

pass by on the other side—for his heart was a noble heart, which throbbled with impulses for all humanity. His heart was like iron at white heat, which glows but does not sparkle. He welcomed the approach of European popular liberty with enthusiastic joy, and all his life long nothing could diminish in him the hope with which he looked forward to the future of Europe. And, ladies and gentlemen, what occasion is this which is presented to us? Our illustrious friend comes among us as the harbinger of the future. Republicanism first came into being among colonies. The colonies of monarchical Greece first instituted republicanism. Men went off, leaving behind them monarchical and aristocratical systems, and planting colonies, and then, when away from the domestic influence of aristocracy and monarchy, they set themselves up as free. It was thus found out by the light of nature that nations were able to govern themselves; and that self-government, after it became known in the mother country, one State after another in old Greece itself, assumed the form of republican government. This was done in a narrow—a comparatively narrow part of the earth. The day came, however, when colonies should be planted wherever the ocean extended its waters. England, France, and Spain sent out colonists, and now what do we see? We see that all the way from the St. Lawrence to the Terra-del-fuego—all the way from New England to the waters of the Oregon, the standard of republicanism is uplifted in triumph. The French, English, Spaniard, every one in America, is a republican. We ourselves, ceasing to trace our origin from a single land, receive among us the republicans of every country, and thus we become in the face of humanity the representative of all the countries of the world; and the time is coming when, following our example, the mother countries of the civilized world will imitate us, and establish republicanism. Will you know what was the symbol of the near advent of this result? It was when our illustrious friend, sailing under the glorious banner of the stars and stripes, the tri-color of America—passed between the isles of Greece—then it was that the waves of the Egean sea clapped their hands with joy—then the sun looked out with splendor on the Parthenon—then the bees, as they gather honey on Mount Hymettus, found the flowers possessed of unvarnished fragrance—then the Messes, as they stood disconsolate on Mount Cytheron, rose up, and pointing to the field of Platea, exclaimed, with a voice to be heard throughout the world—“Aristides, too, was in exile. Look at the field of Platea; the field of Platea keeps the record of what a returning exile may do.” [Applause.] We look to the future, then, with hope. We are firm in our belief that Hungary will emerge from the lurid clouds which now overhang her. We are confident that we may yet welcome her in the clear light of the morning, shining as the star of the East, shining on the forehead of the morning sky, the brightest star of the firmament, the day star of republican liberty. [Great applause.]

Dr. Tyng then addressed Kossuth on behalf of the ladies and made some interesting allusions to the triumphant ovation that had attended and would still attend the Governor of Hungary in his progress through the United States and to the effect that his reception and the speeches he had made would have upon the despots of Austria and Russia.

KOSSUTH'S SPEECH.

Governor Kossuth then 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 was 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 morality and government. But the Emperor of Turkey took courage to interfere with Austria; and notwithstanding all the reclamations of Austria, I am free—restored to life, because restored to duty and activity. If Austria had her will, 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 tranquillity 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 tranquillity, 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 ears 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 the *Aolian 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 claims 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 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. I am delivering my farewell address; and every con-

passionate 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 social tranquillity 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. [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, according, 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 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 showed 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, to heroism, and to the protection of the oppressed. You are told that the ladies of the East were 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, that the cedars still grow in Lebanon, under the shadow of which the patriarchs were protected. I 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 these 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 offend a woman there. He who would do so, would be despised like a dog. That respect goes so far, that the lord dare not 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 chivalrous 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—Catherine of Russia, and Sophia of Hapsburgh, 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, foreseeing 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 curtailing her growth. On went Mehemet Balzorsli 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 Catherine, 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 Catherine'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 the neck of down-trodden nations. It was her ambition—the evil genius of the house of Hapsburgh 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 Orad, where our martyrs died, 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 pleasurable memory, that she might not forget the pleasures she derived from the killing of those men who died at Orad.

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-trodden 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 year. 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 Cannae, 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 jewelry 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 the 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 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 woman, 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 woes, 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 bride who beheld the hangman's sword between them and the wedding day—in the name of all those mothers, wives, brides, daughters, and sisters, who by thousand 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 woman are mixed, in the name of the nameless sufferings of my dear wife (here the audience rose and cheered vehemently)—the companion of my life—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 threshold 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 her child. The smile of your lips can make a hero out of a coward—[applause] and a generous man out of the egotist; one word from you inspires the youth to noble resolutions; the lustre from 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 upon 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 am told that one of the newspapers, with a kind and generous intention, has declared that the cause which I have the honor to plead has pointed out that there is a committee, who are about to raise money for the purpose of revolutionizing Europe. I perfectly understand the kind intention of the generous friend who wrote these words; but I beg leave to remark, that it is not my intention to get any people whatever to aid in the revolution in 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. 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, of my oppressed native land?

Now I have 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 I felt almost at home. But “Forward” is the 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.

After the applause had subsided. Rev. Dr. Bellows offered some resolutions to the effect that certain ladies should form a committee for the purpose, and a collection should be raised for the aid of Hungary. In support of these, the Rev. Dr. spoke at considerable length. They were, he said, their own arguments; they did but open a vent to the sentiments and emotion already formed in their hearts, and which would burst the walls if they did not open a door. Hungary was too nobly proud to become the receiver of any gifts that were not spontaneously those of the heart. He liked now the sound of the name of Hungary. It had been made noble in their eyes by—might he not say—their beloved guest. [Cheers.] It was nobly proud, but not too falsely proud to accept any gift, even alms, when presented from generous sympathy with suffering humanity. There was no desire in America, or in the American woman, to excite revolution or agitation in Europe, but to form a channel for feelings which, undirected, might expend itself on unavailing emotion—to let out a little feverish blood in the shape of substantial aid. It was not for a rude peasantry, uneducated, unrefined, irreligious, or coarse people, unfitted or unprepared, that their sympathies were asked, but a refined people, who sought the recovery of the liberty they had enjoyed and appreciated for hundreds of years.

He then alluded to the approach of the anniversary of the Pilgrim's landing, saying the American women rejoiced in the occasion to re-declare they would evermore be faithful to those principles for which their fathers fought and bled—nay more—were excited from their native land. [Cheers.] The resolutions might be objected to, on the ground that they involved wo-

men in politics, which he defended, instancing the able and efficient services in the cause by Mrs. Putnam, in making its merits known, by labors commenced more than a year ago. Money was what they wanted, and if Christ ordered Peter to take a piece of silver from the mouth of a fish, to pay tribute to a tyrant, we might surely take it from the hand of a woman to pay tribute to the Goddess of Liberty.

The President moved the adoption of the resolutions, and requested all in favor to stand. The audience rose with one accord, when he said—Here is a cloud of witnesses in behalf of Hungary—the resolutions are carried unanimously—and begged all the ladies to consider themselves added to the committee for carrying them out.

Mr. George Douglas, of Douglas farm, Long Island, from the body of the meeting addressed Dr. Tyng, and requested him to place on his account a thousand dollars at Governor Kossuth's command, in aid of the cause of Hungary. This handsome donation was acknowledged by the Governor with a bow, and by the audience with three cheers for the donor.

The enlivening airs of “Yankee Doodle” and the “Marseillaise,” to which some words appropriate to, and expressly written for the occasion and sung by the Alleghenians, concluded the proceedings, and the vast assembly dispersed evidently highly gratified. There was a perfect rush to the stage on the part of numerous ladies to obtain an introduction to Kossuth; but he had escaped in the rear of the building, and great was their disappointment.



MOUNTAIN SENTINEL.
ANDREW J. RHEY, EDITOR.
EBENSBURG, PA.
Thursday, January 15, 1852.

THE “SENTINEL” has much the largest circulation of any paper published in this county, and as an advertising sheet offers superior inducements to merchants and business men generally. Those desiring to make use of this medium for extending their business, can do so by either sending their notices direct, or through the following agents: John Cross, Esq., Johnstown. V. B. Palmer, Esq., New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore.

FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,
JAMES BUCHANAN,
OF PENNSYLVANIA.

During the absence of the editor, East, for the next two weeks, the control of this paper will be in the hands of the foreman, JOHN FINDLEY BELL, Esq., who is authorized to collect subscriptions and generally superintend the publication.

John B. Guthrie, Esq., we understand, has been re-elected Mayor of Pittsburg over his competitors, Joe Barker and C. B. Sawyer. We congratulate the democracy of Pittsburg upon this signal triumph over rosydism and whiggery; and upon having, in the coming year, secured life and property and a just and energetic administration of her municipal enactments.

Proceedings of the State Legislature up to the 8th inst., will be found in our columns, since that date nothing of importance has transpired of which we are cognizant; the inefficiency of our mail arrangements, however, is such that we are unable to say what has taken place in the world within the past week. But we are tired and unadventuring upon Mr. Hall's maladministration of the mails and no less astonished and indignant at the disrespect and indifference with which he has received our remarks upon the subject, heretofore.

The weather for the last few days has been excessively severe. The cold has been intense, accompanied with high winds, drifting snow storms, and rendering attention to outdoor business almost impossible. The ground is covered with a good bed of snow, which will afford a fine opportunity to our lumbermen and others to bring their produce to market. Yesterday it moderated somewhat, but how long it may last, we leave our readers to inquire of the “Clerk of the Weather.”

Pardoned.

We understand that Gov. Johnston has pardoned Johnston M'Kee, now incarcerated in the Western Penitentiary, for passing counterfeit money. M'Kee had about ten months to serve.

Governor Kossuth.

We invite attention to the eloquent address delivered by this extraordinary man to the ladies of New York, on bidding farewell to that city, and published in this week's paper. It is one of the most eloquent productions we have lately read, and will amply repay a perusal.

Kossuth left Washington on Monday last, and arrived at Annapolis the same day, where he was cordially received, and preparations made for his presentation to the Legislature of Maryland, now in session, on the following day. It was expected he would reach Harrisburg yesterday, in compliance with an invitation extended to him by both branches of our Legislature.

It is possible he may be present to witness the inauguration of Governor Bigler upon Tuesday next. We hope he may, for the distinguished Hungarian Governor could witness no more practical evidence of the workings of our free government than the retirement of the leader of one great political party from the reigns of government, and the accession of the head of another party, without disturbance or confusion—a result achieved solely by the silent but sure process of the ballot box.

A VETO.

The bill passed by the last Legislature repealing the 6th Section of the Act of 1847, commonly known as the Knappling Act, has been returned to the Legislature by Governor Johnston with his Veto. This is as was to have been expected, and no doubt his Excellency feels his breeches pocket somewhat lighter now that he is relieved of this bill which he kept so snugly stowed away during all the contest last summer. His friends, the Abolitionists, will feel satisfied that he has fulfilled his part of the contract entered into in exchange for their votes, and he will be enabled to breathe more freely and deeply now that he has at last got rid of, as he styles it, “a vexed and vexatious subject.”

The bill was returned to the Senate, in which which body it originated, and upon calling the yeas and nays upon the passage of the bill, resulted as follows:—Yeas 29, Nays 13, so that it was near being passed notwithstanding the timely objections of his acidity.

His declamation and denunciation of the exercise of the “Veto Power” whilst on the stump, appears all to have been forgotten, when in the last hours of his office he has been so ready to use it. But as Pennsylvania will not soon again look upon a Whig Governor, perhaps this was necessary to add to, and remind the people of the numerous inconsistencies of Federalism.

Inauguration.

The inauguration of Gov. Bigler will take place at Harrisburg on Tuesday next. It is anticipated that a large number of citizens from every part of the Commonwealth will be present to witness the scene, which, from the preparations being made, will no doubt be an imposing one. About thirty military companies have signified their intention to be present upon the occasion, which no doubt will make a fine military display. They are to be commanded by our friend Col. Wyneop.

The result of the delegate elections so far, in Pennsylvania, has elicited the universal commendation of the Democratic press in other States. All hail this result as the devotion of the people to JAMES BUCHANAN—and freely predict his sure success, as well in the National Convention, as before the nation. Pennsylvania leads the van, and will not falter in her adherence to her favourite son and statesman.

Our friend Traugh, of the Hollidaysburg Standard, says he “has been elected printer to the U. S. Senate of Martinsburg.” We wish we were elected printer to the U. S. Senate of Washington.

Democratic National Convention.

The National Democratic Committee met at Washington, on Friday last, with a representation from every State. Tuesday, the first day of June next, was fixed as the time, and Baltimore as the place, for holding the Democratic National Convention.

At a meeting of the Democracy of Sampson county, Ky., held to elect delegates to the State Convention, a resolution highly complimentary to Hon. Linn Boyd, and nominating him for the Presidency, was passed unanimously.

ARRIVAL OF THE CAMBRIA.

HARRISBURG, January 7.
The Royal Mail Steamship Cambria, from Liverpool, Saturday, the 27th December, arrived at her wharf, in this city, at 7 o'clock last evening.

Two great events had transpired in the course of the few days preceding the departure of the Cambria, each capable of seriously influencing the character of all commercial operations—First, the resignation of the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, in England, and second, the election of Louis Napoleon, as President of France for ten years, by a very large majority.

The resignation of Lord Palmerston caused a temporary disarrangement of the various markets, and a decline of prices in many occurred, but when it became known that Lord Granville was to succeed Lord Palmerston, confidence became in some measure restored.

The sudden retirement of Lord Palmerston from the office of Foreign Secretary, caused the greatest amazement and most profound regret of the whole nation. His successor, it is officially announced, is Lord Granville.

The withdrawal of Lord Palmerston from the Government is imputed to the dissensions which have been known to exist in the Cabinet for several months past, and was, probably, precipitated by the significant reception and emphatic avowal of opinion to the Kossuth deputations, in England, and second, the election of Louis Napoleon, as President of France for ten years, by a very large majority.

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