Western office."

PITTSBURGH AND SPRINGFIELD R. R. ILL.—This is another of the new roads recently projected. We gather from the Springfield *State Register* that the books for subscription to the capital stock have been opened, and that a meeting of the Commissioners for the organization of the Board was held at Petersburg on the 17th inst., when John Bennett, of Petersburg, was elected President of the Board.

The road, starting from Springfield, runs on nearly an air line to Petersburg, thence to Havanna, Lewistown, Cuba, Ellisville, St. Augustine, Berwick, Monmouth, and to Keithsburg, or New Boston, on the Mississippi river, intersecting the Military Tract Railroad and the Peoria and Oquawka Railroad, and by the Road from Monmouth to Rock Island, connecting the Upper Mississippi, and forming the great connection of Iowa and Western Illinois with St. Louis. The region through which this road passes is not excelled in wealth, fertility, population and resources, by any in the State.

What connection *Pittsburgh*, a portion of its name, has with the road, our informant does not say. The vagueness of information of this nature is, to say the least of it, very unsatisfactory to the reader, and should be avoided.—*Cin. Railroad Record.*

We presume that this road is intended to connect at Springfield with a road from that place to Terre Haute, on the Wabash, from which point the road to Pittsburgh will soon be open.

THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.—The great Central line of Pennsylvania is making rapid strides in public favor; and notwithstanding the jealousies of rival factions bids fair to control all the passenger and carrying traffic of the entire country drained by it. The statement which is annexed, has been obtained from an official source and can be relied on for its accuracy; it presents a gratifying view of the increasing use made of the line, and must be highly gratifying to its friends, from the returns fully justifying the predictions and calculations of its promoters.

Statement of the Receipts and Expenses of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company for the first four months of the years 1852 and 1853.

Months	1852 Receipts	1852 Expenses	1852 Net profit	1853 Receipts	1853 Expenses	1853 Net profit
January	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
February	152,604 64	117,826 15	[illegible]	221,062 39	148,163 30	[illegible]
March	144,417 33	118,633 90	[illegible]	311,843 82	168,2[illegible] 6	[illegible]
April	206,411 31	112,412 49	[illegible]	371,116 68	1,045,77	[illegible]
Total	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Expenses	472,181 38		56,057 20			
Net profit	[illegible]		[illegible]		641,141 80	

The cost of the road and the equipment in use during the past four months, was something less than ten millions of dollars. It therefore appears that this Company has realized, before the completion of its whole line, over 5 per ct. upon its investment in the first four months of the year. This extraordinary result is to be attributed, first, to the very large local business of the country traversed, and secondly, to the fact that the whole work has been substantially built in the most economical manner that such payments could secure. The small debt of the Company, unlike that of most other companies, bears but 5 per ct. interest, and was negotiated at a considerable premium, instead of the discount usually submitted to in procuring loans for works of internal improvement.—*N. Y. Mer. Journal.*

SPEECH BY KOSSUTH.

TESTIMONIAL TO KOSSUTH.

The late arrival from Europe, brings us most cheering accounts of the revival of the spirit of liberal principles in England.

The large room of the London Tavern was filled to suffocation, on Friday evening, May 6, by persons anxious to see the presentation of a copy of Shakspear's works, the product of a people subscription, set on foot some time ago, to M. Kossuth. A number of ladies were present, and a sufficiently large proportion of foreigners.—Admission to the platform was obtained at the low charge of 1 shilling, and the body of the hall was, we believe, free. On the table, in front of the Chairman, was a model of Shakspear's pictative house, at Stratford-on-Avon, about three feet long by a foot and a half in height, and through the windows, on the ground floor and of the upper stories, might be seen the gilded backs of the copy of Knight's Pictorial Shakspeare, inclosed within and filling up the edifice from floor to ceiling. Lord D. Stuart, M. P., took the chair at 7 o'clock, amid loud cheers.—He was followed by M. Kossuth, who was dressed in a short black velvet frock, with black bugles and braid on the front, and wide open sleeves. He was attended by his courier, dressed in a cavalry jacket, with gold lace on the breast, and a tri-color sash, and broad gold stripes on his pantaloons. Sir J. Walmsley, M. P., Mr. Cobden, M. P., Mr. Digby Seymour, M. P., and others, were on the platform.

Lord D. Stuart, at the close of a lengthy speech, which was greatly applauded, called on Mr. Douglas Jerrold to address M. Kossuth, in presenting to him the gift of "the people of England."

Mr. D. Jerrold presented the testimonial to M. Kossuth in a highly poetical and much applauded speech.

SPEECH OF KOSSUTH.

M. KOSSUTH then came forward and was cheered most enthusiastically. The whole meeting rose and cheered again and again, the ladies waving their handkerchiefs, and the gentlemen their hats. It would be impossible accurately to describe the enthusiasm. As soon as silence was restored, M. KOSSUTH said: Having, upon serious consideration of time and circumstances, decided not to speak any more publicly in England, I lost so much the ease of style and the habit of oratory, that I can scarcely forbear to feel embarrassed like a *debutant*, in venturing with my broken English once more to offend the language in which a Shakspeare wrote, and Douglas Jerrold has just charmed my ears. I fear the melody of its tunes will break at the fibres of my unwieldy tongue, like the chords of a harp under the metallic finger of an iron hand. ["No," and cheers.] My Lord, I have here received this evening a precious addition to the numerous tokens of friendship and sympathy to my country, which this people of different climates, different in origin, in language, religious worship, habits and political organization, have honored me; tokens worthy to adorn the national hall of new born Hungary, when once the trials of national misfortune shall pass. [Cheers.] And may I also say, may I live or die, I trust to God, they will be placed there, to stand as memorials of the brotherly tie which unites the national members of mankind in one common family, which has one common Father there above. [Cheers] The works of Shakspeare—a valuable treasure by the artistical execution itself, a noble specimen of English typographical art—the work of Shakspeare, of that mighty genius which cast its rays of instruction, ennobling sentiments, and of heart burning delight through centuries past, and centuries to come—those bright rays which pierce triumphantly even the gloom of our too material age, and the lustre of which grows more radiant as ages after ages shower its darkness upon the gravely and solemn of freemen cheered these, my stammering words, till at last, after all excitement long ago subsided—and I carefully avoided stirring it up again—10,000 English working men, with a delicacy nearly bordering on poetry, honor me with such a precious testimony of their friendship and regard. [Cheers] Why, my Lord, was all this occurred to me on account of the little English I know, or in compliment of the foreign pronunciation which clashingly hurts the hearing of Englishmen? It is that I touched a chord to which there is a thrilling echo in the breast of every honest man. It is because my humble cause of liberty, the very word of which is enough to electrify man's heart, and to bring tears of joy or tears of compassion to his eyes. It was because I spoke of my country's virtues and of its unmerited misfortunes, and held up its bleeding image to the world—as this is represented, by the tender man's heart, to make his blood boil up with hatred against injustice and despotism—a theme sad enough to make the very stones in the street cry out for compassion and for sympathy. [Cheers.]

The best thanks, in my opinion, are the pledge which I give you in the name of my beloved people, that, abiding our time, we will endure sufferings, persecution, oppression, but we will not despair. [Cheers.] No adversities shall bend our resolution to have our country restored to its national rights, and to see it once more independent and free. Tyrants may rage in blind fury and decimate the patriots of Hungary; still, the day of redress and of retribution shall come. Yes, my Lord, the hangman's rope may strike the curse on the oppressor's head, which he mixed with the dying victim's last prayer, but no power on earth can prevent that curse to fall on the oppressor's head, (cheers) because there is a God in heaven and there will be justice on earth. (Cheers.) The blood from the patriot's heart spilt in the tyrant's command may well cry out to God for a father land, and dogs may lick up what this is mortal in that blood, but no power on earth can prevent its immortal atoms to mount to Almighty God—life as the blood of Abel did mount. (Cheers.) The bodies of the martyrs may rot in the cold grave, a prey for the worms; but their immortal spirits will gather round the throne of the Eternal, praying for justice to their downtrodden land; and there they stand, and their name is legion. (Cheers) I see them with the eyes of my soul. (Here M. Kossuth looked up to Heaven.) The prisons may be filled with new victims day by day, till thieves and felons have to be admitted to get a place for persecuted patriots. Exiles may be spread over the wide world, some of them corrupted by long distress, others surrounded by lurking spies; and the people at home, those millions of unnamed demigods with immortal souls, and with sacred aspirations in their souls—they may freel and groan, but sooner or later, they will become free. [Cheers.] They have, not despairing, but to stand prepared to profit by the coming opportunities; and so sure as there is an all-watching eye the above, the opportunity will not fail to come [Cheers.] And the oppressed nations, supported by the moral emancipation by the public opinion of the world, will and shall become free. Amen. [Cheers.] It is therefore that the trembling despots resort at home, day by day, to the hangman and to terrorism, while they resort abroad to every imaginable trick and plot to arrest or to pervert the public opinion of the world. I will tell you a sad tale of the former kind! You remember the attempt of Liberty to assassinate Francis Joseph, whom men may call Emperor of Austria, but who certainly is not King of Hungary. [Cheers] I certainly am not the man either to excuse assassins or to justify assassinations, though you are all taught in your universities to honor Brutus with the name of a hero and a patriot. I only wonder why all who justly condemned Liberty for his criminal attempt have not equal words of condemnation for other assassinations; but that I will leave to their own conscience.

However, Liberty having stricken his blow, General Kempfen sent word to the municipal court, that from the vast number of Hungarian political prisoners four should be dispatched immediately to Pesth, to be executed there. The court-martial—mark the words, gentlemen—even an Austrian court-martial, answered that, unfortunately, they could not furnish his excellency with the wanted victims, as it just so happened that there was no prisoner condemned or who could be condemned to death, all fit persons having been despatched in due course. Well Kempfen answered, "If you have none, I will designate four who, guilty or not guilty, shall die." So he did. The designated individuals had already had their trial. One had been sentenced upon suspicion to ten years' prison; Juhhal, formerly tutor to the children of my sister, to four years; and the two others equally to imprisonment. Kempfen answered, "Fried or not tried, that does not matter; they shall die;" and, a new special court having been patched up in haste, they have been doomed and executed. "Was that assassination committed to frighten political assassins?—[Cheers] No; political assassins, once determined to violate morality, do not fear death — Why, therefore, renew that foul judiciary assassination to which Louis Batthyany, of immortal memory, fell a victim in an equal manner? Why, to terrify with public opinion at home, and to pervert with public opinion abroad, so much as they afraid of it. But, in their blind zeal, sometimes, happily, they choose to this effect very curious steps. I lived a retired life for many months. The sympathy of public opinion was still with me for my country's sake. I was sure of it; the straight, upright, honest heart of the people of England does not change in its moral affections like a weathercock; but mere have, of course, other things to do than to speak always of poor down-trodden Hungary, which there is no occasion for it; and my name was scoundly named for months. And they thought "Now is the time—there is no public opinion more to support him—let us strike some blow at him." Well, they wanted public opinion manifested again. [Cheers] Here they have it [cheers]—and can have more of it, if they please, without any co-operation of mine. [Cheers] Old England's sense of justice will do what is right. But what is the clue to this public opinion? The name of Shakspeare carries back my memory so far as 1837. For having dared to claim my lawful right, I was in prison till the voice of my nation's universal indignation released me. For months I was there in a damp, lonely chamber, seeing neither the sky nor the earth, with none of those inexhaustible consolations which bountiful nature affords to misfortune and sufferings. And there I was without a book to read, without a pen to write; there I was with God, with my tranquil conscience, and with meditation alone. [Cheers.] But it is fearful to be thus alone, with nothing to arrest the musing eye. Imagination raises its dreadful wings, and carries the mind in a magnetic flight to portentous regions, of which no philosophy has ever dreamt. I gathered up all the strength of my mind, and bade it stop that dangerous soaring. [Cheers.] It was done, and I got afraid of myself. [Cheers.] So I told my jailers to give me something to read. "Yes," answered they, "but nothing political." "Well, give me Shakspere, with an English grammar and a dictionary; that you will take, I trust, not to be political." "Of course not," answered they, and gave it to me, and there I sat musing over it. For months it was a sealed book to me, as the hieroglyphs long were to Champolion, and as Layard's Assyrian monuments still are. But at last the light spread over me, and I drank in full cups, with never-quenched thirst, from that limpid source of delightful instruction and of instructive delight.—Thus I learnt the little English I know. But I learnt something more besides. I learnt politics. What! politics from Shakspere! Yes, gentlemen. What else are politics but philosophy applied to the government of men, and what is philosophy but the knowledge of nature and of the human heart; and who ever penetrated deeper into the recess of these mysteries than Shakspere did? He furnished me the materials—contemplative meditation wrought out the rest. Years passed over my head—years full of strange vicissitudes, which, amid their incessant comprehensive toils, have left to the patriot, to the publicist, to the legislator, to the minister, and at last to the governor occupied to defend his country against the unjust attack of two empires—has left, I say, no time, and the subsequent exile in Turkey no opportunity, to renew acquaintance with that mute but eloquent teacher of mine; and I really thought I had long forgotten the little of your language I had learned from him, till on the very day when some foreign papers, with malignant scorn, told the world what a glorious task it would be for Lord Dudley Stuart to carry me, on my arrival in England, from town to town like a strange beast, and to tire out his own eloquence in introducing me to the men of England to whom I would bow expressively with a growling howl, like a full blood Indian of the far West, not being able to utter one English word [cheers]—on that very day I say, landing at Southampton, my kind and generous friend, Mr. Andrews, took me, yet half sea sick, down to the Crystal Palace Hall, and bade me answer to the welcome I was honored with. I really shuddered at the task; but the genius of my teacher had torn the veil from my memory, and the generous forbearance of Englishmen bore with the unwieldiness of my ignorance. [Cheers] Since that, in one uninterrupted series of eight months here, and in America, from New York to St. Louis, in the West, thence to New Orleans and Mobile, in the South, and back to Massachusetts, glorious by the universality of the people's education, and by the people's general welfare, I had to speak more than 600 times.—I had to speak to city magistrates, to delegations of cities and congregations, to the Congress of and the Legislatures in the United States, and to thousands of thousands of the people here and there. I had to answer many of the most eloquent speakers of our age, before the accomplished mastership of whom my oratory sank to atomic insignificance. I had to speak to academic halls, where—to use the words of an American orator—eloquence is made the business of life; in vast cities which poured out by hundred thousands their people to hail me; in these great gathering places, where the rivers of people have their confluence; and millions of them listened to my stammering words, and millions of freemen cheered these, my stammering words, till at last, after all excitement long ago subsided—and I carefully avoided stirring it up again—10,000 English working men, with a delicacy nearly bordering on poetry, honor me with such a precious testimony of their friendship and regard. [Cheers] Why, my Lord, was all this occurred to me on account of the little English I know, or in compliment of the foreign pronunciation which clashingly hurts the hearing of Englishmen? It is that I touched a chord to which there is a thrilling echo in the breast of every honest man. 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