# SUNBURY AMERICAN.

H. B. MASSER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. OFFICE, MARKET STREET, OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE.

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Sunbury, Aug. 16, 1851.—1y.

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April 19, 1851.—tf.

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Sunbury, Sept. 6, 1851.—1y.

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H. B. MASSER, Agent.

Sunbury, Aug. 16, 1851.—

**NATIONAL HOTEL,**
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WILLIAM WEAVER.

Shamokin, April 19, 1850.—tf.

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Philadelphia, April 12, 1851.—1y.

**Lycoming Mutual Insurance Company.**
H. B. MASSER is the local agent for the Lycoming Insurance Company, in Northumberland county, and is at all times ready to effect policies against fire on real or personal property, renewing policies for the same.
Sunbury, April 26, 1851.—tf.

Stevenson's celebrated ink, and also Conklin's Ink for sale, wholesale and retail by
December 28, 1850. H. B. MASSER.


From the New York Tribune.

## KOSSUTH'S SPEECH TO THE LADIES IN NEW YORK.

The scene at Metropolitan Hall on Saturday afternoon, the 20th ult., was probably the most beautiful that has yet met the eye of the great Magyar since he came to America. The immense Hall was densely filled with an assembly of 3,000 persons, of whom 2,500 were women. Their eager curiosity to see and hear the Wonder of the Nineteenth Century, was nobly gratified by by the more subdued sentiment of respect for the distinguished man and hope for his cause.

After an address from the Rev. Dr. Tyng, Gov. Kossuth rose and spoke as follows:

I would I were able to answer that call. I would I were able conveniently to fill the place which your kindness has assigned to me; but really I am in despair. I do not know how many times I have spoken within the last fourteen days in New York. Permit me to make some few remarks which are suggested to my mind by what has been stated. You were pleased to say that Austria was blind to let me escape. Be assured that it was not the merit of Austria. Austria would have been very glad to bury me, if not in the cold grave of death, at least in the equally cold grave of moral inactivity. But the Emperor of Turkey took courage at the interference of America; and notwithstanding all the reclamations of Austria, I am free—restored to life, because restored to duty and activity. If Austria would not have murdered down the very existence of my nation, it is true I should have vanished out of the memory of man. It is a curious fate which I have. Perhaps there never was a man in the world who was so fond of tranquility as I am; and perhaps no man so fond of doing as much good as possible without being known, or even noticed as being in the world. Thus, longing for tranquility, it was my destiny never to have a single moment in my life to see it fulfilled. But my guiding star was, and will be, "Duty;" and the pleasure and delight of the heart must wait, even for ever, if necessary, when duty calls. Ladies, worn out as I am, still I am glad, very glad indeed, that it is the ladies of New York who have condescended to listen to my farewell. This my farewell, cannot, will not be eloquent. When in the midst of a busy day, the watchful cares of a guardian angel throws some flowers of joy in the thorny way of man, he gathers them up with thanks, a cheerful thrill quivers through his heart, like the melody of an Æolian harp; but the earnest duties of life soon claim his attention and his cares. The melodious thrill dies away, and on he must go, and on he goes, joyless, cheerless, and cold, every fibre of his heart bent to the earnest duties of the day. But when the hard work of the day is done, and the stress of mind for a moment subsides, then the heart again claim its right, and the tender fingers of our memory gather up again the violets of joy which the guardian angel threw in our way, and we look at them with so much joy, we cherish them as the favorite gifts of life—we are so glad—as glad as the child on Christmas eve. These are the happiest moments of man's life.—But when we are not noisy, not eloquent, we are silent, almost mute, like nature in a mid-summer's night, reposing from the burning heat of the day. Ladies, that is my condition now. It is a hard day's work which I have to do here. I am delivering my farewell address; and every compassionate smile, every warm grasp of the hand, every token of kindness which I have received (and I have received so many) every flower of consolation which the ladies of New York have thrown on my thorny way, rushes with double force to my memory. I feel so happy in this memory—there is a solemn tranquility about my mind; but in such a moment I would rather be silent than speak. I scarcely can speak. You know, ladies, that it is not the deepest feelings which are the loudest.—[Loud applause.] And besides, I have to say farewell to New York! This is a sorrowful word. What immense hopes are linked in my memory in this word New York—hopes of resurrection for my down-trodden fatherland—hopes of liberation for oppressed nations on the European continent! Will the expectations which the mighty outburst of New York's young and generous heart foreshadowed, be realized? Will these hopes be fulfilled, or will the ray of consolation which New York cast on the dark night of my fatherland—will it pass away like an electric flash? Oh, could I cast one single glance into the book of futurity! No, God forgive me this impious wish. It is He who hid the future from man, and what He does is well done. It were not good for man to know his destiny. The energy of his sense of duty would falter or subside, if we were assured of the failure or success of our aims. [Applause.] It is because we do not know the future that we retain our energy of duty. So will I go on in my work, with the full energy of my humble abilities, without despair, but with hope. It is Eastern blood which runs in my veins; and I come from the East. I have, accordingly, somewhat of Eastern fatalism in my disposition, but it is the fatalism of a Christian who trusts with unwavering faith in the boundless goodness of a Divine Providence. But among all these different feelings and thoughts that come upon me in the hour of my farewell, one thing is almost indispensable to me, and that is, the assurance that the sympathy I have met with here will not pass away like the cheers which a warbling girl receives on the stage—that it will be preserved as a principle, and that when the emotion subsides, the calmness of reflection will but strengthen it, because it is a principle. This consolation I wanted, and this consolation I have, because, ladies, I place it in your hands. I bestow on your motherly and sisterly cares, the hopes of Europe's oppressed nations,—the hopes of civil, political, social, and religious liberty. Oh, let me entreat you, with the brief and stammering words of a warm heart, overwhelmed with emotions and with sorrowful cares—let me entreat you, ladies, to be watchful of the sympathy of your people, like the mother over the cradle of her beloved child. It is worthy of your watchful care, because it is the cradle of regenerated humanity. Especially in regard to my poor fatherland, I have particular claims on the fairer and better half of humanity, which you are. The first of these claims is, that there is not, perhaps, on the face of the earth a nation which in its institutions has shown more chivalric regard for ladies than the Hungarians. It is a praiseworthy trait of the Oriental character. You know that it was the Moorish race, in Spain, who were the founders of the chivalric era in Europe, so full of personal virtue, so full of noble deeds, so devoted to the service of ladies, and heroism, and to the protection of the oppressed.—You are told that the ladies of the East are almost degraded to less than a human condition, being secluded from all social life, and pent up within the harem's walls.—And so it is. But you must not judge the East by the measure of European civilization. They have their own civilization, quite different from ours in views, inclinations, affections, and thoughts. Eastern mankind is traditional—the very soil retains the stamp of traditional antiquity.—When you walk upon that old soil, with the Old Testament in your hand, and read the prophets and the patriarchs on the very spot where they lived and walked, you are astonished to find that nature is as it was five thousand years ago, and that the cedars still grow on her boundary, under the shadow of which the patriarchs were protected. You see the well just as Jacob saw it when Rachel gave drink to him and his camels. Everything—the aspect of nature, the habits, the customs, the social life of the people—is measured, not by centuries, but by thousands of years. The women of the East live as they lived in the time of the patriarchs, and they feel happy. Let them remain so [applause;] who can wish them more on earth than happiness? Nothing is more ridiculous than to pity those who feel happy. But such is the fact that there is almost a religious regard paid to women in the East. No man dares to injure or to offend a woman there. He who would do so would be despised by all like a dog. That respect goes so far, that the lord does not dare raise the carpet of his harem's door, still less enter it, where a pair of slippers before the threshold tells him that a lady is in the room. [Applause.] Respect and reverence for women is the characteristic of the Orient. The Magyars are of Eastern stock, cast in Europe. We found all the blessings of civilization in your ladies; but we conserved for them the regard and reverence of our Oriental character. Nay, more than that, we carried these views into our institutions and into our laws. With us, the widow remains the head of the family, as the father was. As long as she lives, she is the mistress of the property of her deceased husband. The chivalrous spirit of the nation supposes she will provide, with motherly care, for the wants of her children, and she remains in possession so long as she bears her deceased husband's name. The old Constitution of Hungary, which we reformed upon a democratic basis—it having been aristocratic—under that instrument the widow of a lord had the right to send her Representative to the Parliament, and in the county elections of public functionaries widows had a right to vote alike with the men. Perhaps this chivalric character of my nation, so full of regard toward the fair sex, may somewhat commend my mission to the ladies of America. Our second particular claim is, that the source of all the misfortune which now weighs so heavily upon my bleeding fatherland, is in two ladies—Catharine of Russia, and Sophia of Hapsburg, the ambitious mother of the young Nero, Francis Joseph.—You know that one hundred and fifty years ago, Charles the Twelfth, of Sweden, the bravest of the brave, forseeing the growth of Russia, and fearing that it would oppress and overwhelm civilization, ventured with a handful of men to overthrow the rising power of Russia. After immortal deeds, and almost fabulous victories, one loss made him a refugee upon Turkish soil, like myself. But happier than myself, he succeeded in persuading Turkey of the necessity of checking Russia, in her overweening ambition, and in curtailing her growth.—On went Mehemet Balzordei with his Turks, and met Peter the Czar, and pent him up in a corner, where there was no possibility of escape. There Mehemet held him with iron grasp till hunger came to his aid. But nature claimed her rights, and in a council of war it was decided to surrender to Mehemet. Then Catharine, who was present in the camp, appeared in person before the Grand Vizier to sue for mercy. She was fair, and she was rich with jewels of nameless value. She went to the Grand Vizier's tent. She came back without any jewels, but she brought mercy, and Russia was saved. From that celebrated day dates the downfall of Turkey, and that of Russia's growth. Out of this source flowed the stream of Russian preponderance over the European continent; and down-trodden liberty, and the nameless sufferings of Poland and of my poor native land, are the dreadful fruits of Catharine's success on that day, cursed in the records of humanity. The second lady who will be cursed through all posterity, in her memory, is Sophia, the mother of the present usurper of Hungary—she who had the ambitious dream to raise the limited power of a child upon the ruins of liberty, and on the neck of down trodden nations. It was her ambition—the evil genius of the house of Hapsburg in the present day—which brought desolation upon us. I need only mention one fact to characterize what kind of a heart was in that cursed woman. On the anniversary of the day of Arad, where our martyrs bled, she came to the Court with a bracelet of rubies gathered together in so many roses as were numbered by the heads of the brave Hungarians who fell there, and declared it a gift which she joyfully presented to the company as a memento which she wears on her very arm to cherish its eternal memory, that she might not forget the pleasure she derived from the killing of those men who died at Arad. This very fact can give you a true knowledge of the character of that woman. And this is the second claim to the ladies' sympathy for oppressed humanity and for my poor fatherland. I wish the free women of free America will help my down-fallen land to get out of that iron grasp, or to get out of those bloody fangs, and become independent and free. Our third particular claim is the behavior of our ladies during the last war. It is no wanton praise—it is a fact what I say—that, in my hard task to lead on the struggle and to govern Hungary, I had no more powerful auxiliaries, and no more faithful executors of the will of the nation, than in the women of Hungary. (Applause.) You know that in ancient Rome, after the battle of Cannæ, which was won by Hannibal, the victor was afraid to come down to the very walls of Rome. The Senate called on the people spontaneously to sacrifice all their wealth on the altar of their fatherland, and the ladies were the first to do it. Every jewel, every ornament, was brought forth, so much so that the tribune judged it necessary to pass a law prohibiting the ladies of Rome to wear jewelery or any silk dresses, in order that it might not appear the ladies of Rome had not, by their own choice, have done so. Now, we wanted in Hungary no such law. The women of Hungary brought all that they had. (Great applause.) You would have been astonished to see how, in the most wealthy houses of Hungary, if you were invited to dinner, you would be forced to eat soup with iron spoons; and when the wounded and the sick—and many of them we had, because we fought hard—when the wounded and sick were not so well provided as it would have been our duty and our pleasure to do, I ordered the ministry and the respective public functionaries to take care of them. But the poor wounded went on suffering, and the ministry went on slowly to provide for them. When I saw this, one single word was spoken to the ladies of Hungary, and in a few hours there was provision made for hundreds of thousands of sick. [Applause from the gentlemen present.]—And I never met a single mother who would have withheld her son from sharing in the battle; but I have met many who ordered and commanded their children to fight for their fatherland. [Applause.] I saw many and many brides who urged on the bridegrooms to delay their day of happiness till they would come back victorious from the battles of their fatherland.—Thus acted the ladies of Hungary. That country deserves to live; that country deserves to have a future left yet, which the women, as much as the men, love and cherish. [Applause.]

But I have a stronger motive than all these to claim your protecting sympathy for my country's cause. It is her nameless woe, nameless sufferings. In the name of that ocean of bloody tears which the sacrilegious hand of the tyrant wrung from the eyes of the childless mothers, of the brides who beheld the hangman's sword between them and their wedding day—in the name of all these mothers, wives, brides, daughters and sisters, who, by thousands of thousands, weep over the graves of Magyars so dear to their hearts, and weep the bloody tears of a patriot (as they all are) over the face of their beloved native land—in the name of all those torturing stripes with which the flogging hand of Austrian tyrants dared to outrage humanity in the womankind of my native land—in the name of that daily curse against Austria with which even the prayers of our women are mixed—in the name of the nameless sufferings of my own dear wife (here the whole audience rose and cheered vehemently)—the faithful companion of my life—of her, who for months and for months was hunted by my country's tyrants, like a noble deer, not having, for months, a moment's rest to repose her wearied head in safety, and no hope, no support, no protection but at the humble threshhold of the hard-working people, as noble and generous as they are poor—(applause)—in the name of my poor little children, who so young are scarcely conscious of their life, had already to learn what an Austrian prison is—in the name of all this, and what is still worse, in the name of down trodden liberty, I claim, ladies of New York, your protecting sympathy for my country's cause. Nobody can do more for it than you. The heart of man is as soft as wax in your tender hands. Mould it, ladies; mould it into the form of generous compassion for my country's wrongs, inspire it with the noble feelings of your own hearts, inspire it with the consciousness of your country's power, dignity and might. You are the framers of man's character. Whatever be the fate of man, one stamp he always bears on his brow—that which the mother's hand impressed upon the soul of the child. The smile of your lips can make a hero out of the coward—(applause)—and a generous man out of the egotist; one word from you inspires the youth to noble resolutions; the lustre of your eyes is the fairest reward for the toils of life. You can even blow up the feeble spark of energy in the breast of broken age, that once more it may blaze up in a noble, a generous deed before it dies. All this power you have. Use it, ladies, use it in behalf of your country's glory, and for the benefit of oppressed humanity, and when you meet a cold calculator, who thinks by arithmetic when he is called to feel the wrongs of oppressed nations, convert him, ladies. Your smiles are commands, and the truth which pours forth instinctively from your hearts, is mightier than the logic articulated by any scholar. The Peri excluded from Paradise, brought many generous gifts to heaven in order to regain it.—She brought the dying sigh of a patriot; the kiss of a faithful girl imprinted on the lips of her bridegroom distorted by the venom of the plague. She brought many other fair gifts; but the doors of Paradise opened before her only when she brought with her the first prayer of a man converted to charity and brotherly love for his oppressed brethren and humanity. I have many tokens received of this brotherly love; and at the very moment of my entering this hall, I was informed of a circumstance which I consider so important as to beg permission to make in respect to it one single remark. I am told that one of the newspapers, with friendly and generous intention toward that cause which I have the honor to plead before you, has pointed out as the success of my standing here, that there is a committee established out of such men whose very share in that committee gives importance to it, and who are about to raise money for the purpose of revolutionizing Europe. My axiom is that of the Irish poet, "Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow." [Applause] All that I claim is fair play; and that is the aim for which I claim the United States to become the executive power of the laws of Nature and of Nature's God. That is the aim for which I claim your generous public and private aid and support. The revolutions in Europe will be made by the nations of Europe; but that they shall have fair play is what the nations of Europe expect from the protection of the United States of America. Remember the power which you have and which I have endeavored to point out in a few brief words. Remember this, and form associations; establish ladies' committees to raise substantial aid for Hungary. Who could, who would, refuse, when the melody of your voice is pleading the cause of my bleeding, my oppressed native land.

Now, ladies, I am worn out very much, so I am done. One word only remains to be said—a word of deep sorrow, the word, "Farewell, New York!" New York! that word will forever make thrill every string of my heart. I am like a wandering bird. I am worse than a wandering bird. He may return to his summer home. I have no home on earth! Here, at New York, I felt almost at home. But "Forward" is my call, and I must part. I part with the hope that the sympathy which I have met here is the trumpet sound of resurrection to my native land; I part with the hope that, having found here a short, transitory home, will bring me yet back to my own beloved home, that my ashes may yet mix with the dust of my native soil. Ladies, remember, Hungary, and—farewell!

From the National Police Gazette.

## Hungarian Criminal News.

### An Incident in the Life of Kossuth.

The cannon thundered before the valley of Buda, and vomited its iron messengers into the heart of the city. The banner of Austria still waved on the ramparts; the proud double eagle hovered above the followers of the house of Hapsburg. Within the walls, all was desolation, ruin and misery; devoted to the cause of liberty, the citizens dared not share the dangers of their brethren without, nor dared they show their true feeling or disavow their sympathy for the Imperialists, for the gibbet was erected in the public square, and from its grim arms were already suspended the best and bravest of the land. Without the walls, although the scythe of death had mowed down many of the glorious defenders of the holy cause, all was bustle and excitement—war had become familliar to those stern men; cannon, sword, and musket were their playthings, and every countenance indicated sanguine hope of early success. Here might be seen a motly throng of Magyars listening attentively to an aged chief, who, in the musical tones of their tongue, promised early delivery from the yoke of tyranny; there you might see a group of foreigners—Poles, by their looks and dress—whose stern features, unmoved by smile or passion, betokened grave meditation on the topic of the day—the promised fall of Buda. They too listened to the address of one of their number, a grey warrior, whose scarred face betoke his valor on many fields of battle; he spoke energetically, reminded them of their country, which, if Hungary were but free, would follow it's glorious example, freed by the valiant sons of that nation which they now endeavored to liberate. The name of Kosciusko, that name, revered by all Poles, elicited from his hearers a shout of approbation. "Kosciusko," "Kosciusko," they cried clenching their hands, and grasping the hilt of their swords; then they became silent again, and listened to their chief.

Those men formed part of the "forlorn hope," which was ordered to lead the assault upon Buda the following morning.

There was still another group, consisting of staff officers, several of whom had just returned from a breastwork, which had caused great havoc among the ranks of the besieged. They were discussing the practicability of throwing up another work closer to the walls of the fortress, and many glasses were directed towards the walls to pick out a suitable plan. Presently an exclamation of surprise escaped the lips of a young Colonel, and once more adjusting his glass he took another look, then sprang up, and hastening towards his horse, which stood near by, held by a soldier, he cried "A sortie, gentleman, a sortie." The cry, which under other circumstances and among other men, would have caused the greatest excitement, failed to do so in this case.—The officers moved quickly to their horses, and rode off in different directions to their respective divisions. Columns began to form, squadrons of horse galloped across the plain; the gay Hussar, the heavy dragoon, the undisciplined hordes of mounted peasantry moved quickly over the turf, and took up their station. Aid-de-camps were hurrying from post to post, the roar of the artillery became hushed, and the hostile demonstration on the part of the besieged, had, as it were, for a moment caused hostilities to cease.

The officer had not been mistaken, for the besieged had indeed ventured upon a sortie. By the time that the Hungarians had taken up a position without withdrawing the necessary protection corps of their batteries the enemy had displayed a strong force, and were fast advancing towards the foremost fortification. The *Legion Polonnaise* met them, and breaking through the ranks of the tall grenadiers, sabred hundreds in their fearful charge. Brought to a halt by the sudden unmasking of a formidable battery, they wheeled round, trampling to death the followers of Austria, and carrying off one of its proud banners. This withdrawal was the sign for the *Honveds* to complete the work of death. "Kossuth and Hungary," was the spontaneous shout, and the rush of the devoted peasantry was the signal for death to many an Austrian. The hostile commander fell mortally wounded, another bannner was grasped by the iron hand of a Honved, whilst its bearer sank lifeless to the ground. The flying artillery of the Hungarians now reached the scene of strife, and before an hour had elapsed the Austrians were beaten back within the walls of their strongholds, leaving hundreds of their comrades on the field of battle, and in the hands of their conquerors.

On the evening of that day Kossuth received a dispatch from General Klapka, informing him, that a plot has been formed to assassinate him.

Two days passed. Buda still held out, although each hour hastened its fall. It was night. Kossuth had taken up his quarters at a farmhouse situated at a distance of two leagues from the theater of war. The day had been productive of various important events, and the noble Magyar was completely exhausted by the onerous duties which he had undergone. He inhabited the ground-floor, and sat near a table in the midst of the room, his brow resting on his right hand. In two rooms adjoining the one where the Hungarian chief now sat, were three secretaries, engaged in writing out despatches, but the doors were shut and no communication existed between them and the governor. The night was dark and silent; through the open windows might now and then be heard the roar of a solitary piece of cannon from the walls of Buda. The tramp of horses feet, coming toward the house at a fearful pace, interrupted the thoughts of Kossuth. He rose and paced the room, nervously looking towards the door which led to the hall. It was thrown open and a young officer tendered a dispatch in breathless haste. Kossuth tore it open, glanced over its contents, and as if relieved of great anxiety, sat down again, and with a smile lighting up his fine feature said—

"To-morrow, then?"

"Yes, your excellency, to-morrow," answered the young man, and retired with a low bow. In another moment the sound of his horse's feet was heard galloping up the road, and once more quiet was restored.

The dispatch promised the fall of Buda on the morrow.

Again Kossuth sat at the table, resting his head, and lost in profound thought. A solitary sentinel was stationed in front of the house—the only guard of Hungary's only hope. Whilst Kossuth thus sat weighing in his mind the chances of his country's welfare, a human face, distorted with passion, suddenly appeared before the opened window; it rose above the sill, the arms and figure of a man became visible, and stealthy like a cat, he climbed up, and without noise concealed himself behind the light drapery of the window. The table was between him and his victim, and he waited only for the approach of the hero, to complete the dreadful task which he had thus successfully commenced. Kossuth had seen him, but an instinctive apprehension of danger made him scan the room. The assassin drew his dagger, prepared for momentary use, but in so doing moved the drapery. "Art thou friend or foe," asked Kossuth in German, the slight movement not having escaped his eagle glance.—There was no answer. "Come forth, whoever thou art, thy life is safe," continued the hero The curtain again moved; it was slowly withdrawn, and revealed the figure of the assassin.

"What would'st thou?" demanded Kossuth, having discovered the German origin of the intruder.

"I will kill you!" was the brief rejoinder.

"And what have I done that thou wouldst harm me," asked the Hungarian.

"I am a Bohemian; my brother was captured by your men, and they tell me that you have hanged him. A reward was offered for your head, and I offered to kill you—not to get the reward, but to avenge my brother."

"You have been misinformed," replied Kossuth, "I hang no prisoners of war, and those who have been captured will be released when Buda is ours. That will be to-morrow. Go now; I would ask thy name, but I will spare thee the fear that he whom thou wouldst murder should ever be able to hold thee up to infamy. When I speak to the sentinel outside flee from this place, and I will cover thy retreat. Fear nothing."

The Bohemian knelt before the noble chief and prayed his forgiveness. Kossuth moved away, called the sentinel and spoke to him familiarly for several minutes.—When he again returned to the room, the Bohemian had disappeared.

On the following day the tricolor of Hungary floated on the ramparts of Buda. The prisoners of war were liberated under the customary conditions.

Months had passed. The star of Hungary was visited by a cloud of misfortunes; Gorgey had proved a traitor and Kossuth was an exile; the fortune of war had gone against him. The chief and his followers were confined at Shumla, undergoing the most rigorous treatment. They were guests *par excellence* but in reality close prisoners. No courtesy was extended to them, no alleviation of their wretched condition they experienced.

Kossuth was fast decling under this load of misery, when one morning it was announced to him that in lieu of the soldiers who had before attended him, a foreigner, who spoke his language, would be his servant. "Another spy," thought Kossuth, "come to report the conversations between me and my friends," but he did not object, firmly determined to do without the aid of an attendant. The door opened and the servant came in—one look was sufficient to prove him the midnight visitor previous to the fall of Buda.

"Thou here?" asked Kossuth, in surprise.

"I am, to follow you to death. I left home and friends to see you again—do not cast me off."

"Stay then," replied Kossuth.

From that day the condition of the exiled chief improved. Fritz, for thus he was called by Kossuth, who never would ask his real name, procured, whilst feigning bitter enmity towards the prisoners, every comfort, including books, which the chief so much desired. Fritz followed him to Kutayah, spending the wages which he received as a spy of the Austrian government, in appliances for the happiness of its victim. Of the past, he would not speak, but on the future he dwelt with rapture. He prognosticated the early release of his master and his brilliant reception in all parts of the world.—But when at last the order for release arrived, Fritz became sad and depressed.—They came to Constantinople, and under the proud flag of America he kissed once more the hand of the chief, and said, "You go to a happy land; Fritz has done his duty.—Forgive what he did to you. Farewell."

Kossuth brushed away a tear which moisted his eye, and shook the hand of the Bohemian. "Farewell!" he said, and they parted.

### MRS. SWISSHELM ON DANCING.

The following remarks are from the piquant pen of Mrs. Swisshelm:—

"One curious fact we have observed with regard to dancing. This is, the more deeply a church or individual professor is steeped in the spirit of money grabbing, or intemperance, the greater is their abhorence of dancing. This appears to be a kind of convenient scapegoat on which the sins of the congregation are lain, that they may be borne in the wilderness. Let the preacher at any time submit to a gag which shall, on some special occasion, forbid his opening his mouth for the dumb, or reproving a wealthy distiller, or fat usurer, who grinks the poor to pay pew rent, and forthwith we get a fresh anathema on dancing. Show us a wealthy deacon's wife who will haggle with a widow to get washing done for twelve and a half cents a dozen, and then pay her in trade, or give her two dimes and four cents for twenty-five cents, and we will shew you one who will take a spasm over the iniquities of a cotillion. We never knew the rule to fail, and have watched its workings for so long, that whenever any one begins a lecture on dancing we suspect him or her of being a worshipper of mammon. Old Christian in his long journey danced for joy, but the man with the muck rake was too busy. Nothing appears better calculated to contend with the hard, money-loving spirit of our age than music and dancing. It tends to melt the hard crust which the dust of ledger forms around the hearts of our people, and there is no place to which we should go with a subscription paper for a charitable object with more hope of success than a social party where all were dancing to the music of two good violins and a trombone."

DELICIOUS.—To have a pretty girl open the front door, and mistake you for her cousin. *Still More Delicious.*—To have her remain deceived till she has kissed you twice, and hugged the buttons off your coat—"Ma, here's Onawissa."