LEWISBURG CHRONICLE,

AND THE WEST BRANCH FARMER.

An independent Family Paper---devoted to News, Literature, Politics, Agriculture, Science and Morality.

BY O. N. WORDEN. WEDNESDAY, NOV. 14, 1849. VOL. VI., NO. 33--293.

The Lewisburg Chronicle:

Publishel Wednesday Afternoons at Lewisburg, Union county, Pennsylvania.

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TERMS.—$2,00 for a year, to be paid in the first half year; $2,50, if payment be not made within the year; single numbers, 5 cts. Subscriptions for six months or less to be paid in advance. Discontinuances optional with the Publisher, except when arrearages are paid.

Advertisements handsomely inserted at 50 cts. per square one week, $1,00 for a month, $5,00 a year. A reduction of these rates for larger or longer advtmts.

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All communications by mail must come post-paid, accompanied by the address of the writer, to receive attention.

Office, Market street between Second and Third. O. N. WORDEN, Publisher.

THE CHRONICLE.

SATURDAY, NOV. 10.

A New Magazine.

We insert (below) the Prospectus for a monthly periodical, the publication of which is contemplated by a gentleman of this Borough whose education, literary taste, and general qualifications, appear to fit him admirably for the work proposed. We understand it is to have no sectarian bias or partizan tearing, but will be adapted to the wants and the feelings of all who have entered upon the threshhold of active life. Those wishing to aid in the issue of such a work, can use the form of subscription inserted at the bottom of this column. We think it will receive a good support in this region, and wherever its Editor is known.

Sullivan County.

The Lycoming Gazette states that the Commissioners appointed to re-locate the county-seat of Sullivan, have at last decided that it may be removed to Sugar Hill in Cherry Twp, and have assessed the damages of abandoning Laporte at $4,000, which the County has to pay. Small as this sum is when compared with the sums expended for Roads, Court-House, &c. for County purposes exclusively, yet we doubt if the Central, Western, Southern, and Northern tax payers will allow themselves to be fleeced out of that sum to enrich a few speculators in Cherry township. Let it be true that the County seat is now on some one's land, if removed it will be on some other person's land—unless indeed it be fixed on some of those rocks for which Cherry is noted, and even then it is probable there would be "land holders" all around it. It is true also that Cherry has at present nearly half the population of the county, and controls all its affairs. But in locating a county-seat, the first Commissioners looked to the future as well as to the present, and wisely decided that as the other parts of the county would be settled as well as Cherry, the county seat should be in the Centre—and there they fixed it. The same just mode obtained in locating Union, Bradford, and Susquehanna—whose Seats were fixed aside from the centre of the (then) population, but nearly in the geographical centre. Now, no one contemplates their removal. But on the other hand, in locating Columbia county, the superior strength of Danville prevailed in getting the seat of justice there, instead of the centre of the county. Who that knows the thirty years' war that followed to get justice done, would wish to see another such unprofitable contest? All the taxes of Sullivan would not begin to pay the expense to the State of a yearly agitation of this matter before the Legislature. It would seem to be public policy to hush this petty strife by confirming the Seat at the geographical centre where it was first fixed.

The Muncy Luminary says the new site for the Seat of Justice is "near widow Fairchild's," on the Turnpike, in Cherry Twp, and adds, "There are seven Townships in Sullivan, six of them without doubt opposed to the new location." The Democrat, of Bloomsburg, says "Hon. Samuel F. Headley, it is said, owns the Real Estate" at the proposed new site.

—By the way, the Whigs of Sullivan last election put in their man (Mr. Edkins) for County Treasurer—and not only that, but elected him over TWO opponents, each of whom had almost as many votes as he! Whoop—hurra! what do the Whigs care for the loss of the paltry office of State Treasurer, when they have GAINED the Treasuryship of Sullivan, which last year was nearly two to one Democratic?

For the Lewisburg Chronicle.

Inscribed to Mrs. -.-.-, of Washington, D.C.

Sweet are the pictures that arise
From Memory's pencil bright,
Tinging the past with golden dyes,
And sparkling in floods of light.

In life's meandering, changing scene,
A word or smile is given
That makes the desert fresh and green—
Creates on earth a heaven.

These words, those smiles, I feel them here—
Written on this throbbing heart.
And may their presence mirrored near
Friendship divine impart.

I write not for honor or fame
With their tinsel garbs so gay,
But from a feeling pure in name,
A tribute of duty to pay.

I pray thee to cherish this by
As from the pen of a friend.
Whate'er these feeble lines may say
Which thus I gratefully send. CARL.

[Glad to hear from CARL again. He can "do better" than the above.—ED.]

THE WASHINGTONIANS.—Mr. John W. Hawkins contradicts thro' Zion's Herald the report that some of the *original* six Washingtonians had returned to drinking One of them is dead, the others are true teetotalers. We wish as much could be said of all their followers.

PROSPECTUS.

THE GUARDIAN:

Devoted to the Social, Religious, and Literary Interests of

Young Men and Young Ladies.

Rev. H. HARBAUGH, Editor.

THE GUARDIAN will be published at the beginning of each month, in Lewisburg, Union county, Pennsylvania.

It is to be devoted to the highest interests of the young, at that period of life which lies between youth and manhood. This is the most interesting and the most solemn period of human life. It is the transition period, in which the young pass from the warm bosom of the family into the more active duties and responsibilities of life. Here the road of life forks many ways, and each opens with a smile to the young traveler. Habits are now forming—character is shaping and maturing; and the young spirit is receiving that bias which generally determines its tendency, for time and eternity. An education is now to be received or to be neglected—a trade or profession is to be chosen—new relations in life are to be formed. At this time, too, religion urges its claims with peculiar earnestness, and a profession is now to be made, or to be set aside perhaps for life. Then, too, come the duties and trials of a young Christian. Such are some of life's solemnities which crowd into this *great transition period of life.*

At this period, The Guardian hopes to be useful to the young. There is no periodical suited to the serious wants of this age. The light-reading, which so easily falls into the hands of the young by means of many of our City publications, gives a false coloring to life, turns its earnest realities into romance, and leaves blight, moribidness, and disappointment in its fearful wake. By the aid of good writers, we will endeavor to adapt this monthly to the highest interests of the young—making it pure, fresh, healthy and animated as the morning of life in which the young have their being. It will urge the claims of early piety, and seek to aid in making it intelligent consistent and lovely. We will make it a prominent point to encourage Self-culture, or Self-Education among the young. We will aim at leading them to habits of study and reading, and to the useful employment of leisure time. To this end we will give, at times, short biographies of men who became great and useful by a course of persevering Self-Education, hoping in this way to incite the young to imitate their example.

It is believed and hoped that a periodical such as this will be eminently useful. We enter, therefore, in faith upon this enterprise of doing good, and respectfully and earnestly ask the countenance and co operation, not only of Young Men and Young Ladies, but of Pastors, Parents, Guardians, and all who love to do good.

The Guardian will be of the size of monthlies generally. It will be neatly printed, on good paper, in double-column pages, with new and uniform type purchased, by the printer, expressly for that purpose. Each No. will have an ornamental cover and title-page, and 24 pages of reading matter, making a handsome volume at the end of each year. No money for subscriptions will be received, by the Publisher, until the 1st No. is issued, which, if a sufficient number of subscribers is received, will be on the 1st of Jan. 1850. Address Rev. H. HARBAUGH, *Lewisburg, Union Co., Pa.*

TERMS.

One copy for one year (to be paid within three months) $1 00

To persons who will aid in getting subscribers, we offer the following inducements:

1. Any one who sends 5 subscribers with $5 cash, shall receive one copy gratis.
2. Twelve copies will be sent to one Post-Office for $10 00 } cash invariably
3. Twenty-five do do do 20 00 } in advance.

NAMES.	POST-OFFICE.	COPIES.

☞ Persons are sometimes "killed with kindness" or undue familiarity. The good lady who when "her old man" lay gasping for breath, "just took hold of his nose and gently pressed his nostrils shut, and he died *so* easily!" is a notable instance of the former—and the cotemporary who says of a clergyman prosecuting his Master's work, "*Charley is a clever little man,*" is an example of the latter mode of unfortunate friendliness. The old English Poet says with much propriety—

The man who hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves by thumps upon your back
How he esteems your merit,
Methinks such friend must surely need
Be very much a friend in deed,
For you to calmly bear it."

Got the Wrong Boots!

OR THE LAWYER, AND STROP MAN.

The Razor Strop man stopped at a tavern in a Southern city, and the house being very much crowded with company he was obliged to sleep with a lawyer, albeit it was rather warm weather for the game of "two in a bed." What with hard feathers, a melting atmosphere, and myriads of buzzing, biting musquitoes, the twain was kept awake all night, and daylight had scarcely given token of approach ere they were on the floor busily engaged in attiring themselves, although it was scarcely light enough for them to distinguish their articles of dress.

"Well," said the Strop man, in telling the story in his comical way, "you see the lawyer got dressed first and went down stairs, and, as near as I can judge, took a glass of something or other at the bar, and then toddled into the street. Well, as for myself, I did not feel as lively as I generally do, so I took my time and fixed myself leisurely until daylight had fairly set in, when I walked down into the bar room, and not thinking of anything in particular, found myself in a few moments leanin' over the bar and staring right into the face of the bar keeper. I looked so wishfully, that he *naturally* supposed that I wanted a horn, and so says he, 'what'll it be, Mr. Smith?'

"'What'll what be?' asked I.

"'Why, what'll you have in your licker?' said he.

"'Well, I guess I shall take *pizen*, if I take any at all,' said I.

"'You needn't be so touchy about it,' says he, looking just as blue as an indigo bag, 'if you don't want the liquor you needn't drink it. I shouldn't have asked you to take anything if you hadn't looked like a man that wanted a horn like all possessed, and you *darsent* say so for fear of the growlers.'

"Well, I did not know what to say to the chap, for I couldn't account myself for my going so straight up to the bar, when it was my usual custom to give it a wide berth. However, I waited very patiently until breakfast time, and kept consoling myself with the thought that the bar-keeper was a blackguard, and, knowing that I was a teetotaler, wanted to insult me. As soon as breakfast was over, I took my baskets of strops on my arm, and went to the Square in front of the Court House, and soon had big a crowd around me as usual. I began to harangue the boys on the wonderful propensities of my Strop, but somehow or other I got a new lot of words that I had never used before, and every now and then I'd come up KERCHUNK against a long outlandish phrase which would set the people to laughing like good fellows. 'Here,' said I, 'is a strop, gentlemen, which will give the finest and [illegible] edge to your *habeas corpus*, to a [illegible] razor or knife it will give a smooth [illegible], and prevent all *damages* to the cheek or chin. No one who ever buys my strop, gentlemen, will ever enter a complaint, or become *non suited*, or can *prosecute* his business without being liable to a *nol. pros.*; and, gentlemen of the jury, the price is only 25 cts and *costs.*'

"The more I talked, the more the people laughed; and, to tell the truth, I had to laugh myself at my own rigmarole. At last I gave it up as a bad job, and told the crowd that I shouldn't sell any more strops for that day. So I put up my basket in a neighboring barber shop for safe keeping, and then took a stroll through the town, and by and by I got opposite the Court House again, and hearing a man putting it pretty hard to the 'Gentlemen of the Jury,' I tho't I'd go in and see the fun. When I got into the Court Room, who should I see but my old bed fellow, the lawyer? and the way he was laying down law was a caution. He seemed to be in as bad a box as I was a little while before; and every once in a while would drag in something about my razor strops.

"'Gentlemen of the Jury,' said he, 'this is evidently a very dull razor—I beg pardon—a very *dull case*, and my client, the plaintiff, had been badly *shaved* by the *barber*—I mean the *defendant*. Gentlemen, the defendant's hoss a decidedly *wiry edge*, and he deserves to be thoroughly *lathered* by this honorable Jury, for presuming to *strop*—I mean to *shave*—that is to say cheat and defraud my client the plaintiff; and I trust that his BAR-BAR OUS conduct will be so manifested that he will be *honed*, by this Honorable Court to the full extent of the law.'

"As you will imagine, such a mess of razor strop logic set the whole court in an uproar; judge, jury, client, defendant and spectators laughed loud and long at the apparently drunken harangue of the poor lawyer, and it was not till dinner time, when he and myself were seated at the table, that the secret of our several mistakes were detected. The truth was, that the lawyer in his hurry to dress in the morning, *had put on my boots* by mistake, which accounts for his lugging "razor strops" into his plea; while I, of necessity, *put on his boots*, which explains my using those outlandish expressions about *habias corpus, copias, sol. pros.* &c., as may also my unaccountable drawing to the bar in the morning.

"You'd never catch the Razor Strop man putting on a lawyer's—much less a drinking lawyer's—boots again!"

CULTURE OF CORN.

From the Honesdale Democrat.

Mr. Penniman: At the recent Fair of the Wayne County Agricultural Society a premium was awarded me for the production of one hundred and twenty-four bushels of shelled corn upon a piece of land measuring twelve rods wide by thirteen rods and seven feet in length. As this growth is quite extraordinary, I desire to state, to the benefit of other citizens of the county who are engaged in agriculture, the process by which it was procured

In November last, I broke up a piece of timothy and clover sod. As early in the spring as the ground was settled and dried I harrowed it thoroughly lengthwise of the furrow; then spread on forty loads of well rotted manure, cross-ploughed it and harrowed it again, ridged it three feet apart on the 24 th of May, and planted the white Jewett corn in hills three feet apart each way, putting from four to six kernels in each hill; plowed, hoed and plastered twice; plowed the third time without hoeing.

It is proper for me to state, what all persons who are familiar with agricultural pursuits would infer for themselves, that the corn, at the time when measured, was not sufficiently dry to be merchantable. I may also add, that had not the past season been uncommonly dry the closeness of hills and the multiplicity of the stalks would probably have proved a serious detriment to the crop.

JOHN P. DARLING, Cherry Ridge.

[*From the Report of the Susq Co Fair.*]

Premium for the best crop of Corn, to Martin L. Catlin of Bridgewater—Products 115 bushels and 22 quarts per acre. The ground was greensward, covered with 40 loads of fine barn yard manure to the acre, turned under in the fall from 6 to 8 inches deep, and lay under about ten days before planting, then dragged thoroughly and cross ploughed, then dragged well again and marked into rows, three feet each way, planted with corn, rolled in plaster, from five to six kernels in a hill, plastered well after first and second hoeing, ploughed and hoed but twice during the season. Martin L. Catlin also raised of the large Dutton 22 rowed Corn, 111 bushels and 6 quarts to the acre.

Thomas Rogers of Silver Lake raised from the acre, 97 bushels and 13 quarts of Corn. E. M. Blanding of Hartford, raised 86 bushels and 3 pecks to the acre. Ansel Hill Esq., of Silver Lake, produced a statement of corn raised by his son, Michael Hill, of the same township, which yielded at the rate of 108 bushels to the acre.

Miss Sarah Walker exhibited some corn raised from seed which was taken, by Lieut. Lynch, from the hands of a mummy 3000 years old.

Three hundred and seventy Portuguese refugees, who have been sojourning in New York, left that city a few days since for Illinois, where a settlement has been provided for them.

We see it stated that Mrs. Sigourney, the poetess, received two premiums at the late fair of the Hartford Institute, for the best silk stocking.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

[A Sunday-school in Phila'd'a having made their Pastor and the Governor of the State Life Members of the Am. S.S. Union, His Ex. the Gov. in accepting the compliment pays the following just tribute to S S efforts and designs:]

Executive Chamber,
Harrisburg, Pa., July 27, 1849.

Rev T L. Hunner—My Dear Sir: I have received your kind letter, communicating the gratifying fact, that the Sunday-School of the First Baptist church, West Philadelphia, have procured for me a Life Membership in the American Sunday School Union.

This act of generous kindness, I shall ever cherish and remember, and more particularly so, as being the unexpected and voluntary action of those who can have no impure motives, but whose thoughts like themselves, partake largely of the kingdom of Heaven.

In early life it was my fortunate lot to become a scholar, and subsequently a teacher, in a Sunday school. The impressions there received of the value and importance of Scripture learning, have increased with advance in life. In the dark hours of worldly trouble, in the midst of the storms of human existence, in the bustle of life's affairs, or in the turmoils of political strife, the good man finds in his Bible a consolation and contentment that the unlearned in its holy teachings can not possess. In the day of our tribulation, when the anxieties, thoughts, purposes, and designs of humanity are closing—the angel of death stands ready to usher the spirit into the spirit-land, it is *then* the devout reader and follower of the Bible precepts triumphs in the calmness of his death, under a blessed hope of a bright futurity; while the uninformed writhes in mental agony over the doubts and shadow of an unseen futurity.

The Almighty Father conferred upon his rebellious children no greater blessing than the holy Scriptures and man can be employed in no higher or holier duty, than in their *distribution* and *teaching* to his fellow man.

I accept, with great pleasure, the position assigned to me by the kindness of my young friends: and shall feel obliged by the communication of such acceptance to them. With sentiments of sincere regard, I remain most truly yours,

WILLIAM F. JOHNSTON.

A ROD FOR GOSSIPS.

The following paragraph which we find floating in the newspapers, lays it on the gossips just as they deserve. If it should catch the eye of any one who is in the habit of slandering, and peddling evil reports about, let them read this and mend their ways. There are some who *profess* great *piety* and *innocence* who would do well to reflect on the statement given.

"The slanderous woman poisons the atmosphere of an entire neighborhood, and blasts the sanctity of a thousand homes with a single breath. From a woman of this class nothing is sacred; she fattens on calumny, and upon slaughtered reputations. She is the Ghoul of Eastern story, transferred from the Arabian Nights to the circle of the fire-side. She never asserts anything—she merely hints, and supposes, and whispers what "*they say.*" Every neighborhood in the city is infected with some creature of this sort, and in country towns they very often are afflicted with two or three of these Ghoul women. One is enough to set a hundred families by the ears, two can break up a church, three are sufficient for any kind of mischief, from the separation of the husband from his wife, to blasting the fame of an innocent girl. A pure woman is simply an angel embodied in human shape—a slanderous woman is something worse than the Cholera—certainly as infectious as the yellow fever."

There is more truth than poetry in the above. Pass it around. Preserve it, and whenever you hear one of those veteran gossips, with a furtive smile, beginning their "*they say,*" read the above aloud. Unhappily, there are male as well as female gossips; but, with a little alterations the above "blessing" will apply to both.

The Pittsburg Gazette says, that within a few days it has received payment from two old persons—subscribers—that of one being for his fifty-first year, and the other for his fiftieth. They invariably paid in advance.

Mrs. Lydia Jane Pierson, the poetess, is shortly to become one of the editors of the Gazette and Farmer, at Lancaster.

Daniel Webster was the ninth child of a family of ten, of which he is the only one now living.

KOSSUTH'S APPEAL.

To the Editor of the Lewisburg Chronicle:

The Letter from the noble KOSSUTH, late the Governor of Hungary, to Lord PALMERSTON, Minister of Foreign Affairs for Great Britain, is a production breathing the eloquence of agony in prospect of a choice between death and dishonor. We may hope the necessity of either will be averted. His letter is worthy of re publication in every newspaper in the land, and we should be gratified to see it in yours. ••

WIDDIN, (Turkey,) Sept. 20.

Your Excellency is, no doubt, already informed of the fall of my country—unhappy Hungary, assuredly worthy of a better fate. It was not promoted by the spirit of disorder, or the ambitious views of faction; it was not a revolutionary leaning, which induced my native country to accept the moral struggle maintained so gloriously, and broken by nefarious means to so unfortunate an end.

Hungary has deserved from her Kings the historical epithet of "generous nation," for she never allows herself to be surpassed in loyalty and faithful adherence to her sovereigns by any nation in the world. Nothing but the most revolting treachery, the most tyrannical oppression, and cruelties unheard of in the words of history—nothing but the infernal doom of annihilation to her national existence, preserved thro' a thousand years, thro' adversities so numerous, were able to arouse her to oppose the fatal stroke aimed at her very life, to enable her to repulse the tyrannical assault of the ungrateful Hapsburghs, or to accept the struggle for life, honor, and liberty, forced upon her. And she has nobly fought that holy battle, in which with the aid of Almighty God she has prevailed against Austria, whom we crushed to the earth, standing firm, even when attacked by the Russian giant, in the consciousness of justice, in our hope in God, and in our hope, my lord, in the generous feeling of your great and glorious nation, the natural supporter of justice and humanity throughout the world. But this is over: what tyranny began, has been by treachery concluded; on all sides abandoned, my poor country has fallen, not through the overwhelming power of two great Empires, but by the faults, and I may say the treason, of her own sons.

To those unknown events, I pray God that my unhappy country may be the only sacrifice, and that the true interests of peace, freedom and civilization throughout the world may not be involved in our unhappy fate.

Mr. Francis Pulaski, our diplomatic agent in London, has received ample information as to the cause of this sudden and unlooked-for change in the affairs of Hungary, and is instructed to communicate it to your Excellency, if you are graciously pleased to receive the same. It is not antipathy to Austria, tho' so well merited at the hands of every Hungarian, but a true conviction which makes me say, that even Austria has lost far more by her victory, gained thro' Russian aid, than she would have lost in merited defeat through honorable arrangement. Fallen from her position of a first-rate power, she has now fortened her self-consistency, and has sunk into the obedient instrument of Russian ambition and of Russian commands.

Russia only has gained in this sanguinary game; she has extended and strengthened her influence in the east of Europe, and threatens already, in a fearful manner, with outstretching arms, not only the integrity, but the moral basis, of the Turkish Empire.

May it please you, my Lord, to communicate to your Excellency a most revolting condition which the Turkish Government, at the suggestion of Russia, is about to impose upon us, poor homeless exiles.

I, the Governor of unhappy Hungary, after having, I believe, as a good citizen and honest man, fulfilled to the last my duties to my country, had no choice left me between the repose of the grave and the inexpressible anguish of expatriation.

Many of my brethren in misfortune had preceded me on the Turkish territory. I followed thither in the hope that I should be permitted to pass to England, and there, under the protection of the English people—a protection never yet denied to persecuted man—allowed to repose for a while my wearied head on the hospitable shore of your happy island.

But even with these views I would rather have surrendered myself to my deadliest enemy than to cause any difficulties to the Turkish Government, whose situation I well knew how to appreciate, and therefore did not intrude on the Turkish territories without previously inquiring whether I and my companions in misfortune would be willingly received and the protection of the Sultan granted us. We received the assurance that we were welcome guests, and shou'd enjoy the full protection of his Majesty the Padisha, who would rather sacrifice 50,000 men of his own subjects, than allow one hair of our heads to be injured.

It was only upon this assurance that we passed into the Turkish territory, and according to the generous assurance we were received and tended on our journey, received in Widden as the Sultan's guests, and treated hospitably during four weeks, while waiting from Constantinople further orders to the continuation of our sad journey to some distant shore.

Even the Ambassadors of England and France, to whom I venture in the name of humanity to appeal, were so kind as to assure me of their full sympathy.

His Majesty, the Sultan, was also so gracious as to give a decided negative to the inhuman pretensions of our extradition demanded by Russia and Austria.

But a fresh letter from his Majesty the Czar arrived in Constantinople, and its consequence was the suggestion sent to us by an express messenger of the Turkish Government, that the Poles and Hungarians, and in particular myself, Count Casimir, Bathiany, Minister of Foreign Affairs of Hungary under my Government, and the Generals Messaros and Perczel (all present here) would be surrendered unless we choose to abjure the faith of our forefathers in the religion of Christ and become Mussulmen. And thus 5,000 Christians are placed in this terrible alternative, either of facing the scaffold or purchasing their lives by abandoning their faith. So low is already fallen the once mighty Turkey, that she can devise no other means to answer or evade the demands of Russia.

Words fail me to qualify these astonishing suggestions, such as never have been made yet to the fallen chief of a generous nation, and could hardly have been expected in the nineteenth century.

My answer does not a limit of hesitation. Between death and shame, the choice can neither be dubious or difficult. Governor of Hungary, and elected to that high place by the confidence of fifteen millions of my countrymen, I know well what I owe to the honor of my country, even in exile. Even as a private individual I have an honorable path to tread. Once Governor of a governing country, I have no heritage to my children—they shall, at least, bear an unsullied name. God's will be done. I am prepared to die; but as I think this measure dishonorable and injurious to Turkey, whose interest I sincerely have at heart, and as I feel it a duty to save my companions in exile, if I can, from a degrading alternative, I have replied to the Grand Vizier in a conciliatory manner, and taken also the liberty to apply to Sir Stratford Channing and Gen. Aupich for their generous aid against this tyrannic act. In full reliance on the noble sentiments and generous principles of your excellency, by which, as well as through your wisdom, you have secured the esteem of the civilized world, I trust to be excused in inclosing copies of my two letters to the Grand Vizier and Sir Stratford Channing.

I am informed that the whole matter is a cabal against the ministry of Reschid Pasha, whose enemies would wish to force him to our extradition in order to lower it in public estimation, and render impossible its continuance in office. It is certain that in the grand council held on the 9th and 10th of September, after a tumultuous debate, the majority of the council declared in favor of our extradition; the majority of the Ministry against it. No decision was come to in consequence of the altercation which took place; but notwithstanding, the Ministry thought fit to make us the revolting suggestion I have named.

This mode of solving the difficulty would not, I am convinced, save the ministry, because a protection only given, in contradiction of the Sultan's generous feeling, at the price of 5000 Christains abandoning their faith, would be revolting to the whole Christain world, and prove hardly calculated to win sympathy for Turkey in the event of war with Russia, which, in the opinion of the most experienced Turkish Statesmen, is approaching fast.

As to my native country, Turkey does, I believe, already feel the loss of the neglected opportunity of having given to Hungary at least some moral help to enable it to check the advance of the common enemy. But it appears to me that it would be a very ill advised mode of gaining Hungarian sympathy by sending me to